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# CONTENTS.

Page.

Europe and Asia. 5th May 1866 ... 1

wr[illegible]Sep. 1866 ... ... 38

Faith. 24th Jan. 1868 ... 75

hurch. 23rd Jan. 1869 ... 100

25th Jan. 1873 ... ... 126

ght of Heaven in India. 23rd Jan. ... ... ... ... 151

d Our Experiences. 22nd Jan. 1876 188

nd Madness in Religion. 3rd Mar. ... ... ... ... 220

pired Prophet? Jan. 1879 ... 254

Who is Christ? 9th Apr. 1879 ... 279

the Nineteenth Century. 24th Jan. ... ... ... ... 306

of the New Dispensation. 22nd ... ... ... 344

llous Mystery—the Trinity. 21st ... ... ... 383

ge to Europe. 20th Jan. 1883 ... 421

s ex
hen J
e len
d pre
pe fo
gypt,
s de
on sy
ffered
xurie
d de
wisc
w a
tinct
nefici
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s enveloped in almost impenetrable darkness ıen Jesus was born. Grim idolatry stalked over e length and breadth of the then known world, d prejudices and corruptions of a most revolting pe followed in its train. Greece, Rome, and ypt, each had its pantheon of varied and counts deities, who ruled the mind of the age with s deities, who ruled the mind of the age with on sway. The principles of morality had also on sway. The [illegible] the surges of extravagant ffered a wr[illegible] 28th S[illegible] xuries and se[illegible]y, and unbridled dissipation d debauchery prevailed on all sides. The light wisdom and truth, which solitary greatness had w and then enkindled, had become well nigh tinct. There was hardly any vestige of the neficial influence produced by that code of pure ics which venerable Socrates founded, and for ich he laid down his very life; the same was o the fate of the sublime system of theophilophy elaborated by the master-mind of Plato, and unrivalled organum of ratiocination by which istotle laid the basis of true scientific knowledge. ly in corrupt and demoralizing forms the perted spirit of philosophy still lingered—such as schools of Epicureanism and Scepticism. Many nly professed and boldly practised the doctrine eat, drink, and be merry, and revelled in all nner of licentiousness; while many, on the other nd, laid the axe at the very root of morality. daism alone stood in solitary grandeur and promit relief amid this scene of universal degration, for it contained within itself the precious ths of Theism; but even that had come to be umbered with empty rituals and ceremonies, and divided between the conceited and hypocritical arisees on the one hand, and the cold-hearted l sceptical Sadducees on the other. Thus the world presented almost one unbroken scene of midnight darkness on all sides. A light was needed Humanity was groaning under a deadly malad and was on the verge of death ; a remedy wa urgently needed to save it. Jesus Christ was thu a necessity of the age : he appeared in th fulness of time. And, certainly, no gre man ever rose in the world, but his birth w necessitated by surrounding circumstances, an his life was a necessary response to the demands o the age. There can be no question that Jesus wa commissioned and destined by Providence for th great work which he came to perform. Nor can w fail to notice the wise arrangements made by Providence for the effectual performance of that work The time was marvellously adapted for Christ' advent, not only because men were suffering fro an intolerable malady, from which they demande relief, but also because there were wonderful facilities for the administration of a remedy. All th nations of the then civilized world formed one vas empire, and were cemented together by commo subjection to the central ruling power of Rome Secondly, the Greek language was widely diffused among the educated classes of all these nations, and formed a ready and convenient medium for th dissemination of new thoughts and ideas to the remotest countries. And, lastly, the Jews, among whom the truth was first to be preached, wer scattered over all the principal stations in the empire, so as to form a widespread foundation for th new religious movement.

Under such circumstances Jesus Christ was bor How he lived and died ; how his ministry, extending over three short years, produced amazing result and created almost new life in his followers ; ho his words, spoken in thrilling but simple eloquence, flew like wildfire, and inflamed the enthusiasm of the multitudes to whom he preached; how, in spite of awful discouragements, he succeeded in establishing the kingdom of God in the hearts of some at least; and how, ultimately, he sacrificed himself for the benefit of mankind,—are facts of which most of you here present are no doubt aware. I shall not enter into the details of his life and ministry, as my present business is simply with the influence which he exercised on the world. It cannot be denied that it was solely for his thorough devotion to the cause of truth, and the interests of suffering humanity, that he patiently endured all the privations and hardships which came in his way, and met that fierce storm of persecution which his infuriated antagonists poured on his devoted head. (Hear, hear.) It was from no selfish impulse, from no spirit of mistaken fanaticism, that he bravely and cheerfully offered himself to be crucified on the cross. He laid down his life that God might be glorified. (Hear, hear.) I have always regarded the cross as a beautiful emblem of self-sacrifice unto the glory of God—one which is calculated to quicken the higher feelings and aspirations of the heart, and to purify the soul; and I believe there is not a heart, how callous and hard soever it may be, that can look with cold indifference on that grand and significant symbol. (Applause.) Such honourable and disinterested self-sacrifice has produced, as might be anticipated, wonderful results; the noble purpose of Christ's noble heart has been fully achieved, as the world's history will testify. The vast moral influence of his life and death still lives in human society, and animates its movements. It has moulded the civilization of modern Europe, and it underlies the many civilizing and philanthropic agencies of the present day. He has exercised such living and lasting influence on the world, not by the physical miracles which popular theology has ascribed to him, but by the greater miracle of the truth which he preached. If faith cannot remove mountains, I do not know what can. There is indeed a power in truth, far above the might of princes and potentates, which can work wonders and achieve impossibilities ; and it was surely with this power that Jesus triumphantly established the kingdom of God. (Cheers.) He was the son of an humble carpenter, and he laboured in connection with his ministry only for three short years,—do not these simple facts conclusively prove, when viewed in reference to the vast amount of influence he has exercised on the world, that greatness dwelt in Jesus ? (Applause.) Poor and illiterate, brought up in Nazareth—a village notorious for corruption—under demoralizing influences, his associates, the lowest mechanics and fishermen, from whom he could receive not a single ray of enlightenment, he rose superior to all outward circumstances by the force of his innate greatness, and grew in wisdom, faith, and piety by meditation and prayer, and with the inspiration of the Divine spirit working within him. Though all the external conditions of his life were against him, he rose above them with the strength of the Lord, and, with almost superhuman wisdom and energy, taught those sublime truths, and performed those moral wonders, for which succeeding generations have paid him the tribute of admiration and gratitude. (Cheers.) Verily he was above ordinary humanity. Sent by Providence to reform and regenerate mankind, he received from Providence wisdom and power for that great work ;

and throughout his career and ministration, and in the subsequent effects of his grand movement, we find positive evidence of that miraculous power with which inspired greatness vanquishes mighty potentates, hurls down dynasties, and uproots kingdoms, and builds up from chaos and corruption the kingdom of truth and God, of freedom and harmony. (Cheers.)

After the death of Jesus, his disciples felt deeply the absence of their master, for hitherto they had absolutely depended upon him; they shone in his light, and were strong in his strength. Now they were disheartened, and felt weak and destitute of self-reliance. And, as branches cut off from the trunk, they would have soon withered, did not an act of noble self-reliance and self-sacrifice rouse their sinking spirits. The martyrdom of Stephen served as the signal for them to go about and prove to the world that they were disciples of a great master. It scattered away all nominal followers as chaff, and bestirred the true disciples to missionary labours. They went about preaching the Gospel in the surrounding cities and villages. Thus the movement, which was hitherto confined to Jerusalem, extended to all Palestine. Its spirit also became more catholic. The baptism of Cornelius, the first Gentile convert, broke down the barrier between the Jews and Gentiles, and opened wide the catholic Church of Christ to all men without distinction. The first Gentile church was established at Antioch. It was here also that missionary enterprise, on an extensive scale, commenced. God in His wise providence selected Antioch to be the centre of missionary activity, and indeed no place could have better served the purpose. A rich and stately city, possessed of geographical advantages and of historic renown, it was a central meeting-place of the nations of the East and West, and a great commercial mart, where the representatives of all races met together. It has been justly said, that what Rome was in the middle ages, what London and New York are at the present day, that was Antioch at the time we are referring to,—the centre of activity and intelligence, of political and commercial movements, of reform and civilization and international intercourse. It was from this place that the stream of Gospel truth flowed on all sides, and it was here that the followers of Christ, who had hitherto been a mere Jewish sect, got the distinctive name of "Christians," and assumed the form of a distinct religious community. That name, however, which so many now bear as a badge of honour, was first given by the adversaries of Christianity as a term of contempt. St. Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles, was the leader of this missionary movement. He undertook three journeys, in which he disseminated the precious truths taught by Jesus in several provinces of Asia Minor, in the chief cities on the opposite coast of Europe, in Macedonia and Greece, and numerous other places. He was then carried a captive to Rome, where he had long wished to preach the Gospel, and, though a prisoner, he neglected not to impart the glad tidings of the new religion to all with whom he came in contact. Besides Paul, there were two other leading missionaries—Peter and John—whose operations were chiefly confined to Asia Minor. These three are said to represent three types of Christian character—faith, hope, and love ; and through their labours these three elements harmoniously combined in the infant Church of

Christ. With the death of John the first century, called by Christians the "age of inspiration," closed. At this period the Church of Christ extended from Macedonia to Alexandria, from Antioch to Rome. Its life, however, was gone with the last of the apostles, and though it had grown in size, it found itself too weak and insignificant amidst the awful gloom which still surrounded it, and could not yet count upon having secured a firm and lasting footing. Heresies also sprang up within the Church, while outside it were thousands of men who, though they had abandoned their belief in idolatry, did not embrace the religion of Christianity, and, with sceptical recklessness, indulged in all the extravagances of sensual gratifications. Yet, however, the infant Church lived to fulfil its mission, and slowly and steadily advanced in power. For two centuries, down to the time of Constantine, the history of Christianity shows gradual progress, extension, and development. This was also the age of fierce persecution ; for, in the religious world, progress and persecution go hand in hand. Had it not been for the fiery ordeal through which Christianity had to pass in those days, its glory and greatness would have been things unknown to us. It was the long series of relentless persecutions to which a succession of tyrannical and heartless Emperors subjected it, that tried its worth and established it more firmly than ever. Ecclesiastical history mentions ten principal persecutions of the time, and portrays the horrid and diabolical atrocities which characterized them. The first of these was perpetrated by that most inhuman and ruffianly Emperor, Nero, who, after setting all Rome in a blaze, sought to avert all suspicion, and laid the whole guilt on the shoulders of the Christians, against whom he cherished fiendish hate. Many a Christian was exposed to most excruciating tortures, and barbarously put to death. But Nero only began the bloody work. Persecution was renewed by the Emperor Domitian, and continued by several of his successors, thus completing that picture of Christian suffering and martyrdom which forms at once the most painful and glorious chapter in the history of Christianity. (Hear, hear.) It makes one's hair stand on end to read the records of the sufferings endured by the early Christian martyrs. Their trials electrify the whole heart and rouse its enthusiasm. Their fortitude and patience, their meekness and firmness, their fidelity to truth and resignation to the will of God, stand before us in their majestic reality, and inspire us with holy zeal. (Cheers.) Not only stout-hearted men, but even tender-hearted women, undauntedly confronted assembled hosts of enemies, endured the most agonizing torments, and sacrificed their lives unto the glory of God. It is such examples of martyr devotion which are calculated to dispel from our minds all cowardice, fickleness, and inconstancy, and to make us feel that truth is dearer than life itself. (Applause.) No doubt it is martyr blood that has nourished the precious seed of divine truth planted by Jesus, till it has become a mighty tree, whose wide-extended branches overshadow a vast extent of the habitable globe, and whose fruits are enjoyed by myriads of men and women in various parts of the world. (Cheers.) Honour, all honour to Jesus, who so nobly set the example of self-sacrifice for truth, and to that devoted band of martyrs who, by imitating his example, extended the kingdom of truth and conferred lasting benefits on the world. (Applause.)

The sufferings of the Christian Church lasted till the time of Constantine, who, by an imperial edict, granted full toleration to the Christians. Christianity now became the established religion of the state, and was spread over the whole Roman empire. Thus, after years of struggle and hardship, tossed on the waves of indescribable sufferings, and beaten by storms of persecution, the vessel of Christianity triumphantly entered the harbour of peace, decked with all the honours of imperial patronage.

Although the religion of Jesus had now reached the farthest limit of the then known world, its diffusion was, to a great extent, superficial, and its prosperity outward gloss. There was no internal life. The heart of Christendom was becoming perverted. Heresies and corruptions became rife, and the very leaders and guides encouraged the same by their life and example. The bishops of some of the Churches strove to usurp supreme authority, and quarrelled for earthly honours, under the impulse of avarice and cupidity. The corruption increased till it culminated in the debasing system of Popery. The Bishop of Rome called himself supreme father, *papa* or *Pope*, and arrogated to himself absolute authority in controlling and deciding all matters relating to the theology and discipline of the Church, and thus established a system of superstition, priestcraft, and immorality which it is awful to contemplate. But corruption cannot last for ever in God's kingdom; sooner or later it must be counteracted by a strong reaction. The sale of indulgences was the culminating point of this wicked system of Popery, and drew the mighty Luther on the stage. Again a light was needed, for the Christian Church was covered with darkness, and threatened with annihilation. The stream of Apostolic Christianity had become defiled by base admixtures in its downward course through various generations and nations; and it was necessary to restore primitive Christianity. For this great work Providence raised up Luther, and to him the world is indebted for its emancipation from the errors and absurdities of Popery. (Hear, hear.) By his spirited protests, in the midst of the assembled potentates of Europe, and in the face of furious opposition, against the galling despotism of the Romish Church, and his fearless advocacy of the primitive truths of the Gospel and the rights of private judgment, he pulled down the huge fabric of corruption that had been built up, revived the drooping energies of Christendom, and once more established the glory of Christ. Since the Reformation almost new life was infused into Christianity, and several circumstances conspired to facilitate its dissemination. Its more ardent followers, inflamed with holy zeal, have gone about in all directions to preach the religion of the cross to their benighted brothers and sisters in remote countries. They have braved all hazards, crossed oceans and deserts, surmounted insuperable difficulties, and with patience, perseverance, and self-denial, have planted the cross in many a land. (Cheers.) Through their labours Christianity has penetrated the farthest extremities of the globe, and has made proselytes among nearly all races of men. Many a country where barbarism and bestiality prevailed has now become the abode of civilization, refinement, and peace; and many a nation, long immersed in the mire of idolatry and immorality, has been reformed and purified. The stream of Christianity, which first flowed westward, has wheeled round towards the East, and has diffused the blessings of enlightenment from China to Peru. East, west, north and south, on all sides we behold the glory of Christ. (Hear, hear.) His Church has been planted in

Greenland, British Guiana, the West Indies ; West Africa, East Africa, Cape Town, Madagascar ; Turkey, Arabia, Persia, India, Tartary, Japan, China ; the Indian Archipelago, Australia, Polynesia, and New Zealand. There are now three hundred millions of Christians in the world, or three-tenths of its entire population. It has been said, with some truth, that on Sundays Christian service is held every hour of the day in some place or other.

Let us come nearer home, and see what has been done in our country. So far back as 1706, a few Danish missionaries came out to India to establish a mission. The scene of their labours was Tranquebar, in South India. In 1786, one Mr. John Thomas came out to Bengal as a surgeon, and after making some desultory attempts to preach Christianity among the Natives, returned home. He came again in 1793, accompanied by the celebrated Mr. Carey, and settled near Maldah. Shortly after, two other missionaries, the well-known Messrs. Marshman and Ward, reached Serampore. Here they were soon joined by Mr. Carey, and here they organized that system of missionary labour which in its progressive development has produced such striking results. (Hear, hear.) Christian missionaries have since gradually multiplied, and Christian Churches have been founded in all parts of the country. The total number of native converts to Christianity has been estimated at 154,000. There are thirty-two Missionary Societies engaged in Indian evangelization, of which twelve are British, four Continental, nine American, and seven devoted to educational purposes. The number of foreign missionaries in India is 519, and the sum annually spent on missions is £250,000.

Such has been the gradual progress of Christianity, such the wondrous growth of the seed planted by Jesus. Tell me, brethren, whether you regard Jesus of Nazareth, the carpenter's son, as an ordinary man? Is there a single soul in this large assembly who would scruple to ascribe extraordinary greatness and supernatural moral heroism to Jesus Christ and him crucified? (Applause.) Was not he who by his wisdom illuminated, and by his power saved, a dark and wicked world,—was not he who has left us such a priceless legacy of divine truth, and whose blood has wrought such wonders for eighteen hundred years,—was not he above ordinary humanity? (Cheers.) Blessed Jesus, immortal child of God! For the world he lived and died. May the world appreciate him, and follow his precepts! (Applause.)

I have cursorily sketched the rise and progress of Christianity, and its gradual extension to the farthest limits of the world. I shall now proceed to discuss its ethics in its application to, and bearings upon, the character and destinies of the European and Native communities in India, with a view to draw certain wholesome lessons of a practical character for their guidance, and for regulating and adjusting their mutual relations. In handling this rather delicate part of my subject, I must avoid all party spirit and race-antagonism. I stand on the platform of brotherhood, and disclaim the remotest intention of offending any particular class or sect of those who constitute my audience, by indulging in rabid and malicious denunciations on the one hand, or dishonest flattery on the other.

It cannot be said that we in India have nothing to do with Christ or Christianity. Have the natives of this country altogether escaped the influence of Christianity, and do they owe nothing to Christ?

Shall I be told by my educated countrymen that they can feel nothing but a mere remote historic interest in the grand movement I have described ? You have already seen how, in the gradual extension of the Church of Christ, Christian missions came to be established in this distant land, and what results these missions have achieved. The many noble deeds of philanthrophy and self-denying benevolence which Christian missionaries have performed in India, and the various intellectual, social, and moral improvements which they have effected, need no flattering comment ; they are treasured in the gratitude of the nation, and can never be forgotten or denied. (Applause.) That India is highly indebted to these disinterested and large-hearted followers of Christ for her present prosperity, I have no doubt the entire nation will gratefully acknowledge. Fortunately for India, she was not forgotten by the Christian missionaries when they went about to preach the Gospel. (Cheers.) While, through missionary agency, our country has thus been connected with the enlightened nations of the West, politically, an All-wise and All-merciful Providence has entrusted its interests to the hands of a Christian sovereign. In this significant event worldly men can see nothing but an ordinary political phenomenon, but those of you who can discern the finger of Providence in individual and national history, will doubtless see here His wise and merciful interposition. (Hear, hear.) I cannot but reflect with grateful interest on the day when the British nation first planted their feet on the plains of India, and the successive steps by which the British Empire has been established and consolidated in this country. It is to the British Government that we owe our deliverance from oppression and misrule, from darkness and distress, from ignorance and superstition. Those enlightened ideas which have changed the very life of the nation, and have gradually brought about such wondrous improvement in Native society, are the gifts of that Government; and so likewise the inestimable boon of freedom of thought and action, which we so justly prize. Are not such considerations calculated to rouse our deepest gratitude and loyalty to the British nation and Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria? (Cheers.) Her beneficent Christian administration has proved to us not only a political, but a social and moral blessing, and laid the foundation of our national prosperity and greatness; and it is but natural that we should cherish towards her no other feeling except that of devoted loyalty. Here, then, we stand, in the wise arrangements of Providence, Europeans and Natives, bound together by identity of political interests, and yielding common subjection to Her Gracious Majesty; and certainly God requires of us that we should so adjust our mutual relations, and fulfil our respective missions, that we may benefit each other, and harmoniously co-operate for the furtherance of our common objects.

But does harmony actually prevail among us? United by political ties, are we morally united? Does brotherly love subsist between the conquering and the conquered races? Do the former recognise Jesus as their guide and master in their dealings with the latter, and exercise on them the influence of true Christian life? Are the Europeans and the Indians so far influenced by that love of God and man which Jesus Christ preached, as to combine harmoniously to promote their mutual welfare and fulfil the purposes of Providence? Alas! instead of mutual good feeling and brotherly intercourse, we find the bitterest rancour and hatred, and a ceaseless exchange of reviling, vituperation, and slander. (Cheers.) The flame of antipathy is kept alive by the Native and the English press, which, instead of allaying fury and reconciling differences, are ever and anon fulminating thundering invectives against each other. This journalistic war, indicative, no doubt, of the actual state of feelings of the two communities, is sometimes carried to a most frightful extent, and the worst passions of the heart are indulged with the utmost recklessness. I deplore this most sincerely, not for any personal considerations, but because the interests of India and the honour of Jesus Christ are at stake. As one deeply interested in the social and spiritual welfare of my country, I cannot but feel grieved to see that, owing to unjustifiable conduct on both sides, there is a most injurious isolation between us and that nation with whose aid we are destined to rise in the scale of nations, and from whom we have to learn the inestimable riches of Christ's sublime morality.

Among the European community in India there is a class who not only hate the Natives with their whole heart, but seem to take a pleasure in doing so. (Cheers.) The existence of such a class of men cannot possibly be disputed. They regard the Natives as one of the vilest nations on earth, hopelessly immersed in all the vices which can degrade humanity, and bring it to the level of brutes. They think it mean even to associate with the Natives. Native ideas and tastes, native customs and manners, seem to them odious and contemptible; while native character is considered to represent the lowest type of lying and wickedness. In their eyes the

Native is a man who is inherently a liar, and the nation a nation of liars; in short, the distinguishing feature in the national character of the Natives is their inherent love of lying. In all departments of life—intellectual, domestic, social and religious—they are a race of liars. To say the least, I hold this to be a most uncharitable misrepresentation. (Hear, hear.) I believe, and I must boldly and emphatically declare, that the heart of a Native is not naturally more depraved than that of a European or any other nation in the world. To say that lying is a natural and inborn defect in the native character is simply absurd. Nor can I see any reason why God should have created this particular people with an innate lying propensity, and freely bestowed purity and innocence on all others. The fact is, human nature is the same everywhere—in all latitudes and climes; but circumstances modify it, and religion and usages mould it in different forms. Educate the Native mind, and you will find it susceptible of as much improvement and elevation as that of a European. However this may be, the great defect which these nigger-hating Europeans would persistently ascribe to the native character is inveterate lying and dishonesty. This, in their opinion, is enough to set down the Natives as a most wicked race. They liken a Native to a fox (laughter)—wily, fraudulent, and mean—full of sinister motives, deceit, and cunning. He is born and bred a fox, and is destined to live and die a fox! (Cheers and laughter.) Frankness, sincerity, and straightforward dealings are unknown to him; all his ways are ways of insidiousness and cunning. He is ever bent on mischief, and the weapons he invariably employs for the purpose are exactly the same which a fox would use. With wonderful shrewdness he defeats even the most astute adversary; and with great cleverness he always conceals his actual intents. He loves intrigue and moves in the dark, and is ready to do anything which may enable him to accomplish his selfish purposes. Conscious of his weakness, he scruples not to stoop to the meanest subterfuge, and he makes up by his wile what he wants in power. As a fox, therefore, a Native should always be distrusted, and treated with contempt and hatred. Such are the notions of many a European in India about native character. Many Natives, on the other hand, liken the European to a *wolf* (laughter)—vindictive, wrathful, ferocious, and bloodthirsty. He is born and bred a wolf, and is destined to live and die a wolf. (Laughter.) Meekness, forbearance, and mercy are unknown to him. The least provocation ruffles his temper, kindles his wrath, and makes him rush blindly to vengeance. Once out of temper, he rants and raves, and inflicts the most cruel and barbarous tortures on his enemy to gratify his ire, and is even sometimes so far carried away by his passions as to commit the most atrocious murder. Insult he cannot bear; he cannot forgive his enemies. Hot-headed and ferocious, he takes delight in exercising violence, and often he does so without any plea or reason whatsoever. His combative propensity is strong, and few can reckon their lives safe if they have once excited his wrath. (Cheers.) As a wolf, therefore, he is to be dreaded and shunned. Indeed, many a Native is so afraid of an European, that he would never, if he could avoid it, travel in the same railway-carriage with him. (Laughter.) And this fear, be it said, is not the fear due to a superior nature, but that which brutal ferocity awakens. Thus, while the European hates the Native as a cunning fox, the latter fears the former as a ferocious wolf. (Cheers.)

These are no doubt extreme cases of the infirmities in the national character of the Europeans and Natives. But there is some truth in these caricatures, and let us see what that is. The Native heart is, I believe, exceedingly narrow and selfish. Its views and sympathies and aspirations are contracted. There is too much of exclusiveness about a Native, which limits his thoughts and feelings within a small compass, beyond which he can hardly extend them. His life is a round of selfish pursuits, and self-interest is generally the motive of his actions. I will not deny that perjury and forgery, lying and dishonesty, prevail to an alarming extent in our country; but I cannot believe they are traits of our national character. (Applause.) For there are striking and numerous instances of honesty and veracity and fair dealing among the Natives which none can dispute. Any special aptitude for lying it is absolutely impossible to discover in the character of my countrymen. All that I can say is, that it is the reckless pursuit of selfish ends, in which God is forgotten and conscience unheeded, which drives not a few of my countrymen to sacrifice truth and honesty on the altar of avarice. Selfishness, I say, is a characteristic of our nation, and into this many of our national defects may resolve themselves. But this selfishness may be accounted for by the circumstances under which we live. For it is an admitted fact, that national character is determined by the peculiar circumstances which govern and influence it. We are a subject race, and have been so for centuries. We have too long been under foreign sway to be able to feel anything like independence in our hearts. Socially and religiously

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2005 2006 47,370

we are little better than slaves. From infancy up we have been trained to believe that we are Hindoos only so far as we offer slavish obedience to the authority of the Shasters and the priests, and that any amount of disobedience would be so much want of our nationality. Not only in the important concerns of life, but even in the trivial details of our social and domestic economy—in matters of eating and drinking—we are fettered by a rigid routine of action, invested with the inviolable sanctity of religion. If ever any individual gets a spark of moral independence, the surrounding atmosphere would soon extinguish it. Under such circumstances, all the higher impulses and aspirations of the soul must naturally be smothered ; and hence is it that, though educated ideas rebel, and organized communities of enlightened men often protest, the general tenor of Native life is a dead level of base and unmanly acquiescence in traditional errors. Then, again, we are physically cribbed and confined. Travelling is not only opposed to our habits, but is religiously interdicted. A Native lives and moves in his little house, and knows no world beyond the boundaries of his country. Homeloving and untravelled, his notions of men and things must needs be narrow, and his heart contracted. Even in his patriotism and benevolence there is too often a cast of narrow selfishness. The European, on the contrary, has a large and cosmopolitan heart. He can call the world his home, meet a distant call of charity, and offer his sympathy to all men, without any distinction of caste, creed, or colour. He enjoys and loves freedom, which gives full scope to all the nobler instincts and sentiments of his heart, and leads him to follow, consistently and fearlessly, certain high principles of action from which he thinks it unmanly and mean to swerve. (Hear, hear.) On reversing the picture, we find the Hindoo has certain excellences in which his European brother is rather deficient. The Hindoo is mild and meek. (Cheers.) He is intensely fond of peace, and would rather put up with insult and oppression than engage in a battle of recrimination. There is more of the woman in him than of the man. He is meekspirited even to effeminacy. His patience and cool self-possession are remarkable. He is slow to anger and not easily provoked; he is ever anxious to avoid a quarrell and keep clear of troubled waters. His highest ambition is to glide tranquilly along the placid stream of life, under a clear and cloudless sky, undisturbed by any hostile influence. (Applause.) He is conciliating and forgiving, and would do all he can to enjoy the enviable felicity of having no enemy on earth. It is true that not unfrequently this love of peace is carried to an extreme Among the Bengalees we often see it manifest itself in the shape of indolence, lethargy, and aversion to activity and enterprise. Talk to a Bengalee of war, and his flesh would creep on his bones. (Laughter.) The art of effecting a clever retreat from the scene of danger he seems to have well studied. (Laughter.) Talk to him of reform and innovation, he trembles and shudders at the idea. He cannot bear to see the established order of things upset, and all social arrangements thrown into confusion and disorder; he would fondly cling to ancestral institutions, and would have no reformation which is likely to take away his peace, and expose him hardships and inconveniences. He lives with imagined security in the old and dilapidated house of his ancestors, and would not quit it albeit it is about to crumble into atoms.

(Laughter and cheers.) But, however deplorable the abuse, I believe that if native meekness be sustained and regulated by sound moral principles, it would prove an honourable virtue, and shed lustre on our national character. On the other hand, the European is full of energy and activity, and dislikes a quiet smooth life. He seems to love the hurricane and the boisterous sea. He rejoices in the danger which brings his energies into full play. He seeks honour and glory in the free and full use of his indomitable power, and nothing short of the discomfiture of his enemies will satisfy him. In fact, the European nature is rough, stern, impulsive, and fiery ; it thinks meekness to be cowardice ; it rejoices and glories in violence and vengeance (Cheers ) How often do such qualities overstepping all legitimate bounds, and defying all higher impulses, become frightful sources of mischief ! And, alas ! how sadly manifest is this in India ! Many a European adventurer in this country seems to believe that he has a right to trample upon every unfortunate nigger with whom he comes in contact. (Cheers ) This he believes to be heroism, and in this he seeks glory ! But he forgets that to kick and trample upon one who is inferior in strength is not heroism, but base cowardice. (Deafening applause.) What glory is there in abusing and maltreating a poor Native ? What glory is there in whipping and scourging a helpless Native to death, under the infatuating influence of brutal anger ? Is this military prowess, or is it Christian zeal ? (Applause,—cries of "Neither.") Evidently it is neither. If the European is at all anxious for the glory of his country and his God, he ought to seek it in a better and more generous treatment of the Natives. If he is conscious of his superiority, a Native should be all the more an object of his compassion and tender regards ; and surely pity from a Christian heart he has every reason to expect. I cherish great respect for the Europeans, not for any secular considerations, but for the sake of Jesus Christ, whom they profess to follow, and whom, I believe, it is their mission to make known to us in words as well as deeds. It is the bounden duty of all Europeans in India so to prove their fidelity to him in all the avocations of their private and public life, that through the influence of their example the spirit of true Christian righteousness may leaven Native society. I regard every European settler in India as a missionary of Christ, and I have a right to demand that he should always remember and act up to his high responsibilities. (Applause.) But alas ! owing to the reckless conduct of a number of pseudo-Christians, Christianity has failed to produce any wholsome moral influence on my countrymen. (Hear, hear,— "They are nominal Christians.") Yea, their muscular Christianity has led many a Native to identify the religion of Jesus with the power and privilege of inflicting blows and kicks with impunity ! (Deafening cheers.) And thus Jesus has been dishonoured in India, and thus, alas ! the true spirit of his religion has been lost upon the Natives through the recklessness of a host of nominal Christians. Behold Christ's Church in danger ! Behold Christ crucified in the lives of those who profess to be his followers ! Had it not been for them, the name of Jesus Christ would have been ten times more glorified than it seems to have been. (Hear, hear.) I hope that, for India's sake, for Christ's sake, for truth's sake, the Christians in India will always conscientiously strive to realize in their lives the high morality of the Gospel. Here, in this hall and elsewhere, the Native character has been most severely denounced and vilified, and the foulest aspersions cast upon it with unjustifiable partiality. (Cheers.) From such one-sided and sweeping condemnation it is my duty to vindicate our national character. When it is clear that each of the two communities has certain peculiar and grave defects which it is impossible to justify, why should the one be systematically maligned, and that for faults by no means natural or national, but accidental and exceptional ? If there are foxes among the Natives, there are wolves among the Europeans ; if the former are narrow-minded and selfish, the latter are rough and implacable ; if the former are led by selfishness to commit forgery, the latter are driven by anger to perpetrate murder ; if the former have no integrity, the latter have no mercy ; if the former have no regard for truth, neither have the latter—if truth be taken in its highest sense, even as it is in the Holy God. We have on the one side a perverted Europeanism, and on the other a perverted Indianism, but there are acknowledged excellences on both sides. I hope, therefore, that the European and Native communities will understand aright their respective defects and shortcomings, and the good qualities of each other, that they may with humility and mutual respect cultivate fellowship with, and do good to, each other. No one can deny that recrimination only serves to widen the gulf between them, and render antagonism more inveterate, and for the good of both parties it should be avoided. Europeans and Natives are both the children of God, and the ties of brotherhood should bind them together. Extend, then, to us, O ye Europeans in India, the right hand of fellowship, to which we are fairly entitled. If, however, our Christian friends persist in traducing our nationality and national character, and in distrusting and hating Orientalism, let me assure them that I do not in the least feel dishonoured by such imputations. On the contrary, I rejoice, yea, I am proud, that I am an Asiatic. And was not Jesus Christ an Asiatic ? (Deafening applause.) Yes, and his disciples were Asiatics, and all the agencies primarily employed for the propagation of the Gospel were Asiatic. In fact, Christianity was founded and developed by Asiatics, and in Asia. When I reflect on this, my love for Jesus becomes a hundredfold intensified ; I feel him nearer my heart, and deeper in my national sympathies. Why should I then feel ashamed to acknowledge that nationality which he acknowledged ? Shall I not rather say he is more congenial and akin to my Oriental nature, more agreeable to my Oriental habits of thought and feeling ? And is it not true that an Asiatic can read the imageries and allegories of the Gospel, and its descriptions of natural sceneries, of customs, and manners, with greater interest, and a fuller perception of their force and beauty, than Europeans ? (Cheers.) In Christ we see not only the exaltedness of humanity, but also the grandeur of which Asiatic nature is susceptible. To us, Asiatics, therefore, Christ is doubly interesting, and his religion is entitled to our peculiar regard as an altogether Oriental affair. The more this great fact is pondered, the less I hope will be the antipathy and hatred of European Christians against Oriental nationalities, and the greater the interest of the Asiatics in the teachings of Christ. And thus in Christ, Europe and Asia, the East and the West, may learn to find harmony and unity. (Deafening applause.)

I must therefore protest against that denationalization which is so general among Native converts to Christianity. (Cheers.) With the religion of their heathen forefathers, they generally abandon the manners and customs of their country, and with Christianity they embrace the usages of Europeans; even in dress and diet they assume an affected air of outlandishness, which estranges them from their own countrymen They deliberately and voluntarily cut themselves off from Native society as soon as they are baptized, and, as an inevitable consequence, come to contract a sort of repugnance to everything Oriental, and an enthusiastic admiration for everything European. (Hear, hear.) They seem to be ashamed of their country and their nationality. They forget that Christ, their master, was an Asiatic, and that it is not necessary in following him to make themselves alien to their country or race. I sincerely beseech them not to confound the spirit of Christianity with the fashions of Western civilization. May they aspire to the glory of following the example of their great master, who, though he inculcated catholic truth for all mankind, was not ashamed to live and die a simple and poor Asiatic. (Cheers.)

I believe you will readily admit that, in contrasting the national character of the European and Native races, I have been guided by no local or arbitrary criterion, but by that high and universally acknowledged standard of ethics which is above the accidents of time and place, and is applicable to all men and nations alike. I have not judged the Asiatics from a European point of view, nor have I judged the Europeans according to the peculiar notions of an Asiatic. I have freely pronounced the imperfections of the two races, so far as I have found them to fall short of the requirements of

God's law. These imperfections may, in each case, be, and often are, justified, or at least palliated and tolerated, in an estimate formed on local and national considerations. The European, guided by European notions, may vindicate all the traits in his national character, and declare the Natives a perverted race, because their ideas and practices are at variance with his own ; and the Native may do the same in return. But He who judgeth both Europeans and Natives according to His supreme law, findeth abundant transgressions in each. And certainly it is our interest and duty, in estimating our own or our neighbour's character, to refer, not to human opinion, but to the absolute standard of perfection as it is in God ; as it is thus only that we can hope to reform ourselves and each other, without being inflated by pride or biassed by malice. I address you, brethren, not as men who are merely amenable to a court of justice, or the tribunal of society, and whose highest merit consists in avoiding crime or securing a few worldly virtues, but as beings destined for immortality, whose object should be to follow strictly the absolute standard of truth, and whose best interests are the interests of eternity. I speak to you as to those who have immortal souls to care for, and whose highest concern is to secure the approbation of conscience here, and a blessed eternity hereafter. I would ask you, brethren, to forget time in eternity, all local traditions in universal principles, nationality in humanity, and the varying conventionalism of different countries in the immutable standard of duty. I would ask you to appeal to your own consciences, that you may see and confess how far you stand convicted before the throne of the Holy God as *men* however much you may find reason to gratify your national pride as

Europeans or Asiatics. I would refer you to the sublime maxims of Christ's morality; and there, I am sure, you will find enough to rebuke your pride, to teach you your failings, and to stir you to reformation. Christ spake not as worldly men speak, in the accommodating spirit of prudence: he preached absolute religion. He disdained everything local and contingent, sectarian and partial, and taught God's universal truth for the benefit of all mankind, Europeans and Asiatics alike. Let it not be supposed that I allude to any special form of Christian ethics as it is understood and accepted by particular denominations of the Christian Church. No; I have not derived my conceptions of Christ or his ethics from the dogmatic theology or the actual life of any class of his followers. I do not identify him with any Christian sect. I have gone direct to the Bible to ascertain the genuine doctrines of morality inculcated by Christ; and it is my firm conviction that his teachings find a response in the universal consciousness of humanity, and are no more European than Asiatic, and that in his ethics "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond, or free." May we all learn to draw near to God by conforming to the spirit of these precepts!

The two fundamental doctrines of Gospel ethics, which stand out prominently above all others, and give it its peculiar grandeur and its pre-eminent excellence are, in my opinion, the doctrines of forgiveness and self-sacrifice; and it is in these we perceive the moral greatness of Christ. These golden maxims how beautifully he preached, how nobly he lived! What moral serenity and sweetness pervade his life! What extraordinary tenderness and humility—what lamb-like meekness and simplicity!

His heart was full of mercy and forgiving kindness: friends and foes shared his charity and love. And yet, on the other hand, how resolute, firm, and unyielding in his adherence to truth! He feared no mortal man, and braved even death itself for the sake of truth and God. Verily, when we read his life, his meekness, like the soft moon, ravishes the heart and bathes it in a flood of serene light; but when we come to the grand consummation of his career, his death on the cross, behold he shines as the powerful sun in its meridian splendour! (Cheers.) It is these two cardinal principles of Christian ethics,—so utterly opposed to the wisdom of the world, and so far exalted above its highest conceptions of rectitude,—which require to be duly impressed upon the European and Native races, as upon the proper appreciation of these, I believe, depends the reformation of their character.

The meekness which Christ recommends is not mere sentimentalism; his charity is not passive or sectarian. His meekness is that deep serenity of the soul, that extraordinary self-possession, which is never ruffled by provocation and insult, and is above resentment. His charity is active and universal, and is based on the true spirit of brotherhood. It loves all men, and seeks the welfare and happiness of all —but what is more, it loves the enemy. Christ tells us to forgive our enemies, yea, to bless them that curse us, and pray for them that despitefully use us; he tells us, when one smites the right cheek, to turn the left towards him. Who can adequately conceive this transcendent charity? The most impressive form in which it practically manifests itself is in that sweet and tender prayer which the crucified Jesus uttered in the midst of deep agony—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." (Loud cheers.) O that could be inspired with the spirit of this excelle prayer! What a sublime protest this is agains those unnatural passions of resentment and vengeance which we are so apt to indulge! I hope th large-hearted charity will regulate the mutual relations and dealings between my countrymen and th Europeans, and lead them to co-operate harmoniously in all that is good. Often have I advised m Native friends to forget and forgive the wrongs inflicted upon them by cruel and insolent Europeans, instead of seeking to gratify their anger. If we are maltreated by others, we have no right to maltreat them in return. Shall we not rather forgive them and do good to them with generous hearts? What if they be our bitterest enemies,—what if they heap upon us insult, and slander, and violence, and provoke us to the utmost pitch,—shall we not with loving hearts pray—Father, forgive them? (Cheers.) Surely, if a Native could learn charity from brutal violence, and meet provocation with forgiveness instead of anger, his victory would be complete, while his oppressor would lie vanquished amid shame and ignominy and public execration. (Applause.) To the European community, the doctrine of Christian charity applies with even greater force. In it lies the best antidote for the defects in their character I have noticed. As Christians, they ought to be baptized into true Christian meekness; their rough nature will be thereby humanized, and their proneness to indulge in violence and ferocity will be effectually curbed. Their obligation to do so is peculiarly pressing and urgent; they are bound to follow the emphatic precepts and living example of charity and meekness of him whom they profess to regard as their master. Meekness is essentially a hristian virtue, and those who delight in venance, and boast of their muscular Christianity, are nworthy of the Christian name. It is, I believe, the ounden duty of Christian men and women to adere strictly and literally to the doctrine of forgiveess inculcated by Christ. But it grieves me to nd that, far from doing this, many seem to ake that doctrine as a mere theory, which hey think it absurd to act upon. As a theory, they descant on its beauty, and regale themselves with the poetry of religion which they find in it; but in practice they set it aside as an extreme of misguided sentimentalism, or, at best, an ethical hyperbole. They know too well that, by altogether avoiding antagonism and recrimination, and systematically returning love for enmity, they would too soon jeopardize all their temporal interests, and find it impossible to get on in the world—not to speak of the derision and ridicule they would bring upon themselves; they accordingly, with profound wisdom and discretion, try to keep themselves aloof from this dangerous theory of forgiveness! (Hear, hear.) Nay with a view to appear consistent with their Christian profession, they put an agreeable construction upon Christ's doctrine; they qualify it so as to accommodate it to their worldly position and circumstances. They make out exceptional cases, in which they would justify vindictiveness and revenge. Failing to conform their character to Christ's law, they ingeniously adapt the law to themselves, and the requirements of their worldly interests. Failing to obey the law in its integrity, they mutilate it, and make Christian morality easy and convenient. (Cheers.) This is indeed to be regretted. If they would simply contend that Christ's law of forgiveness is too high for us, and that it is difficult to carry it out practically, I could heartily sympathize with them. But when they proceed to pervert the spirit of that law, and seek to lower its standard, because they cannot raise themselves to it, I feel it my duty to protest against such unwarrantable misconstruction, and vindicate the ethics of Christ. Have we any right to mutilate truth on the plea of our inability to grasp it fully ? Shall Christ be robbed of his precious diadem of forgiving meekness, that his nominal followers may, with privileged audacity, gratify their vengeful feelings, and ever and anon cry —Blood for blood ? (Loud cheers.) Let me assure you that Christ's precepts on this subject are too lucid and plain to leave any doubt in the mind as to their true import ; and their rigid integrity admits of no compromise or mutilation Christian brethren, I beseech you to remember that you are bound to fulfil literally the doctrine of love and forgiveness as set forth in the Gospel. You should not only restrain anger and shun vengeance, and patiently bear affront and provocation, but freely and generously bless them that curse you, and do good to them that hate you and maltreat you. You should try to conform fully to the golden maxim—Love thine enemy, and show in your daily life the unfathomable charity of Christ. (Applause )

The other leading doctrine of Gospel morality I have alluded to is self-sacrifice. The paramount importance of this to my countrymen it is impossible to exaggerate, as it is this which affords the best remedy for the chief defect in the Native character, *viz.*, selfishness. The precepts which enjoin this virtue are so numerous and emphatic and prominent in the Gospel that one feels no difficulty whatever in recognising it as the one great truth which threads the whole narrative of Christ's life and ministry. In this we find the precious secret of his mission; in this the varied incidents of his life and death find a unity and an explanation. Nothing does he so constantly and consistently demand of his disciples as the sacrifice of worldly interests. He will have no compromise beween God and the world. He insists on the undivided homage of the soul to God, and its entire estrangement from the service of the world. He rebukes and disclaims all who, after holding the plough, would still look back; he would have his followers forsake everything and follow the truth; he would have truth prized and loved far above father and mother, wife and children, far above all earthly honours and felicities. Thorough resignation to the will of God, without any fear of consequences or solicitude for food and raiment, constitutes the chief feature of Christ's teachings. His death on the cross affords the highest practical illustration of self-sacrifice. He sacrificed his life for the sake of truth, and the benefit of the world. In obedience to the will of his Father, he laid down his life, and said—Thy will be done, O God! (Cheers.) And surely there is deeper meaning in the fact than even the orthodox attach to it, that the death of Christ is the life of the world. (Applause.) Fellow-countrymen, it is your duty to follow these precepts, and imitate this example of self-sacrifice in the cause of truth. By doing so, you will not only remove the great stigma of unprincipled selfishness which attaches to your national character, and learn to regulate your life by high moral principles, but you will be enabled to promote effectually the true welfare of your country in the peculiarly momentous crisis in which it is at present placed. In these early days of Indian reformation, when a huge mass of old errors and corruptions has to be swept away, and a firm foundation to be laid for a reformed social system, nothing is more necessary on our part than a proper appreciation of the value of truth, and a readiness to sacrifice all our temporal interests for it. Our selfishness has been our country's ruin, and even now, in spite of education, this odious selfishness is prolonging the days of India's degradation and suffering. That we may be better men and a better nation, we must eradicate selfishness. Neither the big talk of enlightened hypocrisy, nor the cold calculating policy of prudence, can remedy the evils which afflict our country. Nothing short of total self-abnegation will save our country. (Loud applause.) I assure you, brethren, nothing short of self-sacrifice, of which Christ has furnished so bright an example will regenerate India. We must love God with our whole heart; we must live and die for truth. With singleness of purpose, and with unwavering fidelity, we must obey the call of duty, and under no circumstances should we compromise our conscience. Let not sordid selfishness any longer make us indifferent to the deplorable condition of our fatherland; let us rise and bring self a voluntary victim before the throne of God, and dedicate ourselves wholly to His service and our country's welfare. (Cheers.) Enough has been the degradation of India; her sufferings are brimful. Already, through Divine grace, a transition has commenced, and the dawn of reformation is visible on all sides. But such transition is only the precursor of a mighty revolution through which India is destined to pass, and which will come with its tremendous trials in the fulness of time. With all the fury of a hurricane it will shake Native society to its very centre, shatter to pieces all strongholds of error, and sweep off all that is evil. Then will India rise reformed and regenerated. Prepare yourselves, then, for the trials which await you. Prepare yourselves, I say, for the time is coming when you shall be called to undergo heavy self-denials, and encounter struggles and sufferings of no ordinary kind. You may not have to suffer bloody persecutions, you may not be tortured to death for truth's sake,—the British Government may protect you from such extreme violence. Nevertheless, privations and sufferings of a most trying character will gather round you, and your dearest and best interests will be imperilled. Honour and wealth will forsake you, your friends and kinsmen will excommunicate you, and you may be exposed to a life of utter helplessness, in which even daily sustenance will be precarious. Be, therefore, ready and willing to meet the worst that may befall you, that you may not be found wanting in the day of trial. Fill your hearts with the love of truth, and resign yourselves to the will of God, and with self-sacrificing enthusiasm go forth to discharge your duties to your country, regardless of all consequences. (Cheers.) And the better to stimulate you to a life of self-denial, I hold up to you the cross on which Jesus died. May his example so influence you, that you may be prepared to offer even your blood, if need be, for the regeneration of your country. (Cheers.) Let my European brethren do all they can to establish and consolidate the moral kingdom of Christ in India. Let them preach from their pulpits, and exhibit in their daily life, the great principles of charity and self-sacrifice. And, on the basis of these principles, may brotherly intercourse and co-operation be established between them and my countrymen. Oh! for the day when race-antagonism shall perish, and strife, discord, and all manner of unbrotherly feeing shall for ever pass away, and harmony shall prevail among us all! May England and India, Europe and Asia, be indissolubly united in charity and love, and self-denying devotion to truth! (Applause.)

# GREAT MEN.

THE age in which we live has its advantages as well as its disadvantages. In these days of civilization and enlightenment, of industry and enterprise, of trade and manufacture, of steam and electricity, of scientific discoveries and inventions, there are on all sides cheering indications of material improvement and prosperity. But the age does not seem to be very favourable to the spiritual interests of man. In the midst of all this pomp and splendour of material prosperity, ill fares the spirit. While the senses enjoy an endless variety of physical comforts, the soul droops and pines in an uncongenial atmosphere. Modern civilization is eminently and essentially materialistic. All departments of thought and speculation are more or less of this character. The politics of the age is Benthamism, its ethics Utilitarianism, its religion Rationalism, its philosophy Positivism. All seems dull, mechanical, unspiritual, and lifeless. In the discharge of moral and religious duties especially, and in all concerns affecting the interests of the soul, men follow not the high and immutable principles of conscience, but the low and convenient standard of conventionalism. All the nobler instincts and aspirations are smothered by the ignoble worship of custom and tradition. The orthodox fondly look through the vista of bygone ages to a romantic past, peopled with saints and prophets and angels of God, adorned with all that is fairest and goodliest and holiest, and illumined by God's direct revelations ; and they fancy that by believing in that they will be saved. Those, on the other hand, who are beyond the pale of orthodoxy, are giving themselves up to the wild vagaries of free-thinking and scepticism, though outwardly, for politic reasons, they conform as strictly to forms and symbols as the orthodox. Thus, as regards both those who are within, and those who are outside the orthodox church, there is underneath apparent conformity a striking absence of spiritual faith—that faith which is "the evidence of things not seen, the substance of things hoped for." From the bigotry and dogmatism of traditional creeds to the cold abstraction of rationalism, the entire religious life of the nineteenth century betrays a lamentable want of spiritual insight, and of that direct inspiration which alone can give us light unto salvation. From such tendencies, which characterize the civilization of the present age, India is not altogether free. Decrepit with age as she is in relation to her ancient greatness, and quite in her infancy in relation to modern civilization, she has with peculiar readiness caught this widespread contagion. Politically and intellectually, England is our master. We have been brought up in the school of English thought, and have been inoculated with western ideas and sentiments. Hence is it that we see in India a dim reflection of all that is going on at present in civilized Europe. The physical resources of the country are undergoing wonderful expansion and development, and everywhere we behold daily multiplying signs of material prosperity. The intellectual gloom, which for centuries covered its face, is being dispelled by the rays of liberal education, and the mists of idolatry and superstition are fast disappearing. But alas! what have we instead of these? The materialism of modern civilization. Utilitarian views have already spread far and wide among the educated classes, and Positivism counts its followers by hundreds. Few care about the sacred interests of the soul; and those who do, rest satisfied with a few vague rationalistic dogmas. It is certainly the duty of all who are interested in the welfare of India to endeavour to check, in due season, these sceptical tendencies of the age, and to infix in the minds of the rising generation such positive ideas of the higher truths of religion as may enable them to attain the blessings of salvation. To put forth my humble efforts in this direction, so far as my limited capacities will allow, is the main object I have in view in appearing before you this evening. The people of India must be roused from their lethargy and apathy and saved from the dangers of smooth but treacherous materialism. This life of spiritual stagnation that we see around us is woeful ; this spreading infection of sceptical fancies is appalling. The enslaved spirit of the nation must rise and bestir itself freely to the holy activities of the higher life.. That question is or should be as solemn and pressing with us in India now as it ever was elsewhere,—" What shall I do to be saved ?" And for a proper and practical solution of this question, we must, with sincere and humble hearts, rely on God, and pray without ceasing that He may reveal Himself to us, and purify and regenerate us by the direct action of His holy spirit. For in order that we may be sanctified and saved, we must hold direct and personal communion with God, each for himself, and so feel and establish our relations with Him, that our hearts may be for ever open to His living and holy inspiration. And as God communicates His spirit to us in certain mysterious ways, a proper comprehension of the secret of such communication is obviously of great importance to our salvation. Thousands, we know, have, in all ages, searched for truth and God in the dry wells of ancient traditions and outward symbols, to satisfy their spiritual thirst; but it was not till they discovered and drank of the deep fountain of divine revelation, that they felt truly blessed with the pure water of saving truth. It is, therefore, necessary to inquire how God reveals Himself to man.

The first manifestation of God is in nature, and it is from this that the earliest religious impressions of men and nations have been derived. This is the primary and ordinary revelation of God, and one which is accessible and intelligible to all alike. Man, in the simplicity of his uneducated mind, and without the aid of logic or philosophy, "traces nature up to nature's God." He cannot but do so. The universe exhibits on all sides innumerable marks of design and beauty, of adaptation and method, which he cannot explain except by referring them to an Intelligent First Cause, the Creator of this vast universe. Each object in nature reminds us of its Maker, and draws the heart in spontaneous reverence to His infinite majesty. The stupendous Himalayas, the vast deep Atlantic, the flowing rivulet, the fragrant and beautiful rose, the warbling bird and all that is grand and beautiful in the world below, and the heavens above, "declare the glory of God and show His handiwork," and inspire devotional feelings in the soul towards Him who made them. Verily, there are "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." But is God manifest in the universe simply as its Maker—who created it, but has no connection whatever with it at present? Does the universe bear the same relation to God as the watch does to the watchmaker? Certainly not. The world cannot exist for one moment without God. He is its life and power. He is the power of all secondary powers, the true life of all living beings. He is the immanent power of the world; its indwelling life. The same power that created men and things supports them. They can have no independent power or existence apart from their Maker. In Him we "live and move, and have our being." It is not true, as some would have it, that God created the world, invested each object and being with certain powers, and left them to work independently, according to certain fixed laws. Law simply denotes mode of action, and can have no agency; while the secondary powers inherent in objects, which indeed act and produce all the striking effects and phenomena we behold in nature, are dependent upon the primary power of the Almighty. God the Creator should not be conceived apart from God the Preserver. If the world is real, it is real because of the divine power which animates it, and constitutes its immanent vitality. But is it merely the intelligence and power of God that we see in nature? We perceive His goodness in the countless and varied bounties which he showers on us, and which make us gratefully bow to Him as our Merciful Father, who not only makes us live, but renders life agreeable. It is He who supplies our daily wants; and even before we came into the world He made ample provisions necessary for our sustenance and well-being. He taketh care of each one of us, and is the giver of every good that we enjoy. This is a great fact, and cannot be ignored—God's providence. There are some, however, who affect to dispose of it as a general providence, the effect of God's general administration of the world on each individual life, and, therefore, not a matter for special thanksgiving. The imposing plausibility of such an argument cannot pervert the unsophisticated simplicity of human nature, or restrain its spontaneous and generous impulses. Let these men argue that, as God does not directly give into their hands their daily bread, He can have no special claim on their gratitude, for He shows no special goodness to them. Men with simple and natural hearts will, however, believe that the food they eat, and the pleasures they enjoy, are all the gifts of Providence,—the necessary effects of a general economy, it is true, but not less the generous gifts of special kindness to each individual recipient of the same. Between general and special providence there is no difference in fact. It is God's goodness viewed from different standpoints that makes the distinction. The Creator of the universe is the Father of each individual man. All His dispensations are general as regards the world at large, but they are special so far as they fall within the bounds of our individual life, and are respectively partaken by us. The same sun that gives light and heat to millions of men, may be viewed either as a part of the general economy of the world, conducive to general prosperity, or it may be gratefully looked upon by each individual man as manifesting God's mercy towards him. Hence to each of us God stands in the relation of Father, for the manifold blessings He daily confers on us. And thus, while we worship God as the Creator and Upholder of this vast and magnificent universe as a totality, we offer Him the grateful homage of our hearts as our Merciful Father for the particular benefits we derive from His works. Behold the Supreme Creator and

Ruler of the universe—infinite in wisdom, power, and goodness—immanent in matter, upholding it, and quickening all its movements, and mercifully dispensing joy and blessings to all His children. Such is the revelation of nature.

But is God manifested only in matter? Is the volume of nature His only revelation to man—the only source from which we are to derive our knowledge of His nature and attributes, and our relations and obligations to Him? Does He call forth our homage and gratitude simply by His wonderful manifestations in the world of matter, and His merciful dispensation of physical comforts? No. There is another revelation; there is *God in history*. He who created and upholds this vast universe, also governs the destinies and affairs of nations. The same hand which we trace in the lily and the rose, in rivers and mountains, in the movements of the planets and the surges of the sea, regulates the economy of human society, and works, unseen, amid its mighty revolutions, its striking vicissitudes, and its progressive movements. History is not what superficial readers take it to be, a barren record of meaningless facts,—a dry chronicle of past events, whose evanescent interest vanished with the age when they occurred. It is a most sublime revelation of God, and is full of religious significance. It is a vast sermon on God's providence, with copious and varied illustrations. Grecian mythology represents Zeus, the supreme ruler of the universe, as the father, and Memory as the mother of Clio, the muse of history, thereby showing that the nature of history is partly divine and partly human. In fact, history is not altogether secular; it is sacred. If, instead of merely looking on the surface of facts and events, where only human agency is visible, we dive beneath and trace them to the great principles which underlie them, and the energies which brought them about, we shall find that the source of all the wisdom and power they display is God. Like nature, history reveals the marvellous workings of providence. But in what manner does God manifest Himself in history ? Through Great Men. For what is history but the record of the achievements of those extraordinary personages who appear from time to time and lead mankind ? And what is it that we read therein but the biography of such men ? The history of the world, says Carlyle, is the biography of great men. The interest of nations and epochs centres in them : eliminate them, and you destroy all history. It is with the masses of mankind as with armies : they act by their leaders, themselves unknown and unnoticed. In reading of battles, we invariably miss the names of the thousands of common soldiers who fight on either side, and meet the names only of their captains and leaders ; so in the vast history of the world we miss the names of ordinary men, whom Victor Cousin justly calls "the anonymous beings of the human species ;" only the names of great men strike the eye, and rivet our interest and sympathy. Such men take the lead in all the great movements of the world : the multitude always follow. They prominently stand forth in the van of society, and can hardly be confounded with ordinary men. A great man is a giant amongst a race of pigmies ; he towers above the level of ordinary humanity. His greatness is unmistakable. It is through these great men, these leaders of mankind, that God reveals Himself to us in history ; in short, they constitute what we mean by "God in history."

Great Men have also been called Representative

Men, Geniuses, Heroes, Prophets, Reformers, and Redeemers, according to their various functions and characteristics. Let us now proceed to inquire what it is that constitutes great men ; what are the distinctive features in their character which give them pre-eminence, and distinguish them from ordinary humanity.

But who are they, some may ask, on the very threshold of the inquiry, that we should be so anxious about them ? The student of history may study their career with a view to satisfy his literary curiosity, and add to his stock of historical knowledge, and may feel astonished as he reads their wonderful exploits ; but beyond this, what are they to him ? They lived and died like other men, performing their respective parts in the amphitheatre of history ; probably they did great good to their country, and evinced extraordinary ability and wisdom, and for all this posterity will readily give them credit. But what moral interest can we feel in them ? Whatever importance they may possess as leading historic characters, are they of any religious importance to us ? Yes, they are of the deepest interest and importance to our souls. They are destined to subserve the most momentous purposes in the moral economy of all men, of whatever race, or country, or age. With what is purely personal, local, and contingent in them we have certainly nothing to do ; but that which is divine and universal in them, that which makes them great men, deeply concerns us all, for it is God's gift to us. Nations rise and fall, revolutions and wars make a wreck of society, but true greatness always lives—a standing miracle and an abiding revelation—to speak unto endless generations, and unto all the nations of the earth, of the inscrutable riches of God's wisdom, power, and goodness. This is the sublime purpose of the lives of great men : this makes every one of us feel a deep moral interest in them, and leads us to place ourselves in an attitude of reverent loyalty towards them, that we may receive from them the precious boon which they were designed and destined by God to confer on us. We cannot dishonour or trifle with them ; we cannot dispose of them as mere great historic characters with empty praise and admiration ; we must regard them as God's manifestations to each one of us, and so open the whole heart to them, that it may be filled with all that is great, noble, and divine in them. We should so love and revere them, that under their influence, and with their aid, we may find Him whom they reveal.

Great men are sent by God into the world to benefit mankind. They are His apostles and missionaries, who bring to us glad tidings from heaven ; and in order that they may effectually accomplish their errand, they are endowed by Him with requisite power and talents. They are created with a nature superior to that of others, which is at once the testimonial of their apostleship, and the guarantee of their success. They are not made great by culture or experience : they are born great. They are ordained and sanctified as prophets at their birth. They succeed, not because of any ability acquired through personal exertions, nor of any favourable combination of outward circumstances but by reason of their inherent greatness. It is God's light that makes them shine, and enables them to illumine the world. He puts in their very constitution something superhuman and divine ; hence their greatness and superiority. They are great on account of the large measure of divine spirit which they possess and manifest. It is true they are men ; but who will deny that they are above ordinary humanity? Though human, they are divine. This is the striking peculiarity of all great men. In them we see a strange and mysterious combination of the human and divine nature, of the earthly and the heavenly. It is easy to distinguish a great man, but it is difficult to comprehend him. A deep mystery hangs over the root of his life: the essence of his being is an inexplicable riddle. Who can solve it? That some nations have carried their reverence for prophets so far as to deify them, and worship them as God, or rather God in human shape, does not in the least appear to me surprising or unaccountable, however guilty they may be of manworship. For if a prophet is not God, is he a mere man? That cannot be. Such an hypothesis would not adequately explain all the problems of his life. The fact is, as I have already said, he is both divine and human; he is both God and man. He is a "God-man." He is an "incarnation" of God. Yes, I look upon a prophet as a divine incarnation; in this sense, that he is the spirit of God manifest in human flesh. True incarnation is not, as popular theology defines it, the absolute perfection of the divine nature embodied in mortal form; it is not the God of the universe putting on a human body,—the infinite becoming finite in space and time, in intelligence and power. It simply means God manifest in humanity;—not God made man, but God *in* man. Man, however great he may be, however excellent and divine his character, is human, and, as such, liable to all the imperfections and infirmities of man, and the thousand evils which flesh is heir to. He is not generically different from the human kind, but is simply exalted above it in degree. Made of the same flesh and blood, endowed with the same constitution as ordinary men, he is far superior to them on account of the high destiny of his life, the divine commission he bears, and the large measure of moral force which he naturally possesses for the successful accomplishment of the same. When, therefore, he is honoured above others as God's incarnation, we are to understand his superiority to be one of degree, not of kind. For, it must be admitted, that every man is, in some measure, an incarnation of the divine spirit. The constitution of man is of a composite character ; it is on the one hand gross, carnal, and earthly, on the other holy, spiritual, and heavenly. It is a strange combination of the lusts of the flesh and the divine instincts of the soul. Do we not feel that, though we are made of dust, there is within us something which is not of this earth, which is immortal and holy, born of heaven and destined for heaven ? Are we not all conscious that, however sinful we may be, God dwells in each of us, inherent in our very constitution ? "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you ?" The wickedness and foibles of man may be hated and pitied ; but when we behold his conscience struggling successfully with sin and temptations, and with self-sacrificing devotion upholding the cause of truth, are we not led to exclaim : What is there on earth so noble as man ? The human body is indeed the living tabernacle of the living God. "There is but one temple in the universe," it has been beautifully said, "and that is the body of man. Nothing is holier than that high form. Bending before man is a reverence done to this revelation in the flesh. We touch heaven when we lay our hand on a human body." However shocking man's sinfulness may be, his godliness is worthy of homage. If it is true he crawls and creeps on the low platform of the world, it is equally true he soars into the regions of heaven, and enjoys its purer atmosphere. Man is verily, as the poet describes him, "a worm, a God," and he ought to be treated as such. If then, incarnation means the spirit of God manifest in human flesh, certainly every man is an incarnation. And great men are pre-eminently so, for they exhibit a larger measure of the divine spirit. They are singularly brilliant manifestations of that Eternal Light which all men in some measure reflect.

Thus you see that great men are superhuman, and, I may add, supernatural ; but there is nothing miraculous about them, in the popular sense of that word,—there is no deviation from the established laws of nature. They are perfectly natural phenomena; and if they are miracles, they are only greater miracles than ordinary men. They are supernatural only in the sense of being above ordinary nature. None will deny that there are common and uncommon, ordinary and extraordinary, things and phenomena in the world ; but they are all included in the established economy of nature. However extraordinary a thing may be, it is not and cannot be at variance with God's law. He governs the universe with immutable and fixed laws, from which there can be no deviation whatsoever. Beneath all outward anomalies and apparent irregularities there lies the most perfect harmony. There is no disorder in nature but it resolves itself into eternal order ; no violation of a known law but it is a fulfilment of a higher and latent law. That there is something remarkably irregular in the lives and career of great men, which ordinary facts and precedents cannot account for or explain, few will deny. They appear upon the stage of history irregularly, now and then, after long intervals and at different places, play their parts most singularly, following no custom or precedent, think and act as no contemporary does, and though hated, reviled, and persecuted, convert millions of souls to their ideas with amazing success and facility, and with no other power but the power of those ideas, extend their conquests far and wide. And yet amidst all these apparently unaccountable irregularities the deep harmony of God's moral economy may be traced. Great men, like comets, move in eccentric orbits. As the course of comets seems irregular when compared with the movements of planets, so does the career of great men when compared with that of ordinary men. And yet comets have orbits of their own, which are perfect and regular in themselves. A comet, however strange it may seem to us, is as much a natural phenomenon as a planet, and the movements of both are regulated by the same ruling hand of God. Similarly, a prophet, however uncommon and eccentric and different from ordinary men, is guided by the same unalterable law as they.

Great men appear when they are needed. In the history of nations there occur now and then crises of a very serious character, when the advancing tide of progress shakes the very foundations of society; at such times certain great minds appear, being called forth by the peculiar necessities of the age, who avert impending perils, meet all existing wants, and remodel society on an improved basis; and they die when their work is over. Such men are seldom born in ordinary times, when everything glides smoothly and quietly; for then they are not wanted. Their lot is always cast in troublous days; for they have to combat established errors and prejudices, to revolutionize popular tastes and ideas. They mark the transition state of society, the turning-point in the career of nations. The preceding age ends and a new epoch commences in them. In the established economy of Providence they are special dispensations, to meet the pressing wants of humanity. Hence their appearance is not a mere accident, a casual phenomenon, but the sequence of a regular and constant law which regulates the moral interests of mankind. Their birth is always the result of a deep and irrepressible moral necessity. Wherever and whenever peculiar circumstances demand a great man, the very pressure of that demand drags him forth perforce. In God's moral government, to feel a want is to get the thing needed. Great men cast their shadows before. The circumstances of the age foretell their birth ; signs and prognostics herald their advent. We see a peculiar fermentation and upheaving and excitement on all sides. The spirit of the age can no longer brook the tyranny of the past, and shows restlessness and impatience and an earnest struggle for enfranchisement. Amidst all this struggle and turmoil, the travail of an age seeking to disburden itself, the prophet is born. All the advanced men of the time joyfully accept him as the promised liberator and redeemer, their heaven-appointed guide, and under his leadership, and with his aid, carry on a terrible crusade against prevalent errors and vices, and at last victoriously unfurl the banners of liberty and truth in the midst of a reformed nation. A prophet is said to regenerate his people ; he infuses new life into them. In him the old generation dies, and a new generation is born. Himself the child of the past, he becomes in his turn the progenitor of an altogether new race of men. As from one small seed a whole forest may spring up, so one prophet brings forth, by the law of moral development, many generations of reformed souls that lay potentially in him. Born in his spirit, these new generations continue to live in him, and he in them. His spirit courses through their veins and arteries, and moulds their character, their ideas, and sentiments. They think his thoughts and feel his feelings, and however much they may advance in the path of reform, he is the root of the new life they lead.

Great men possess a representative character. They are representative in a double sense :—(1) They represent their country and age ; (2) They represent specific ideas. This quality is essential to greatness. I have already said that the administration of the affairs of human society is actually, though not apparently, carried on by a few leading minds ; it is the aristocracy of great men that governs the world. But this aristocracy is representative, not arbitrary or despotic. Great men rule the masses, not by reason of their superior talents and energies, but because they faithfully represent the interests of those whom they govern. The secret of their gubernatorial authority, and likewise of their successful administration, lies in their unflinching fidelity to their constituents. They are essentially and thoroughly national in their sympathies, tastes, and ideas ; they are strictly men of the people and men of the age. Among a different nation and in a different age, they would be altogether out of place. They represent only their own people and their own age. A prophet is, in fact, the highest embodiment of the spirit of his country and time,—the leading type of contemporaneous nationality. In him the people recognise their truest representative, and they spontaneously and trustfully throw themselves on his guidance. Nay, they often find that he understands them better even than they, and enters more deeply into their wants and wishes. It is this marvellous and mysterious sympathy which explains why he is preferred to others, albeit wiser and abler far than he; why he speaks and is respected as one having authority above all others. He rules because he serves; his people follow and obey him, for he is among them as one that serveth. Their loyalty is not the cringing servile allegiance of the vassal, but the grateful homage of independent souls in recognition of the services rendered by their representative leader,—a noble testimonial of gratitude, worthy alike of them who give, and of him who receives it. It is not "hero-worship," not the slavish bending of the knee to mere power; it is the tribute of respect and obedience cheerfully paid to one who is not only an extraordinary genius, but a representative ruler, who is not only a ruler, but a faithful servant, who best represents their wants and interests, and whom, therefore, they confidently invest with supreme ruling authority over themselves. The people honour themselves by honouring their prophet; and they glorify him only so far as he is true to them.

What Napoleon said of himself, when asked to attend to the education of his son, with a view to enable him to become a fit successor, applies to all great men and prophets. "Replace me!" said he somewhat astonished at the suggestion; "I cannot be replaced; I am the child of circumstances." This was no hollow boast; Napoleon said what he felt; he mentioned a great fact of his life, the secret of his pre-eminence and success. His character and disposition and abilities were really unique, and were not the result of training, but were formed and moulded by the peculiar necessities of the age. He was the man of the age, the representative leader of his people. No amount of education or training could fit another for the position which he occupied. You must not suppose that I mean to accord to Napoleon a moral supremacy. No, I do not honour him as a prophet. I need not be reminded that he had many failings, and even vices; for all these he has been, and will ever be, condemned. But that he was a great man in his sphere, a great military genius, few will venture to dispute. It was only because he stood forth as the political representative of the people and the age, that he became a successful ruler in the cabinet and the field; and hence he was fully justified in saying he could not be replaced by others. None but a Napoleon could fill Napoleon's place. So with regard to every great man. He cannot be replaced by others, however wise or powerful. They may be his superiors in many respects, but they lack the essential attribute which makes him a great man,—they are not representative; the people would not recognise them as their own.

Great men are representatives in another sense: they represent particular ideas. Every great man comes into the world with a certain great idea fixed in his mind, which it is his mission to realize and stamp on his age. This idea is not an accident, but the essence of his being. It is not a doctrine learnt from books or deduced by reasoning. It is divinely implanted in his mind; it is inseparable from his nature, and is interwoven with his being. It is not an acquired precept, but an inborn principle of life. It is the governing principle of all his thoughts, wishes, and aspirations; the primary motive of all his movements. He lives in it and for it. His life is identified with his idea: his existence has only one meaning—the development and realization of his idea. He does not live, as others do, for the attainment of worldly happiness and honours; he does not, like them, pursue a variety of objects in the varied relations and circumstances of life. The peculiar destiny of every great man is to live and die for one idea. This idea is nothing more than a definite plan of the particular reform needed at the time; it is a remedy for the manifold evils of the age, a message of peace and emancipation to nations groaning under social or spiritual oppression. It is this idea that makes a great man a necessity of his age, as it shows him forth as the reformer in whom all the grievances of the nation will find redress. He cannot but be a reformer. Around him he finds society degraded, impoverished, and ruined; within him lies an ideal of what society ought to be, which constantly and necessarily seeks to realize and develop itself. His life is thus a life of continued struggle, which ceases only with his life, when his subjective idea is converted into an objective reality.

From what I have already said, certain essential characteristics peculiar to greatness may be inferred. The first is the absence of selfishness. Great men do not live on their own account, they live for others. They deny themselves the pleasures and honours of earthly existence, in order that others may be enriched and exalted. They relieve and gladden their country by bearing on their own shoulders the heavy weight of its woes and sufferings. Even with their blood they wash away the evils of the world. To live unto themselves is not only wrong, but morally impossible; to seek the welfare of others is not only right, but natural to them. Their life is necessarily a life of self-abnegation. They cannot be selfish. Self-interest can have no influence on them whose interests are identified with those of society, and in whom the national pulse beats, and the national heart throbs. Constituted for public good, they would pine and languish away if confined in the suffocating atmosphere of a selfish existence.

Secondly, their sincerity. "Life is real, life is earnest," is best illustrated in the lives of great men. They are full of earnestness. They neither deceive themselves by a mere fancy, nor do they impose upon others by hypocrisy. Devoid of theatricality and sentimentalism, they pursue their vocation in sober seriousness. There is no show, no gorgeous display: all is real. Their wisdom and devotion, their power and enthusiasm, are not things of false glitter, held up to public gaze with a view to secure fame or accomplish some sinister object of worldly advancement, but sublime realities which extort admiration by the very disregard of worldly distinction which they manifest. Yet alas! many a prophet has been, and continues to this day to be, ridiculed as an idiot, or hated as an impostor,—as if a man could sacrifice his all for a fiction, as if entire nations could be revolutionized by a fraud and a deception.

Thirdly, the originality of their wisdom. Great men do not borrow their thoughts and ideas from others; they do not blindly follow the example of any earthly guide. Whatever they say, whatever they do in connection with their mission, they owe to the instincts and impulses of their natural constitution. In the depth of their minds lies the fountain of pure wisdom, from which they unceasingly draw fresh supplies of original truths. Their wisdom is neither the result of hard study, nor of laborious dialectic exercises: it is the wisdom of faith. They learn more by insight than by observation, experiment, or reasoning. By their natural sagacity they at once penetrate the very secret of things, which lies hid from the perception of the acutest thinker, and by common sense they readily apprehend truths which stagger the greatest intellects. Besides, the very nature of their mission precludes the possibility of their depending upon second-hand knowledge or the teachings of others. They have to reform society as they find it, by preaching those ideas and truths which it especially needs—a work alike difficult and original, requiring original wisdom and skill for its successful accomplishment. The accumulated treasures of good precepts and good examples of former times may be of some use in a general way, so far as analogies may be discovered between the past and the present, between other nations and the particular nation to be reformed. But as the past never reproduces itself in the world's history, and as no two national crises are ever wholly alike, every work of revolutionary reform, such as a great man has to perform, requires an amount of original wisdom in discovering and communicating truth which the past can never furnish, and which he alone can bring to bear upon his mission from the natural resources of his extraordinary mind. A prophet-reformer is always a genius, an inspired man ; and when he teaches the world is astonished at his wisdom, and says—Never man spake so before.

Lastly, their invincible power. All great men are heroes. They have to fight, almost single-handed, against established errors and national evils, and they have consequently to achieve success against tremendous odds. Hence they are armed with uncommon firmness and determination, inflexible force of character, and a strong will, that never yields and is above discomfiture ; in short, they are possessed of spiritual strength and resources commensurate with their gigantic undertaking, and such as insure success. The very announcement of his new ideas by the prophet excites the bitterness and hatred of thousands wedded to the old state of things. When he daringly proceeds to carry out his ideas into practice, to demolish the sacred strongholds of popular error and prejudice, he finds himself surrounded by an everwhelming host of infuriated men, desperately resolved, primarily for self-defence, but subsequently for mere malice's sake, to put down the dashing innovator. Frowns and threats, reviling and slander, excommunication and privation, coercion and torture, and even brutal attempts on life—all means are employed to accomplish this object. But opposition, however violent and deadly, cannot intimidate or overpower the mind of a hero: it rather aggravates his holy zeal a hundredfold. Mindful more of his mission than life, he offers a bold front to the assaults of his enemies, and in the face of the direst persecution establishes his kingdom, and plants the banner of the divine idea he respresents. Hundreds, overpowered by his influence, acknowledge his sovereignty and vow allegiance, while thousands are made unconscious captives, though professing disloyalty. Thus outwardly and secretly the new reform idea spreads, till it reaches the heart of the nation, and gradually leavens the entire society. Often it happens that the prophet's life is sacrificed by his persecutors. This, far from arguing anything like weakness in him, shows, on the contrary, his remarkable moral heroism, which shrank not, but braved death itself for the sake of truth. The mighty influence of such heroism proves mightier far in death than in life, for the blood of a martyr always achieves more glorious and extensive conquests than the most brilliant exploits he performed in his lifetime.

But this power, it must be remembered, is not his own; it is God's power that upholds him in his struggles and trials. It is his steady and devoted reliance upon the Almighty arm that enables him to bear down the most formidable opposition, vanquish emperors and sovereigns, and establish mastery over nations and generations. He himself feels that, if he is bereft of divine succour, and left to his own limited resources, he would at once sink under the weight of his trials. His heart faints and falters, trembles and shudders as he looks upon the vast sea of difficulties on which his frail bark floats, and the rising and roaring surges which every moment beat against it; and with childlike humility and trust he looks up steadily to that Almighty Protector who summoned him to the perilous enterprise, and who alone can help him to steer safely on. A prophet, though strong, is always humble: confident of divine help, he is ever diffident about his own powers. He is then only successful when he fights in God's strength, not his own. His manliness is proportionate to his childlike simplicity.

The first chapter of Jeremiah, in the Old Testament, contains a beautiful passage which describes figuratively the action of God's spirit on prophets. Jeremiah says:—

> "Then the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations.
>
> "Then said I, Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child.
>
> "But the Lord said unto me, Say not, I am a child; for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak.

"Be not afraid of their faces: for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord.

"For, behold, I have made thee this day a defenced city, and an iron pillar, and brazen walls against the whole land, against the kings of Judah, against the princes thereof, against the priests thereof, and against the people of the land."

The first verse evidently sets forth the important truth I have already enunciated, that a great man is never made great, he is born great. He receives his commission and ordination from God Himself, and is sent by Him into the world for the benefit of nations. Though divinely ordained, however, he feels he has no ability to fulfil the great mission with which he is entrusted: he has no wisdom, no power; he is ignorant and weak, he is helpless as a child. The Lord, however, assures him of His protection and guidance, vouchsafes to him adequate strength and courage, and makes him "a defenced city and an iron pillar" in the midst of opposition. Hence victory ever flies round the prophet's banners, for, with divine aid, he encounters human opposition.

History bears ample testimony to the extraordinary moral courage and heroism of prophets and great men, and the vast influence they exercise on the destinies of nations. The mighty Luther shook Europe to its foundations by his vigorous and fearless protests against the errors of Popery. No amount of opposition intimidated him; his adamantine will knew not how to bend. When, stretching forth his right hand he consigned the Pope's bull to the flames, he only gave proof of that holy fire of enthusiasm in his own mind which was to burn up the impurities of the age. While proceeding to Worms to defend himself publicly, and give an explanation of his doctrines, he refused to adopt the measures of safety recommended by his friends, saying,—"Were there as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the housetops, still I would go." Methinks the whole land trembled under his manly strides as he boldly went on. All Europe, yea the world, anxiously looked forward to the great day which was to decide the destiny of Christianity, and with throbbing hearts awaited its issues. None knew what was to come out of all that commotion of the age. Emperors and princes and potentates met together on the appointed day, and amidst the assembled representatives of Europe's wealth, rank, and power, Luther stood undaunted as an apostle of freedom, and nobly asserted and vindicated his doctrines, and concluded by saying: "I cannot and will not retract, for we must never act contrary to our conscience. I have done: God help me!" Though many and redoubtable were his enemies, and deep-rooted and sacred the errors which he combated, his cause at last triumphed, and with it the sinking pulse of Europe revived. Yes, there was a revival of a radical and comprehensive character—a revival of the soul as well as the intellect, and even of industry in varied forms of activity. Society was altogether reorganized on a new basis, and a new life was infused into its organism. Imagine the depth and extent of Luther's influence. Wherever there are Protestant nations or individuals, there his spirit is manifest in glory; and all the fruits which the world has reaped from the Reformation are directly or indirectly the fruits of his labours What Luther did on a large scale in Europe, John Knox accomplished on a small scale in Scotland. His power of mind was immense, as his stupendous deeds will testify. Even when a galley-slave, he contemptuously remarked with reference to a painting of the Virgin— it is a " pented bredd, fitter for swimming than for being worshipped." Ever since, his enthusiasm in the cause of religious reformation was formidable, and he suffered no obstacle to stand in the way of his mission. Single-handed he fought, and he not only succeeded in planting the banners of the Reformation among his countrymen, but he also made the Scotch nation. He found Scotland enveloped in darkness, Popery, and dissension; he it was who enlightened, civilized, and regenerated it. Looking at the Scotch before his time, we find only a number of scattered tribes and clans united by no common interest, led away by proud and turbulent leaders into ceaseless intestine quarrels and feuds to gratify their ambition, no middle class to adjust the relations between the common people and their rulers, and keep them in equilibrium; in short, we find only confusion, discord, and barbarism. But to-day they are a noble people, a nation with an independent and a distinct national church and literature. And if you trace this glorious change to its source, you will find it due to the stern-minded reformer Knox. Turn we now to the East for similar illustrations of the power of great men. History tells us that when Mahomet entered on his iconoclastic mission, he was all fire; nothing could damp or quench his pious ardour. He was desperate even to fanaticism. If the sun stood on his right hand, said he, and the moon on his left, ordering him to hold his peace, he could not obey. And his success in establishing Monotheism amidst the dense mass of ignorance and idolatry which prevailed at the time was really amazing. Behold millions owning subjection to the crescent in various parts of the world, and offering their five daily prayers to the Unseen and One Only God! Drawing nearer home, we meet with an example of far greater interest to our countrymen, on account of its national affinity, and one with which, therefore, we are likely to sympathize more readily and lovingly. Three hundred years ago, when Bengal lay divided between empty ritualism and Vedantic contemplation on the one hand, and the immoral orgies and bacchanalian revelry of the *Shakti* worshippers on the other, when under proud priestly domination the vast bulk of the Sudra population were almost excluded from the advantages of religious life, Chaitanya, the great prophet of love and faith, appeared, and by precept and example exerted mighty influence to suppress these combined evils. The dead and dry religion of wisdom and works succumbed to the living and sweet doctrine of *Bhakti* he preached; the tide of sensuality was checked by his simplicity and purity of life; and the proud head of caste was laid low under the overpowering weight of that love of God which he taught and evinced. By infusing the element of faith into dead Hinduism he gave it new life, and made it an effective instrument of conversion. Religion was no longer the monopoly of the learned and the respectable, but the most degraded and hated, the meanest and the lowest, were declared eligible to God's kingdom through faith. When the new gospel of love was announced, thousands upon thousands came and swelled Chaitanya's ranks with enthusiasm; Brahmins and Chandals danced together, rejoicing in their God of love. Nay—would you believe it?—Mahometans, despite the curse which Hinduism still attaches to the *Yavana's* name, were welcomed and freely admitted into the new church. It is indeed impossible to exaggerate the power of him who effected such momentous reforms as these in the Hindu church—reforms from which English educated Natives, with all their boasted enlightenment and civilization, and with all their organized and combined power, so ignobly recoil even at the present day. Chaitanya, by the power of love and faith, achieved triumphs which must appear to be a wonder to my educated countrymen. Such is the marvellous power, and such the incomprehensible greatness, of prophet-reformers.

Is it not, then, our duty, I ask, and shall we not esteem it a privilege, to render unto prophets and great men the humble tribute of our gratitude and esteem? The immense service they render to mankind, and the noble characteristics which distinguish them—their deep wisdom and invincible power, their rigid self-denial and fervent devotion, challenge the spontaneous gratitude and esteem of all men. To honour them is no meanness, no sycophancy; no sordid "Boswellism," no idolatrous "hero-worship," as some foolishly imagine. To honour them is to honour our benefactors, and to glorify the greatness of human nature. We cannot, we dare not, slight them. They are of universal interest and importance. Their lives deserve our careful study; their greatness should excite our earnest aspiration. They are designed by Providence for our study and imitation. "Lives of great men all remind us, we can make our lives sublime;" nay, they stir up our best energies to attain that sublimity of which they afford living examples. In precepts and doctrines there is indeed much to enlighten the mind; but what can more effectively quicken it than examples? Life alone can give life; and, above, all, the life of heaven-appointed prophets. It is what they have actually done that makes us understand the loftiness and sublimity which humanity is capable of, and impels us forcibly to attain that loftiness and sublimity. The world is vastly indebted to them: they are the glory, the pride of mankind; we boast of them; we naturally feel grateful to them. We thank Him who sends them for our benefit, and Whom, as His servants and messengers, they in some measure reveal.

Let not our homage, however, be exclusively confined to any one of them, and withheld from the rest. We must honour all of them, unbiassed by local influences, party feeling, or sectarian bigotry. It is the want of this catholic spirit, it is the evil of awarding exclusive honour to particular prophets, that has filled the religious world with jealousies, hatred, and sanguinary strife, and made their followers plunge the dagger of brutal animosity into each other's breast. In fact, it is this which has mainly originated sectarianism and multiplied hostile churches. In many cases, again, such exclusive honour has been carried so far as to assume the form of deification. Struck with amazement at the superhuman character of their prophet, men have, in the blind zeal of extreme devotion, exalted him to divinity, and identified him with the Godhead; and while adoring their own prophet as the God of salvation, they have condemned all other prophets as false prophets, who lead their followers to perdition. It is indeed painful to contemplate the twofold evil of such sectarian bigotry. Man, mortal man, with all his frailties and shortcomings, is deified and worshipped; and to him is rendered that supreme adoration which belongs to God alone! This idolatrous bending of the knee before man is an insult to Heaven, and an audacious violation of that entire loyalty and allegiance to God which is demanded of every true believer. Like every other form of idolatry, it is a treason against God, which pollutes the heart and degrades the soul. On the other hand, equally mischievous, if not equally sacrilegious, is the rancour with which every prophet is hated and cursed by the followers of another prophet. Every religious sect shuts up truth, inspiration and holiness in its own narrow church, and looks upon the life and labours of its prophets as the only saving dispensation of Providence; while all prophets and truths that lie beyond its church are condemned as impostors and lies. This is making God the God of a clan, a country, and an epoch, instead of, as He is, the God of all mankind, of all space, and of all time. All true believers acknowledge the Supreme Creator of the universe as the sole object of adoration and worship; and as He is eternal and omnipresent, and His providence universal, they treat with reverence and gratitude the various dispensations of His Grace made at different times, and in different countries, for the benefit of mankind. They see Him revealed throughout the length and breadth of animate and inanimate creation; they behold His general providence in all the ordinary events and phenomena of nature's economy; while His special providence they devoutly trace in those special dispensations which He from time to time makes through His prophets to save whole nations from error and iniquity. The lives of all such prophets are accepted reverently as God's Revelation in History; various and different they may be in their peculiar features and local adaptations, yet, as regards the universal and eternal principles they represent, they are parts of the same divine economy, and subserve, more or less, in the hands of God, the same grand purposes of revelation and redemption. Each of the prophets came into the world as a messenger of God, bearing a distinct message of glad tidings which he contributed to the cause of religious enlightenment and progress. We must then freely honour all of them, and gratefully accept from each what he has to deliver, instead of binding ourselves as slaves to any particular person as the only chosen prophet of God. For "at sundry times and in divers manners God spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets." And though Jesus Christ, the Prince of Prophets, effected greater wonders, and did infinitely more good to the world than the others, and deserves therefore our profoundest reverence, we must not neglect that chain, or any single link in that chain, of prophets that preceded him, and prepared the world for him ; nor must we refuse honour to those who, coming after him, have carried on the blessed work of human regeneration for which he lived and died. Let sectarianism perish, then. Let denominational and geographical boundaries be for ever forgotten, and let all nations unite in celebrating a universal festival in honour of all prophets, regarding them as the Elder Brothers of the human race. Hindu brethren, as ye honour your prophets, honour ye likewise the illustrious reformers and great men of Christendom. I know, my educated countrymen, you appreciate and honour England's immortal bard, Shakespeare, the greatest literary genius of the West ; and you honour too the military, and political, and scientific great men whose brilliant lives shed lustre on the profane history of Christian nations. Why should you scruple then to pay the tribute of your esteem and gratitude to the religious geniuses, the inspired prophets of Christendom, who have nourished and enriched its soul, and, in fact, the soul of humanity at large? To you, my Christian brethren, also, I humbly say—as ye honour your prophets, honour ye likewise the prophets of the East. Thus hostile churches, and the dismembered races of mankind, shall be knit together in one family in the bonds of universal faith in the common Father, and universal gratitude and esteem towards their elder brothers, the prophets.

The last and highest mode of revelation remains to be described. I have spoken of God in Nature, and then of God in History; but both these forms of divine manifestation are external. The one to which I am about to draw your attention is internal and comes home to our hearts, *viz.*, God in the Soul. The striking evidences of the Great Creator's power, wisdom, and goodness, which are stamped on the whole face of animate and inanimate creation, do indeed exalt the believer's heart to Him; but far greater is the influence of the lives of great men, which, coming with all the moral force of example, animates and bestirs us to a life of wisdom, piety, and righteousness. Nothing, however, can bear comparison with the almighty power of Inspiration—the direct breathing-in of God's spirit—which infuses an altogether new life into the soul, and exalts it above all that is earthly and impure. It is the more powerful, being God's direct and immediate action on the human soul, while the revelation made through physical nature and biography is indirect and mediate. In these latter modes of divine manifestation truth is received at second hand; God is seen as reflected in a mirror, and often, alas! refracted through its imperfections. Divinity is represented in the world of matter—in flowing brooks and stupendous mountains, in the radiant sun, the serene moon, and the vast starry convex ; it is also represented in the thrilling precepts, and the quickening deeds of great men. But in inspiration the Supreme Soul is presented to us in our own finite souls, and His saving light falls directly upon the eye of faith. The spirit of God directly shines upon the soul like the meridian sun, and illumines and warms the entire spiritual nature of man ; it bursts like a resistless flood into the heart, sweeps away ignorance and doubt, impurity and wickedness, and converts even the hard stony heart of a confirmed sinner into a garden smiling in all the luxuriance of spiritual harvests,—of faith, love, and purity. The highest revelation, then, is inspiration, where spirit communes with spirit, face to face, without any mediation whatsoever. The influence of inspiration is absorbing, not partial ; it is not superficial and skin-deep ; but like leaven, it leaveneth the whole life. Its process is not slow and calculating but revolutionary. Inspiration does not deal out particular truths and particular forms of purity to satisfy a few special wants : it altogether converts and regenerates the soul. It does not seek to cut off the spreading branches of corruption ; it destroys the root of evil in the perverted heart, and sows there a new seed of divine life. Its mode of operation differs essentially from those which worldly moralists and reformers prescribe for the eradication of vice, and the improvement of individual and national character. Here we see no appeal to reason or public opinion, no calculation of profit and loss according to the arithmetic of expediency, no reference to consequences. Nor do we find here that slow process of moral discipline and restraint which seeks to school all the lower propensities and passions into obedience, and place them under the authority of conscience. The vast majority of mankind, whatever their convictions may be, are practically swayed by worldly motives in their social as well as religious pursuits ; utility is the sole guide of their moral life ; they could hardly be persuaded to recognise or practise any duty which involves temporal loss of any kind, and interferes with worldly happiness and interest. Those, however, who really desire to be good, and are sincerely anxious for their reformation, pronounce the doctrine of expediency false and pernicious, recognise conscience as the supreme guide—the vicegerent of God in the human breast—and endeavour to bring all refractory passions and motives, all thoughts, words, and deeds, under its discipline. They go through a systematic process of training and self-control, guarding against every possible evil, curbing down every little sin as it rises, breaking every vicious habit by constant and unwearied conflict, and employing all available means for the government and purification of the heart. They who simply seek deliverance from sin must go through this process of incessant struggle and self-control. But the soul needs more ; it wants some positive vantage-ground of holiness, where it may abide in peace, safe against temptation. It seeks to be not only not worldly, not immoral, but positively holy. It wants godly life, and this can never be had by the most rigid tension of mental discipline, or the highest effort of human will. Divine life can only be secured by divine grace—it comes pouring into the soul from Him who is its source. This is inspiration ; it is the direct action of the Holy Spirit. It is God's free gift, not man's acquisition. It comes not through our calculation or reasoning, not through our industry or struggle, but through prayerful reliance upon God's mercy. It cannot be purchased by our wisdom or our good works. The Merciful God vouchsafes inspiration unto the heart which panteth after it. Behold the marvellous effects of divine inspiration ! It does not, like human agencies of reform, merely lead the intellect to truth, the heart to love, or the will to practical righteousness ; but it thrills and enlivens the whole spiritual being of man with a sort of holy excitement and frenzy, and carries him by the hair of the head into the very presence of God, and there breathes into him new life. It revolutionizes the very foundations of the old carnal life, and effects a radical reform in the vital mainspring of man's motives, wishes, words, and deeds ; it marks a turning-point in his history. It kills the "old man," and kindles his ashes into an altogether new creature. This is true spiritual Baptism—baptism, not with water, but with fire. We care not to be baptized with the cold water of logical persuasion and the lifeless aye and nay of dogmatic theology ; but we all need to be baptized into new life with the fire of inspiration and enthusiasm. In other words, if we all desire holy life, we must become enthusiastic. Through proper self-culture men have in all ages attained virtue and morality ; but never man became regenerate and godly without the fire of enthusiasm enkindled by the Holy Spirit. The human mind unaided, however great its wisdom and power may be, is no match for the vile passions and lusts of the flesh. When they once rise with all their demoniac fury and frenzy, no convincing precept of ethics, no amount of human energy can quell them. To this all our experiences with one voice testify. But when the Holy Spirit reinforces the sinking spirit of man with an influx of divine enthusiasm, the rising surges of unruly passions subside as if under magic power. Only passion can vanquish passion; and a most formidable and unconquerable passion is enthusiasm. When it rushes with full force into the soul, all carnal passions readily ebb away. Lust, anger, covetousness, envy, and malice; doubt and despair; weakness, inconstancy, and hypocrisy; in fact, all sins of the mind, heart, and the will, retire from the enthusiastic soul, and dare not encroach upon what is consecrated to God, and protected by His Almighty arm. For enthusiasm is not a faculty or a feeling, but is a pervading passion of life; it combines in it all that is excellent in wisdom, emotion, and energy, and is a remedy for every form of sin and corruption. It keeps man in a state of holy excitement; it makes him live in God; and thus protects him from every thought, word, or deed that is unholy. In enthusiasm duty and desire coalesce, and form a settled principle of life. Man then loves holiness with passionate attachment, and hungers and thirsts after his God. He is seized with the frenzy of devotion, and is not only above sin, but also above temptation; for nothing is then attractive to him except holiness. Such frenzy, essential as it is to divine life, is but madness in the sight of the world, and must excite ridicule and contempt. One who has realized God in his own soul, and has been inspired with enthusiastic love and fidelity towards Him, and who loves only His company and His service, lives in heaven though on earth; and all that he says and does must be scoffed at as madness by those who live unregenerate in the flesh; and though he may say,—"I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness,"—his words avail not to convince the world. Such enthusiastic souls, men born again through fire-baptism, live in the Kingdom of God, and enjoy, here and hereafter, the supreme felicity of living and loving communion with Him in the inner temple of the heart.

# REGENERATING FAITH.

IT is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the subject before us. It involves some of the most momentous principles affecting our spiritual interests, and also some very delicate points of controversial theology, to which it is hardly possible to do justice in such a mixed congregation as this; and indeed I should have hesitated to discourse on such a subject, did I not know it to be quite possible to treat it from a safe, broad, and catholic standpoint. The multiplicity of churches and creeds we behold in the world is quite perplexing and embarrassing. Each church gives its peculiar solution to the problem of human salvation; each has its own theory of redeeming and regenerating faith. From such a heterogeneous mass of conflicting theories, it is difficult to evolve anything like order or unity; nor is it my present purpose to apply myself to such a task. In discussing the subject of the evening I shall avoid altogether controverted questions of polemical theology, and meet you as far as possible on common ground. I mean to proceed upon those general and admitted principles of belief—admitted at least by the intelligent congregation before me—which constitute the essence of universal and absolute religion, and challenge the assent of every unprejudiced mind. And from these simple and catholic principles only I hope to educe what appears to me to be the right idea of regenerating faith.

However obvious and simple the fundamental truths of speculative and practical Theism may be, and however supported they may be by common consent, a small amount of reflection will suffice to show that there are some very important points of disagreement amongst those who profess to believe in them. The fact is,—leaving aside the countless varieties of sectarian creeds,—even in regard to catholic and essential truths, religion, as it prevails in the world, admits of a two-fold classification, and each system presents peculiar features which clearly distinguish it from the other. The material distinction which exists between these two systems of religion deserves our careful attention. In both these systems we find the same fundamental ideas and truths of religion. Both recognise the one God, and acknowledge His infinite power and wisdom, love and holiness ; both admit the moral accountability of man, and the existence of a future state of rewards and punishments ; both denounce sin and afford incentives to virtue and righteousness. Yet there is a vast and almost impassable gulf between them. Both spring up originally from the same root, but soon branch off in different and opposite directions. Born of the same parentage, they vary in the course of their development, according to the influence they respectively receive. They are one in their main principles, but in the subsequent and final issues of these principles there is great divergence—so much so, that I feel justified in calling the one the religion of the world, and the other the religion of heaven ; the one man-made, the other God-made religion. It is no doubt the interest of the world, and hence its constant endeavour, to confound and identify these two systems with each other, and deny the distinction which subsists between them. It is its interest to ignore heavenly religion, and pass off that as God's truth which is mainly its own fabrication, and this it seeks to do both by degrading what is heavenly and exalting as divine what is of the earth earthy. This pious fraud requires to be shown up in its true colours, and its evil effects exposed, that it may be universally proscribed and execrated. It is awful to contemplate the gravity and magnitude of the deception itself, and the amount of worldliness and demoralization and moral poverty it has been the means of producing in the religious world. I am, therefore, the more anxious to impress upon you, at the outset, the importance of recognising the distinction between the religion of the world and the saving religion of God, that you may avoid the one and adopt the other.

In the religion of the world man is his own guide, and to a great extent his own saviour. He depends upon his own faculties and powers for the attainment of truth, and for deliverance from sin. Its prayer is that man's will may be done on earth in the name of God. Whereas the prayer of heaven's creed is—that God's will may be done on earth as it is in heaven. In the one, religion is subordinated to man's judgment and wishes, and from the decrees of Providence there is always an appeal to human prudence for final decision. In the other, God's will is absolute and immutable law, and his judgment final and irreversible. In the one we see a stereotyped code of moral duties to be performed on the authority, and under the government of conscience, the vicegerent of God in the human mind; but in every case it is the interpretation arbitrarily put upon the code by prudence and expediency which actually rules the heart. In the other, whatever is right must be done, whether expedient or otherwise; the heart offers unquestioning submission to the Great Master's commands, however hostile they may appear to be to its temporal interests, and instead of audaciously endeavouring to accommodate God's moral economy to its carnal requisitions, it seeks humbly to exalt and adapt itself to the requirements of God's law. The religion of the world may also be characterized as the Old Testament creed. It suits man and meets his requirements in the earlier stages of his religious life; it serves him as an efficient guide in the discharge of the manifold duties which he owes to himself, to society, and to God; it is an initiatory school of moral discipline, where the infantine soul is trained to habits of honesty and virtue. But as the soul grows up, in the individual and in the nation, deeper wants are discovered and felt, and expanding experience points to the necessity of a higher and nobler kind of faith. Man cannot rest satisfied with the Old Testament; he wants the New Testament religion for his salvation. Nothing short of regenerating faith can satisfy the normal necessities of man. He may make himself virtuous in the estimation of men; he may screw himself into an attitude of respectable honesty by a mechanical and rigid adherence to duty; but there is no peace till the uncleanness of his heart is washed off, and iniquity is plucked up by the roots, and the erring son is reconciled to the Father in purity and holiness. The soul, conscious as it is of its imperfections and weaknesses, cannot possibly find rest or ease in the Old Testament ethics, which simply says: This thou shalt do, That thou shalt not do,—but cannot convert the heart. It is the heart's inclination towards evil that must be overcome, for even where sin is outwardly eschewed, the inward hungering of the carnal nature for the forbidden fruit often continues. Man may fulfil the law and perform the deeds of the law, but yet he is not satisfied ; he has not got the one thing needful. The trials and conflicts of his inner life press heavily upon him, and he humbly and earnestly asks—what shall I do to be *saved?* And not till this great question is fully solved by the cheering gospel of New Testament faith can man enjoy true rest and enduring peace. Hence is it that all who really seek the blessings of salvation naturally try to pass beyond the little sphere of the rationalistic and prudential religion of the world, and the powerless ethics of the Old Testament, and press forward to the kingdom of heaven, where man is regenerated in truth and holiness, not by the law, but by Divine grace. I would ask you, my brethren, individually and collectively, whether, with all your knowledge of right and wrong, and your ideas of God and immortality, you do not feel helpless, and often hopeless, amidst the trials and temptations of the world? In the grand enterprises of moral life, and even in the petty details of worldly transactions, you have always to make a choice between good and evil, right and wrong ; and you know very well what insuperable difficulties you have to contend with in determining your will to pursue the former and eschew the latter. I am ready to give you credit for your force of character, your manliness, uprightness, benevolence, and philanthropy. But are your hearts proof against temptation? Is not the power of evil greater than the power you have? And, if you have vanquished evil once, and in some of its forms, has it not often captivated you in its more enticing forms? Do you not feel afraid that even those sins of your past life, which you have already destroyed and buried, may one day rise up from their graves, and again terrify you into submission? Ah! my friends, we cannot but feel that, situated as we are, we cannot repose in confident security. The foundation of what the world calls "character" is not strong and deep enough, and temptations may at any time come in full showers and sweep it away. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Our conscience has the right to rule over us, but not the might. God demands of us entire loyalty ; we fain would give it, but we cannot ; our lower propensities are so rebellious, our higher nature so weak. In such circumstances what do we naturally wish to do in order to afford our troubled hearts rest ? We wish to throw off the carnal nature, and live altogether in truth and God. We would be free not only from actual sin, but from liability to temptation and sin. We want, in short, a *new life*—a life of divine holiness. This the world's religion cannot give, though it may "reform" us. This our wisdom and energy cannot secure, though they may lead us to virtue and honesty. Let us then alienate our hearts from the religion of the world, to which we are all more or less attached, and trustfully rely upon the religion of God, which alone can give us new life, holiness, and peace.

What is this new life as distinguished from the life which men ordinarily lead, and how is it to be attained ? Man, you know, is a composite being ; he is possessed of a bodily and a spiritual nature. This bodily nature he has in common with the lower animals : like them, he instinctively seeks the preservation and happiness of the body ; like them, he is swayed by carnal appetites and passions, and the lusts of the flesh, which, when excited by temptations often prove irresistible, and lead him into the extravagances of sensuality and sin, detrimental ailke to his own true interests, and to those of society. This low life of animals, which man leads in his natural condition,—and which is made up of grovelling desires and sensual gratifications, and is ever exposed to temptation and sin,—does not, and cannot satisfy him as he grows up to manhood : he must minister to the wants of his soul, and seek the safety and welfare of his higher nature. But what means does he usually employ to accomplish this object ? He simply strives to impose some kind of restraint on his carnal passions, and to curb them as often as they prove refractory, always holding the reins in his own hands. Such half-measures seldom prove effectual, as our experiences amply testify. The beast within us is too strong and intractable to be subdued by a system of artificial self-restraint. The wild fury of the carnal heart may be curbed for awhile by threats, or mollified by persuasion ; but so long as its power of evil is not destroyed, it may at any time break through the flimsy barriers within which it may be encaged. The fact is, man retains within him the perversity of his evil nature, his lusts and love of the world, and only seeks, by restraining them a little, to effect a compromise between religion and the world, his secret object being no other than to realize a life of convenient virtue. But this is not the new life man is destined to attain. To have that, one must be altogether above the old animal life, and enter upon a new and higher sphere of existence, where he may seek the welfare and happiness of the soul as naturally and as passionately as he seeks carnal enjoyments in the lower stage of life. There must thus be a clear turning-point in our career. This turning-point is Faith. Once brought to this point the heart of man undergoes a marvellous change,—not a superficial change in his outward pursuits or habits of thought and feeling, but a constitutional and organic change in the root of his being. He gives up his old ideas and schemes of self-reformation, and believing that salvation cometh from God alone, he puts his humble but firm faith in Him. Thus arrogance and self-sufficiency make room for humility and self-abnegation; and instead of man struggling in vain to help himself out of the slough of wickedness, behold him humbly rising in the strength of the Merciful God. Observe the distinction between the two. Look at the worldly man, boasting of his patriotic achievements as a reformer, or of the signal triumphs achieved on the battle field by his valour and prowess as a soldier, or of his thorough honesty in some of the most important and responsible positions of mercantile life;—how proud and conceited he is—how rejoicingly he glories in the honours which the world, as blind as he, accords to him! But how humble is the man of faith! His patriotism, and heroism, and honesty, may be truer, but yet they are counted as nothing: he feels that, with all that, he himself is nothing, and that God is all, and he humbles himself to the dust in order to exalt the glory of his God. He believes and acts on the great truth that man is justified by faith, and not by deeds, however excellent. The worldly man's boasted prudence, which, with such certainty and confidence, calculates upon buying salvation with the limited resources of human knowledge, power, and honesty, is but the "arithmetic of fools;" but faith, which ignores human power, and builds redemption on the rock of grace, is wisdom indeed. The worldly man, in spite of his so-called virtue, his respectable honesty, fails because of his pride: the man of faith, in spite of his sins and shortcomings, succeeds at last because of his humility. Hence it has been beautifully said, that "the first shall be last, and the last first;" and "whoso exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

Let us proceed to consider what faith is. It has been very appropriately defined to be "the evidence of things not seen, and the substance of things hoped for." What the eye is to things visible, what reason is to things demonstrable, that is faith to the invisible realities of the spirit world. Faith is the eye of the soul whereby it sees spiritual realities, directly and vividly. For verily the soul hath its eyes just as the body hath. That is not true faith which passes as such in the world. Nothing, indeed, is so common as to hear men talk of their faith in God, as if it meant the mere rudiments of religious knowledge, which all who profess to believe in His existence are sure to possess. On careful consideration, however, such faith would appear to be nothing but an intellectual cognition, an assent of the understanding to the truth of the logical proposition—God is. It is the result of reasoning; it rests on arguments. And, as such, no doubt, all who are not thorough atheists have it. But very few have faith in God in the true sense of that term, namely, spiritual perception. Do we vividly see His reality? Do we feel His awful presence? Unless we do so, how can we be said to have faith in Him? Now, in regard to the light before me, nobody doubts its reality,—and why? Because we all clearly see it; it is not argument or hearsay evidence, but eyesight that assures us of its reality. No amount of false logic can dim the clearness of our vision, or make us sceptical about the reality of the light. Have we similar faith in the reality of God and His attributes? As the eye beholds this light, does the soul in the same manner and with the same vividness perceive the Great God, Who is present in this hall in all His glory and majesty? Do we see Him as clearly as we see each other? I admit you all believe in His existence; I admit you know that He liveth everywhere, and always, and that He is amongst us now as a holy, righteous, and all-seeing God. But such knowledge is not faith; it cannot save you from sin. You have known Him with the intellect; but do you see Him with the soul, do you feel Him with the heart? Ay, that is the question we have to decide. If you are sincerely anxious for salvation, you cannot rest satisfied with mere abstract ideas of God. You must have that vivid faith which realizes the presence of the living and personal God.

You may employ all available means of spiritual culture, but they are unprofitable without this vivid faith in God. For that is the key without which you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. You may go to church regularly, and hear most instructive and impressive sermons; all the external appendages of divine service may be admirably calculated to impress the mind with solemnity and holiness but these cannot stir up men of little faith. The preacher may descant in glowing and thrilling; language on God's justice, and holiness and love; he may repeatedly point to Him as a living Witness present in the midst of the congregation; but they look about with vacant eyes and empty hearts, and see nothing but vacancy and emptiness outside; they find no God in God's house, and return home as sinful and worldly-mind as when they entered the church. But if you have faith, you will be enabled to convert empty space into the constant abode of a dear and personal God, and carry His holy presence about you as a light in your paths; you will move and breathe in an atmosphere full of divine presence, and be above the malaria and miasmata of the world. It cannot be denied that the atmosphere which encompasses our daily life is saturated with various evil influences which tend to darken, depress, and defile the heart, and abounds with temptations which constantly inflame our carnal propensities, and make us forgetful of God; it is therefore essential to our safety that we should move in an altogether different, a purer and holier atmosphere. Faith alone can help us to do this, by preserving us always in God's company, and making Him unto us a shining light, and "a very present help in trouble." Through faith we not only realize the Unseen Spirit, but dwell in Him, fear Him as an ever-present Witness and Governor, and love Him as a Father who never forsaketh us; and, in short, feel Him, in all places, and at all times, in our uprising and down-sitting, as an encompassing presence not to be put by. Such realization of divine presence alone can effectually guard us against sin and temptation, and enable us to inhale purity as freely, easily, and naturally as we now inhale impurity in the atmosphere of the world. Do not preach to me dogmas and traditions; talk not of saving my soul by mere theological arguments and inferences. These I do not want; I want the living God, that I may dwell in Him, away from the bustle of the world, and secure from its allurements. Nothing short of this can satisfy me,—save me. That I may become godly, I must first feel my God to be the greatest and the dearest reality—a reality dearer than father and mother and friend, "dearer than son, dearer than wealth, and dearer than anything else." If our love of man and wealth is based on nothing short of an immediate perception of their charming reality, why shall we allow our love of our Heavenly Father, and of the riches of His grace, to rest on weaker and lower testimony than that of direct realization ?

In the same manner must we deal with the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. I am aware you intellectually believe this doctrine ; but such belief is not faith. You must learn to realize the next world through faith, and so hold it vividly before you as a real sphere of existence that it may influence your lives, and form a mighty motive to virtue and righteousness. Faith is, as I have said, "the evidence of things not seen ;" it is also, as regards the life to come, "the substance of things hoped for." It is the substratum, firm and immovable as a rock, upon which our hopes of a blessed eternity rest. Without it you may accept immortality as a dogma, and rest satisfied with a mere logical inference based on the common-place arguments of theology and ethics ; but such intellectual belief is not only unable to deter you effectually from sin, but is itself liable to be overpowered by doubts and temptations. Whereas those who have deep faith in immortality live for it, and are above doubts and misgivings.

You must also have faith in Truth if you desire to be regenerated. Nothing is so common now-a-days as to hear the educated Natives of this country advocate eloquently the cause of truth, duty, and reformation. And yet how few there are among them who really feel these in their hearts, who have sincere faith in what they declare to be right ! It is one thing to be able intellectually to discriminate right from wrong ; it is a different thing to realize and feel the distinction so as to follow the one and abjure the other at all hazards. It is one thing to expose and protest against the errors and abominations which afflict the country; it is quite another thing practically to eradicate them in the face of opposition. The hour of trial has proved that the zeal which educated Indians exhibit in the cause of truth is generally of the former kind, and that their eloquent patriotism is mere vapoury sentimentalism. How many intellectual giants of our schools and colleges have been converted in after life into moral pigmies, under the overpowering weight of trials, and how strikingly has their boasted sense of truth melted away into nothingness! How many young men, who figured conspicuously in the envied heights of intellectual eminence, adorned with university distinctions, are now sunk in the depth of moral imbecility, falsehood, and worldliness! To what are we to attribute such anomalies and inconsistencies? Solely to want of faith in truth. Granted, you are intelligent enough to understand what is right, and that you have already accepted truth, and eschewed falsehood intellectually; but you lack, my friends, that strong and deep faith in truth, without which you cannot discharge your duties with conscious fidelity and live in purity. If you had it, you would stand firm and undaunted in the midst of awful trials, and never defile yourselves with falsehood through fear of man, or love of gold. Already, I believe, the mind has done its work by pointing out what is truth; now you must quicken the heart into the love of truth, and bestir the will to conscientious action. Let your hearts be attached and wedded to that truth which the mind has accepted, and you will never forsake it. You would much rather deny self and brave death than deny truth. You will learn to honour truth above the riches and pleasures of the world, and intrepidly sacrifice them, if need be, for its sake. You will not fear man's face, for truth will then be dearer to you than life itself. In the matter of your country's reformation, you at present busily employ yourselves in calculations of temporal loss and gain, and should the result of your arithmetic be that what you know to be right would, if performed, be disadvantageous in the long run, and that the opposition you would excite would be too much for you to withstand, you forthwith decide—it ought not to be done ; and you knowingly prefer falsehood and evil. This must be the case, my brethren, so long as you have no faith in truth, and cannot, therefore, realize its power. For verily God's truth is mighty, and will prevail, though all the world were to rise in arms against it. If you remember this, you will no longer seek strength in number, or wait for combination and organization ; you will not seek to fortify your position with wealth or political influence. But the very truth you advocate will prove your shield and buckler, and with its aid you will fearlessly wage war with all manner of moral and social evil rampant in the land As soon as you hear God's command, you will boldly advance with the banners of truth in the face of the direst opposition, perfectly confident of success. Those mountain-like impediments and difficulties in your way, from which you now so timidly recoil, will yield to the heavenly power of your faith in truth. For be sure, "if ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove ; and nothing shall be impossible unto you." And thus, where thousands of you have hitherto failed, despite the advantages and resources of scholarship and wealth, a handful of faithful believers, albeit ignorant and poor, will achieve wonderful success with the mere power of truth. If, then, you are really bent on reforming your own souls and those of your countrymen at large, close your debating societies, shut up your places of empty discussion and hypocritical talk, and go forth, humbly and earnestly, to perform your respective duties with sincere faith in truth; and I assure you, your success will vastly exceed your most sanguine expectations.

Faith is preceded by sincere penitence, which paves the way for it. Before the heart is converted to God through faith, it first feels the enormity of its wickedness, looks with abhorrence upon the black spots of its past life, and smarts under a keen sense of its own worthlessness; and the more it does so, the more it learns to distrust self, and repose faith and trust in God as its only refuge and hope. As in the history of the world, so in the history of individuals, John the Baptist precedes Jesus Christ, and prepares the way for him. "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," is a universal call to all mankind; for none is fitted to enter that kingdom, or receive the gospel of saving faith unless and until he repents. There must be a plentiful shower of the waters of true penitence to soften the hard heart of the sinner before the seed of regeneration can germinate and fructify. John baptizes men with the water of repentance, and as soon as his work is over, Jesus baptizes them with the fire of faith into new life. Remember that repentance is only a preparatory process, and you are not to stop there. John does not regenerate you; he does not give you rest or peace. He simply awakes you from your death-like sleep with his solemn and stirring call, that you may rise and be led by him unto Jesus, whose mission it is to give peace and life everlasting. True repentance is thus only a preliminary and preparatory training. Many are apt to forget this, and have recourse to repentance as a price for salvation. Proud even in their so-called humility, they mourn awhile, and perhaps shed tears in abundance over their past transgressions, with a view to wash off their impurities thereby. But such sentimentalism, however profound—such anguish, however deep—cannot save the soul so long as there is no faith. Such self-sufficient abnormal repentance is as unavailing as knowledge or good works without faith; for all these are the fruitless efforts after salvation of that proud religion of the world of which I have spoken before, which makes man his own saviour. Hence is it that many repent for their sins, and yet are not saved; for their penitence means nothing more than a painful consciousness of sin, and a determination to amend their life by dint of their own efforts. It is pride in sackcloth and mourning,—it is arrogance in tears. But true penitence humbles man to the dust, and makes him put his entire trust in the Lord for the purpose of salvation. As such, repentance is essential to faith; for not till man's proud head is humbled down under an overpowering sense of his own unworthiness would he cling to God's feet—not till he distrusts himself would he trust the redeeming and all-sufficient grace of God. Repentance begins the good work of conversion, which faith and prayer carry on. By opening the eyes of the sinner to his iniquities, it fosters a longing for deliverance; faith and prayer act as guides, and safely lead the penitent sinner into the kingdom of heaven, where he is regenerated by divine grace.

Let us now proceed to enquire what is the exact nature of that state of regenerate existence into which faith leads us. What are the characteristics and criteria of regeneration? Regeneration, as I have already said, means the death of the carnal nature which we have in common with the lower animals, and the establishment in its place of a complete spiritual life in God. It involves two facts,—one negative, and the other positive,—and is capable of two corresponding tests. In order that a man may be regenerated, he must destroy his carnal nature,—he must be dead to the senses, to self, and to the world. Mere abstinence from corrupt indulgences will not do; there must be an entire annihilation of the sensual, selfish, and worldly cravings and propensities of the heart. To make the matter clearer, the regenerate man is unto the world and its temptations an altogether dead man. Place before him all the treasures of the world, they do not excite his avarice; ply his senses with the most enticing objects of sensual delight, his senses cannot even feel their influence; offer him all manner of selfish enjoyments, these have no power over him; for all his senses and carnal affections and self-love are dead, and he is as impervious to temptation as a dead body. No man can be accounted regenerate who does not assume this attitude in relation to the various temptations of the world; for if the carnal propensities are in the least inflamed or excited thereby, that would be a sure indication of the presence of carnal life. In short, neither he who seeks safety in avoiding temptations, nor he who only now and then overcomes them, but he who is altogether above the liability to temptation, is entitled to be called regenerate. But I have only described the negative side of the process of regeneration.

The soul is not only to be dead to the world, but alive unto God and truth ; it must not only retire from the world, but enter into the kingdom of heaven. To stop short at the negative work, as some unfortunately do, is asceticism—mere self-mortification. This is unnatural, and cannot be the end of human existence. In the natural course of man's progress it is invariably the case, that so soon as the body dies the spirit rises regenerated ; that in proportion to the mortification of the carnal is the development of the spiritual life ; and that the further the soul is from the world the nearer it is to the kingdom of God. In fact, carnal death and spiritual life go together, and are inseparable in the normal development of the soul ; they are only two sides, as it were, of the same spiritual fact. The realization of this fact in its entirety and fulness in our life constitutes regeneration, and is the true criterion by which it is to be tested. There are many in each of the various religious denominations in the world who fondly imagine they are amongst the regenerate, on the strength of certain doctrines they have embraced, or certain deeds they have performed, or certain moral excellences they have acquired ; and oh ! how proud and boastful they are of their imagined redemption, and how complacently they congratulate themselves on it ! The application of the rigid test just mentioned would, however, dispel in a moment the charms of their fatal delusion, and expose the hollowness of their pretensions. Have they wholly given up their carnal life ? Do they live in God ? If not, they are far from the kingdom of heaven, whatever other merits they may happen to possess.

But what is it to live in God ? To understand this properly it is only necessary, I think to apply to the soul in its relations to God all our ideas of bodily life in relation to the world. If it is true, as you all must admit, that the body is governed and preserved mainly by instincts, it is equally true that man's spiritual nature is in the same manner, and to the same extent, governed and preserved by spiritual instincts. As the body seeketh food under the irrepressible instinct of hunger, so the spiritual man hungereth after God and righteousness. As the body ever seeks carnal pleasure with passionate ardour, so the soul, when regenerated, enthusiastically pursues spiritual joys ; and as the body rejoices in the riches and felicities of the world, so doth the soul "rejoice in the Lord always." Mark the analogy. In both cases you see the free, natural, spontaneous, and impulsive action of instincts and passions, whether as regards the preservations of life, or the pursuit and enjoyment of happiness ; there is no cold calculation, no inferential process of logic. In short, he indeed lives carnally who lives in the world and loves it ; so he is truly regenerate who lives in God and loves Him. Spiritual life is as natural to the soul as carnal life is to the body, and just as pleasant and attractive. Then are men said to live regenerate in God when they think His separation to be death, and, therefore, ever cling to Him as their "meat and drink ;" when duty becomes desirable and human will harmonizes with God's ; when He becomes unto them the light of their eyes and the joy of their hearts ; and when, removed altogether from the world, they live day and night in holy and sweet divine communion in the kingdom of heaven within.

How beautiful and simple, and yet how significant, are the words of Christ as to the nature of those who are regenerated ! "Except ye be converted," says he, "and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." Elsewhere—"Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of God." Yes, "little children,"—that is the expression which of all others serves most clearly and fully to represent the character of the regenerate; and it is no wonder that Christ, with his marvellous insight into human nature, should have employed it for the purpose. The ideas which it suggests are precisely those which apply to the soul in its regenerate state. Let us picture to ourselves golden childhood. How tender and sweet are the smiles of the little child! What beauty unspeakable resides in that benign form! What heavenly purity sparkles in its looks! What guileless simplicity and lamb-like innocence—what charming meekness and humility adorn all its movements and thoughts! Where can we find a better combination of all that is graceful and sweet in nature? Indeed, there is nothing on earth so lovely, so universally charming. If ever we can realize the meaning of man being made "in the image of his Maker," it is when we behold a dear little child. But what is the real secret of the heavenly beauty and loveliness of little children? Evidently their innocence. It is not virtue in a state of trial and struggle—not that integrity which is preserved in each instance by subduing temptations; but natural innocence, complete freedom from liability to temptation, simplicity that cannot conceive sin, and is beyond the possibility of defilement. Selfishness, avarice, lust, pride,—these are unknown to them, and cannot possibly taint their hearts. How they would sport with riches as with toys! How they would forgive and forget the wrongs done to them! How they would stand unaffected and unsullied amid all that we call temptations! You can never tempt a child; sin has no power over its innocent nature. And yet with all this, little children are humble; there is no vain-glory or arrogance. They can see no merit in their own goodness, it is so natural to them.

Hence it is that Jesus Christ, whose mission was to regenerate mankind, constantly urged upon his followers, as an exemplar for imitation, the character of little children, and emphatically said: "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." He never inculcated the ethics of the world; he preached the holiness of the kingdom of heaven, the godliness of regenerate existence. He would not allow the least compromise between God and mammon, between religion and worldliness. He would have men forsake all and follow him; sacrifice all temporal interests, and even life, if necessary, for the sake of truth. He would exact the entire surrender of the soul to God, in thought, word, and deed, and would not suffer the least to be reserved for self. He would not leave man to work out his own redemption according to the dictates of his own judgment, his leisure, and convenience, his means and resources; but would forcibly drag his soul into the whirlpool of religious enthusiasm, and there wash off the carnal nature, and baptize him into a new creature. In his religion there is no looking back after holding the plough; no partial reformation, but a putting on of divine life, a perpetual pressing forward towards the perfection of the divine nature. He did not seek to make men virtuous and honest in the world, but to bring them out of the bondage of the world, and make them live in the blessedness of holy spiritual life in the kingdom of God. It was quite consistent with such principles and aims that Jesus should positively enjoin his followers to have the absolute innocence and simplicity of childhood. He could not suggest a better, a higher standard; nor would anything short of it in his disciples and followers satisfy him. And remember, friends, the exhortation to follow this excellent standard is of universal application. None of us can enter God's kingdom unless we become innocent as little children. Whatever value you may attach to your education, and civilization, your social and domestic virtues and piety, for which the world so highly esteems you, you are greatly mistaken if you think with such price you can purchase everlasting life. You must bend your proud head, and with humility and lowliness of spirit enter the narrow and low gate of God's kingdom. As the child trusts none but its parents, and cries unto and relies upon them for nourishment, and strength, and safety, so must you repose your absolute faith in your Heavenly Father, and prayerfully depend upon His grace for salvation. Brethren, if you want childlike innocence and purity have childlike faith. Without such faith—deep, absolute trust in Providence—nothing can be accomplished, however powerful and pious you may think yourselves to be. Whereas if you have faith, and nothing else, you will not only be saved from your sins, but, like little children, you will ever remain under the Father's protection—perfectly safe against all possible dangers, and above all liability to sin. Like them, too, you will be above the fear of death, and ever ready to meet it cheerfully. Faith enables men not only to live well, but, what is more, to die well. Death, which is so tormenting and dreadful to sinners, and to worldly-minded men, in spite of their boasted honesty, is but a welcome guide to God's house to the man of faith. Faith sweetens and gladdens the death-bed, and wreathes it with the evergreens of hope and resignation.

If you seek your true welfare here and hereafter, each better, a higher standard; nor would anything short of it in his disciples and followers satisfy him. And remember, friends, the exhortation to follow this excellent standard is of universal application. None of us can enter God's kingdom unless we become innocent as little children. Whatever value you may attach to your education, and civilization, your social and domestic virtues and piety, for which the world so highly esteems you, you are greatly mistaken if you think with such price you can purchase everlasting life. You must bend your proud head, and with humility and lowliness of spirit enter the narrow and low gate of God's kingdom. As the child trusts none but its parents, and cries unto and relies upon them for nourishment, and strength, and safety, so must you repose your absolute faith in your Heavenly Father, and prayerfully depend upon His grace for salvation. Brethren, if you want childlike innocence and purity have childlike faith. Without such faith—deep, absolute trust in Providence—nothing can be accomplished, however powerful and pious you may think yourselves to be. Whereas if you have faith, and nothing else, you will not only be saved from your sins, but, like little children, you will ever remain under the Father's protection—perfectly safe against all possible dangers, and above all liability to sin. Like them, too, you will be above the fear of death, and ever ready to meet it cheerfully. Faith enables men not only to live well, but, what is more, to die well. Death, which is so tormenting and dreadful to sinners, and to worldly-minded men, in spite of their boasted honesty, is but a welcome guide to God's house to the man of faith. Faith sweetens and gladdens the death-bed, and wreathes it with the evergreens of hope and resignation.

If you seek your true welfare here and hereafter, each of you should have this sort of living and childlike faith—faith that ever holds God vividly before the mind's eye, and loves Him as Father, and Friend, and Saviour—and you will, however sinful and weak you may now be, attain new life, and like little children, enjoy peace and happiness in His company and service. Ah! then will be realized what was foreshadowed in Christ's gospel as the *Kingdom of God.* Individuals being reformed and regenerated by faith, communities and nations will gather round the common Father, clad in the purity and righteousness of divine life, and constituting a vast spiritual fellowship,—a kingdom whose subjects joyfully pay homage and loyalty to the King of kings, and dwell together in amity and peace under His benignant rule,—a family of simple-hearted and dutiful children, full of filial love towards God, and brotherly affection towards each other. National regeneration is a necessary consequence of individual regeneration. When a number of individuals are inspired by faith in the true God, community of faith and feeling draws them together into new social life or regenerate fellowship; and that divine government, which is first established in the individual heart through faith and prayer, becomes collectively in the nation what has been appropriately called the "kingdom of heaven." Indeed an entire community or nation, living regenerate in God, would be "heaven upon earth;" it would verily be a divine society—a heavenly kingdom.

You must not attach to regeneration, whether as regards individuals or nations, any gross ideas of secular happiness. Do not think of regenerating India or any other country by adorning it with the blessings of outward civilization, material prosperity, or mere intellectual enlightenment. You may thereby make a nation healthy, vigorous, rich, intelligent, and happy, but you cannot regenerate it. Regeneration does not consist of, or depend upon, external embellishments. It is not a visible outward thing. The kingdom of God is not "Lo! here, lo! there, but within." It is purely a spiritual congregation of souls born anew in God. In establishing it, therefore, there is no need of any secular help, no need of the power, or learning, or riches, of the world. The one thing needful is faith. Do but enkindle that in the hearts of a dozen earnest men of the community, and though they be poor and ragged, carpenters or fishermen, their influence will spread irresistibly on all around, and thousands will catch the holy fire of their enthusiasm, and be converted to new life. Thus from a small band of devoted men of faith, the kingdom of God gradually extends over a whole race, yea, over many nations and generations, and the tide of reformation rolls on, though there be neither political influence nor physical power, nor earthly wisdom to further its movements. History offers numerous testimonies to the truth of this, and illustrates the mighty and pervading effects of faith in bringing about national regeneration. If, then, faith has wrought wonders elsewhere, and saved dying and dead nations, why shall we doubt its efficacy in regenerating this country? Why shall we seek to reform India by giving her merely the material blessings and the superficial refinement of modern civilization? Countrymen, if you are really in earnest about India's redemption, I exhort you to seek nothing but faith. Try to have that, primarily for yourselves alone, and as a natural and inevitable consequence, your faith will reproduce itself in thousands and millions of your countrymen. And whether you seek faith for your own or your country's benefit also, seek it with singleness of heart. Let no unworthy desire of carnal happiness or worldly advancement interfere with your earnest striving after regeneration. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," and that alone, and all things needful shall be added unto you. You have only to place your deepest faith in the Lord, and He will do all that is good for you and your country. Bestir yourselves then, my brethren, and strive earnestly, humbly, and prayerfully, to attain that faith which alone can give you true life, and remedy all the manifold evils to which you are individually and nationally subject. Freely and frankly confess your sins, and neither hide them nor palliate them; but with sincere contrition and remorse fall beneath the feet of the great God, the Father and Saviour of us all. Put your entire faith and trust in that ever-living and ever-present Reality; that Personal God of righteousness and mercy who encompasseth you; prayerfully depend upon His redeeming grace, and, with resignation, say ever and anon—Lord, Thy will be done. Such faith, accompanied by repentance, resignation and prayer, such childlike faith, the Merciful Father will abundantly bless. His holy spirit working through such faith will effect individual and national regeneration, and establish the kingdom of heaven in all hearts, in all families, and amongst all the nations of the earth.

# THE FUTURE CHURCH.

THE love of freedom is the chief characteristic of the present age. This would be at once evident if we consider the boastful spirit of self-gratulation in which men talk of their living in the "nineteenth century." Aspirations for freedom and aversion to all manner of slavery so thoroughly pervade the spirit of the age that they find their expression in the very name of the present century, and mark it as pre-eminently and emphatically the age of freedom. This love of freedom manifests itself in all departments of speculation and practice. In politics, men aspire to that form of government in which every section of the community may be fairly and fully represented. In education, the cry all over the civilized world is—enlighten the masses, and deliver them from the bondage of ignorance. In society, there is an earnest struggle to break through the fetters of tradition, custom, and conventionalism. In religion also we see the effects of a strong desire to enfranchise the spirit. It has unsettled men's faith in old doctrines and dogmas, and shaken their respect for authority. It has led men to believe that nothing short of the most fearless and independent investigation will enable them to obtain truth. The infallibility of established churches has been disputed; and amidst the confusion and perplexity of countless and multiplying sects, men are anxiously looking forward to, and speculating about, the probable Church of the Future, wherein they hope to find truth and peace. Dissatisfied with the present, many are seeking in the future the realization of their ideas of the true church. It is beginning to be felt that the past cannot be the ruler of the present, and the theology of the present day must give way to something higher and better, and more in keeping with the advanced state of men's intelligence. In solving the question of the future church, each person is naturally guided by his own peculiar ideas, convictions, and inclinations. Each religious sect concludes that its dogmas and doctrines will prevail at last, and that all other creeds will ultimately yield to its power. It is of great importance to theology to harmonize, if possible, such conflicting opinions and hopes, and determine, honestly and dispassionately, where all religious movements will most likely meet and unite in future; so that the hearts and minds of contending sects may be brought together, and made to pursue the common path which leads to the future church. The problem before us is not only of vast theological importance, but is full of religious interest. Our faith and our best spiritual interests depend upon its issues. It must be admitted that the future and the past both influence our life and conduct. Hope is as mighty a motive of action as the lessons suggested by experience. The prospects of what is before us, and the convictions of what is behind, lead us forward by a double force. It is therefore necessary for every believer to be assured that the church to which he belongs has not only a glorious past, but also a glorious future. Such assurance will intensify his faith, and make him labour to abide by his church faithfully. To know that my church will give way to another would be to give up my church as false. The true church must be the future church. Hence every sincere believer is bound, for the sake of truth and salvation, to decide the interesting question of the future church of the world.

The method I intend to adopt in the treatment of the subject before us is to follow, as far as possible, the lessons taught by history, and to make facts of the past the basis of my arguments. It is to be regretted that speculations about the future church generally contain more of poetry than philosophy, and show more of what men wish than what facts warrant. It will not do to soar into the heights of fancy, and behold, looming at a distance, a church fashioned after our own hearts, grand and magnificent, adorned with all the richest colours of heaven which our own imagination could conjure up. It will not do to allow the wish to be father to the thought in this matter, and to argue such must be the nature of the future church because one wishes it. I purpose to avoid all imaginary schemes and poetical sentiments, and to accept for my guidance the light of actual facts as recorded in history. Every sensible man must have due respect for history, as it portrays the actual manifestations of the human mind, and gives us accurate data for all our reasonings about its future action. It will doubtless be foolish to speculate about the future without the aid of the past. For it is only from an induction of facts which have actually happened that we can divine with tolerable accuracy what may happen in future. And this is all that I purpose to do to-night. It is not for me to make a prophecy as to the exact character of the church of the future; I can only speak of probabilities, and shall humbly endeavour to give the general outlines of what appears most likely to be the future church of the world, according to the light of the past.

If we study the human mind we shall find that there are two poles, if I may so express it, of the axis of thought on which the mind revolves.

There are two opposite and antithetical ideas in the mind which always struggle with each other in the history of individuals and nations. When indifference or disgust drives the mind from the one, it is generally impelled towards the other. Men seldom pursue the golden mean of truth in which the two are harmonized. The majority of men, thoughtful as well as thoughtless, miss it, either through carelessness or bigotry, and are carried about by extreme and one-sided views. Should any cherished idea prove after a time disagreeable, erroneous, or mischievous, they not only renounce it and hate it, but with the zeal of renegades rush impetuously to its opposite extreme. Sometimes it so happens that when the latter again in course of time appears wrong, they run back with reactionary violence to their former position. As an illustration, let me refer to the two opposite ideas of matter and spirit. So long as men simply try to perform their domestic and social duties all goes on well; but when some are struck with the evil effects of too much devotion to worldly pursuits, they abandon materialism and worldliness, hate riches and sensual pleasures, and fly into the regions of idealism and mysticism. So also in the case of authority and freedom; if we put men's souls long in fetters, and subject them to the control of books, priests, dogmas, and other theological and religious restraints, no sooner are their eyes opened to their degraded position than they indignantly fling off their bonds, and often, alas! convert their new-bought freedom into license, and become free-thinkers. Again, when scepticism is found to be a great evil, men run back to superstition for safety. Various instances of this kind abound in the history of mankind; and they deserve our serious consideration. . . . . .

History also shows us that no religious system recorded therein is wholly false. Millions of men worship birds, beasts, and reptiles, but their creeds, if closely analyzed, will show many redeeming features. However superstitious their practices and objectionable their doctrines, as there is no absolute truth, so there is no absolute falsehood in them. As in men, so in systems of philosophy and theology, we see nowhere unmixed purity or impurity. We must not, therefore, pronounce indiscriminate condemnation upon any creed, nor cherish sectarian antipathy towards its followers. We should distinguish what is true in it from its false admixtures, and in a liberal spirit note the purer features common to all creeds. To accept and honour truth, wherever it may be found, must be held honourable to him who does so; while to abjure error is incumbent upon every man, though it may be tied to his own faith with sacred and endearing associations,

A careful study of history would also convince us that, though endless religious differences prevail among men, and utterly discordant forms of faith and practice distinguish sect from sect, and epoch from epoch, yet there are parallelisms equally remarkable. Similar events have happened under similar circumstances. Certain phenomena, visible in one country at a particular time, have been found to reproduce themselves elsewhere in another age. What we see prevailing in our country prevails in some measure in other lands; facts of remote antiquity have their parallel in the events of the present day. Nay, we could sometimes trace such analogy in a whole series of successive events. The reason of this evidently is that it is the same human nature which works everywhere beneath the varied phenomena of religious history. If the doctrines and institutions of different sects have been found in some cases to resemble each other in their essential features, it is only because they proceed from common wants and necessities, and are manifestations of the same religious instincts and sentiments. If we bear this in mind, we shall be able to understand why certain evils, idolatry, and superstition for instance, have been reproduced in different forms in the world's history, from time to time, in spite of attempts to prevent them ; we shall likewise be prepared to see them reappear in future, should the conditions recur which called them forth. You cannot modify human nature. You cannot destroy any of its impulses or instincts. The same nature which our forefathers possessed dwells within us, and will work within our descendants. Consequently all that sprang naturally from the human mind in ancient times must inevitably appear in future, whenever and wherever the same exciting causes and the same necessities will occur. All doctrines, modes of worship, and religious institutions have their origin in the mind, and though we may suppress them a hundred times, they will again grow up, unless their roots are destroyed.

There are three elementary and fundamental ideas which enter into all theological as well as philosophical thought and speculation, namely,—mind, matter, and God. These have given rise to different creeds, and likewise to different philosophical schools, according to the exclusive importance attached to one or other of them. But we cannot eliminate any of these ideas from theology. All that we need do is to harmonize them. Too much devotion to material objects, and an abnormal feeling of astonishment at their sublimity and power, have led to idolatry. Thus have the sun and moon been worshipped instead of the Being who created them. These stupendous and glorious orbs extorted the homage of simple untutored men who could not look to anything beyond them, and, therefore, readily engaged their minds and hearts in their worship. Similarly, other objects have come to be adored on account of their special utility or beauty ; and thus various systems of idolatry and polytheism have resulted. So, on the other hand, by too much concentration of the mind in self, and its exclusion from the external world, men, here as well as in Europe, have gone through various forms of religious idealism, and at last soared into pantheism, merging their souls in the Infinite Spirit. Others, again, struck with the extraordinary wisdom and moral power and purity of particular men, have deified them, and brought themselves into the position of man-worshippers. Thus we see that the vast systems of polytheism, pantheism, and prophetism, which in varied forms prevail in the world, have arisen from the mistaken identification of one or other of the two created realities—mind and matter—with the Creator. It must not be supposed, however, that the best way to rectify such mistakes, and prevent their recurrence in future, is to destroy either of the realities which have been extolled and deified. This is impossible in the nature of things. We cannot suppress nature, we cannot ignore any of the facts of our consciousness. The three primary facts I have already mentioned must be recognised and upheld ; it is only by adjusting their mutual relations that we can hope to prevent and remedy errors.

True theology must not only admit the reality of the material world, but recognise its important functions and uses in the economy of man's redemption, while it must condemn, in the most unqualified manner, anything approaching to the worship of matter. That the material universe is a great religious teacher, that the Sublime and Beautiful in nature exercise a vast moral influence on the mind, few will deny. Are we not indebted to the objects around us for evidences of Divine power, intelligence, and mercy ? Do not the physical sciences give us better and higher conceptions of God and His government of the world than we could otherwise possess ? And are not our religious sentiments awakened and our hearts ennobled by the sight and contemplation of the vast starry convex above, the stupendous mountain, the deep unfathomable sea, the gentle stream, and the fragrant rose ? Man has in all ages been naturally struck with the beauties and wonders of the universe, and has spontaneously magnified Him who made them. Nay, many a soul has been led away from scepticism, infidelity, and immorality by the wholesome influence of natural objects. The fullest latitude should, therefore, be given to the study and contemplation of nature, and the general development of our religious nature under its influence. Let man, with sentiments of wonder and veneration, look up to natural objects as God's own handiwork, and make them minister to his spiritual wants. There is no fear of any evil consequences so long as such veneration is not abused. It is when men are carried away too far by their love and devotion to the material world that they superstitiously regard it not as God's creation, but as the Creator Himself, and thus become idolaters or nature-worshippers. Lost in amazement amidst ten thousand objects manifesting supernatural power, wisdom, and love on all sides, the soul offers homage to those objects themselves, and instead of worshipping God through nature, worships nature as God. You thus see, Gentlemen, wherein consists the right use of the physical universe, and wherein its abuse. Recognise matter as God's holy work, and let it help you to know Him, and love Him, but do not kneel down to worship it as God.

Similarly, the importance of the mind as another revelation of God must be recognised, and its legitimate uses in the matter of our salvation rightly determined. The world within, like the world without, manifests the Great Creator's power, wisdom, and mercy. The soul is God's work just as much as the outer world,—nay, a far nobler work it is, as revealing to us the higher attributes of the Divinity, and our true relations to Him. When from the grosser objects of the senses we turn our attention within, and view the phenomena of the mind, what do we see there? Law, harmony, and order, as perfect as what we see in the external world. Nay, the soul's mechanism and government appear far more wonderful and beautiful than those of the material universe, and it holds the Divinity nearer and clearer to us. In conscience and the general economy of our moral nature we behold the sovereignty of the Moral Governor; in our will we see a reflection of the Infinite Personality of the Creator; and in all the spiritual instincts and intuitions we trace the outpourings of the Holy Fountain of Truth. But not only does the mind as it is, but its active religious life also shows the workings of God. In our prayers and in our communion with Him we feel His direct inspiration breathing into us purity, strength, wisdom, and life. In short, in the soul we recognise something made "in the image of its Maker," and in a condition of piety holding conscious communion with Him.

Hence it has always excited the wonder and riveted the peculiar interest of all religious inquirers. Often do we go into the vast cathedral of nature, and there mingle our feeble voice of thanksgiving and praise with the ever-rising chorus of creation unto the Creator's glory. But when worldliness renders our hearts impervious to the influence of nature, and with open eyes we fail to find God in unhallowed matter, we then, with closed eyes, enter the still sanctuary of the inner world, and there worship and glorify God through the soul. Respect for the spirit is thus quite natural and indispensable. But this also is liable to be abused; and history shows how greatly it has been abused. By indulging in too much devotion to the spirit, men have eventually so far exaggerated its importance as to identify it with the Deity. Instead of worshipping God through the soul, they have come to look upon the soul itself as God, and confound the worshipper and the object of worship in a pantheistic unity. We should guard ourselves against this evil extreme. While we respect the soul within us as God's work, we must not exalt it so far as to identify the created spirit with the Creator, and say, in the blasphemous language of proud pantheism, "I am God."

Besides the general respect due to every mind, peculiar respect is due to superior minds. Personal character deserves, and has always challenged, the respect of men. The man who possesses unblemished character, and is a faithful child and servant of God, draws the willing homage of all who are religiously disposed, and thousands, nay millions, naturally look up to him as a teacher, and follow him as an example. He is even honoured in distant lands and distant ages, on account of his moral superiority; and the influence of his example is sought with avidity generation after generation, as a mighty help to spiritual improvement. Such influence few can resist; its benefits none can deny. Have not many degraded sinners been reclaimed, the weak strengthened, the depressed cheered, and confirmed scoffers converted into believers under such wholesome influence? How many sinners and sceptics, whom neither the revelations of nature nor of their own minds could reclaim, have at last been reformed by the irresistible but secret power of living examples? Hence far greater honour has been accorded to God's more devoted servants—good men, reformers, and prophets—than to dead matter or ordinary humanity. But so far has this homage to moral goodness and greatness been abused as to sink into man-worship. Thus many a prophet has been deified, and, instead of being honoured as a teacher, has been worshipped as God in human form.

The future church, if it be guided by the experiences of the past, will no doubt recognize the importance of mind and matter as God's works, and treat them with due respect, while it will steer clear of the shoals on which extreme devotion to either has wrecked many an unwary traveller to eternity. We cannot suppose that either of these facts will be disregarded, on the ground of its having proved the source of great evils. Because proud self-exaltation has led to pantheism, and the assumption of Divinity by man, shall we, therefore, throw the soul into the background, and strive to be religious without its aid? Because material objects have been worshipped, are we to exclude them from our theology, and deny ourselves their wholesome teachings and influence? Are we to become ungrateful and disloyal to those good and great men whose precepts and examples are so conducive to our improvement, because some men, in bygone ages, worshipped them as God? No, this cannot be. Human nature will not submit to the exclusion of any of the facts of consciousness, or the wresting away of any of the means proved by experience and appointed by God to minister to our spiritual wants. If, then, the recognition of matter and mind and greatness of character is inevitable, how will these be adjusted in the future church, so as to prevent the evils of nature worship, self-worship, and hero-worship, to which they have respectively given rise? How will these three be respected, and yet the unity of God strictly and uncompromisingly maintained? This is the great question to be solved by the future church. In its solution we shall find an effective safeguard against the three forms of false worship and the positive establishment of unitarian worship;—in other words, the realization of the grand doctrine of Unity in Trinity. Let us see how this may be done. He who governeth the universe, and holdeth it in the hollow of his hands, is the One Supreme Creator, eternal and infinite—"One only without a second." All else is created, and lives in Him. However pure and good, however grand and mighty things may be, they are still created, and lie at infinite distance from the Creator. They are finite, and however excellent therefore they may be, they cannot be identified with the Infinite. The future church will uphold the absolute infinity and unity of the Divine Creator, and will suffer no created thing or being to usurp His sovereignty. It will worship Him alone, and thoroughly set its face against every form of creature-worship. But while admitting the unity of the Divinity, the future church will recognise a trinity of Divine manifestations.

God manifests Himself to us through external nature, through the inner spirit, and through moral greatness impersonated in man. Glorious are the sun and the moon, and all that we admire in nature, but they reveal the Creator's glory, and are great only as works of His hand. The soul within us is a wonderous work, and appears more so when quickened and purified by His inspiration ; but it is great only as manifesting the direct workings of His holy spirit. So the good and great man only reveals that righteousness in imperfect and human form which exists absolutely in God. He may be very pious, but he is to be honoured only as the son of God. The son may be great, but can never be equal to the Father. The greatest of God's sons would say—the Father is greater than I. Thus the One and infinite God manifests Himself to us through a trinity of His handiworks. Thus we see there is One God, but there are three modes of revelation. Thus is all false worship—that of nature, self and greatness—rendered impossible. Behold in the church of the future the harmony of unity and trinity ! Behold the central unity of the Godhead, absolute and indivisible, and a trinity of manifestations around ! In this harmony, I believe, will all the struggles and wranglings between contending systems of worship ultimately end. Thus shall all churches blend together in the church of the One True God, and all the false deities they now worship shall be reduced to a beautiful created trinity subordinate to the Highest Divine unity of the Creator. Idolatry in its ten thousand forms of nature-worship, pantheism with its arrogant spirit of self-adoration, and the servile worship of man by man will be denounced and chased away, not only as errors, but as high treason against the supremacy of the Most High, as the iniquitous transfer to created things of that tribute of adoration which is due to the Creator alone. As regards these three evils the future church will, therefore, be unsparingly destructive ; it will pull down with iconoclastic fury all temples where any such false worship prevails. But from the ruins of such temples it will rescue and preserve all that is good therein. The constitution of the future church will be of a representative character ; it will faithfully represent and satisfy those real wants and necessities of nature which have led to different systems of false worship, and which have been repeatedly proved in history. The idolater, the pantheist, and the prophet-worshipper will there find what they actually want ; their delusions, errors, and sins will certainly be destroyed, but the genuine aspirations of their nature, all their normal cravings for spiritual aid, will be duly satisfied. Thus instead of a hundred hostile churches, there shall be upreared, in the fulness of time, one vast cathedral, where all mankind shall worship with one heart the Supreme Creator.

We have seen how the multiplicity of prevalent systems of worship will be harmonized in the future church. Let me now proceed to evolve the harmony of doctrines. When that immortal son of God, Jesus, was asked by one of his disciples to explain the Divine commandments, he said : "Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength ;" and "Love thy neighbour as thyself." "This," he added, "is the whole law and prophets." Never has the essence of true religion been so simply and exhaustively expounded. Verily in these two precepts is to be found the substance of all the laws and dispensations of God designed to guide us. They constitute the primary code of Divine jurisprudence ; the fundamental principles of ethics and religion. Blessed is he who fulfils these precepts, for he thereby wholly conforms to the will of God. If a man can love God with his whole heart, and his neighbour as himself, he will have discharged all duties incumbent on him. Love God "with all thy heart"—that is, with all the warmth and tenderness of feelings; "with all thy mind"—that is with all the light of wisdom and knowledge; "with all thy soul"—that is, with all thy devotional sentiments and aspirations; "and with all thy strength"—that is with all thy energy and practical earnestness. We must, in other words, love God so thoroughly that our feelings, our reason, our faith, and our will may be entirely surrendered to Him, and be in unison with His holy nature. It is not abnormal sentimentalism or mystic attachment which is here meant, but the loving union of man's entire being with the Divine nature. In all the departments of life, intellectual, emotional, spiritual, and practical,—in thoughts and feelings, words and deeds, we must be in constant communion with Him. Such union is the highest aim of our life, the highest consummation of piety and righteousness. In such an attitude of loving union the soul not only discharges all its duties faithfully towards God as the Father and Master, but rejoices in such service; purity then becomes its natural condition, and nothing pleases it so much as God and His holy company. The second doctrine is the love of man; it follows naturally from the first. Whoso loves God with his whole heart as the Father must love every man as his brother. If all mankind love their common Father, harmony and spiritual fellowship will for ever prevail among them, and there will be no discord under the cloak of religion. All the rancour, bitterness, and hatred which have divided the religious world, and made the various churches and sects violently antagonistic to each other, will be swept away. Errors and prejudices will excite pity, and benevolent anxiety to rectify them, but not sectarian antipathy. All sects will then look upon each other as brethren, and humbly unite to learn truth and seek salvation at the feet of their common Father; and all unimportant differences of opinion will be swallowed up in a community of feelings and interests. The love of man, besides uniting men religiously, tends also to adjust the moral, political, social, and domestic relations of society, and thus promotes all the virtues and checks all the vices incident to our dealings with each other. When we understand our true relations to God and to each other, when our love towards our Father makes us love every man as brother, we instinctively try to serve each other as we serve ourselves. As true filial love to God means the fulfilment of our duties to Him, so true brotherly love comprises the whole round of our duties to each other. As children of the same Father, as members of the same family, we must feel that our best interests are identical; and casting away selfishness and misanthropism, we readily offer our services for mutual welfare and happiness. Brotherly love calls forth all the benevolent feelings of our nature—patriotism, philanthropy, charity, compassion, and forgiveness, and all the domestic affections. It encourages all undertakings and movements calculated to promote the material, intellectual, social, and moral improvement of mankind. It curbs all malevolent propensities which tend to separate man from man, and counteracts all attempts to injure the temporal and spiritual interests of society. In a state of brotherhood all oppression and tyranny, pride and envy, ingratitude and injustice, dishonesty and deceit, must inevitably disappear. Such brotherhood among all mankind will be realized in the church of the future. Its cardinal doctrines will be "the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." It will adopt this simple creed as embracing the whole of morality and religion—the whole "law and prophets;" and will not seek salvation in tedious articles of faith and elaborate dogmas. This simple creed of the love of God and the love of man will effectually knit together the diverse races and nations of the world, as members of the true church of the future, and will also effect the regeneration of their souls by delivering them from all manner of sin against God and man. Thus the wise and illiterate, the rich and poor, the strong and weak, shall dwell together in the holy tabernacle of God, rendering mutual services, under the inviolable covenant of brotherhood, for each other's temporal and spiritual welfare, and sharing with each other the blessings vouchsafed by their common Father. Thus shall love purify the soul, and realize "peace on earth and good-will among men."

What shall be the gospel of the future church? I answer,—the gospel of God's infinite mercy. What else do we sinners need for our salvation, but to be assured of His saving mercy? Talk you of a God of absolute holiness and purity? The more I think of such a Being, the more I shrink and recoil from His awful majesty. He is wholly inaccessible and unapproachable. I cannot, as a sinner, venture to stand in His presence. I cannot bear the sight or the thought of His holiness. My conscious sin places me at infinite distance from Him; and I feel myself altogether cast down, there being no hope of reconciliation with Him. His infinite holiness seems to have closed for ever the doors of salvation against rebellious and wicked men. But behold, there is mercy in the holy God! The God of Righteousness is a kind Father. O how refreshing and encouraging is this thought to us! What a sweet gospel of consolation and joy it is to fallen sinners! It infuses new life into our dead hearts. The glad sound of the Father's love brings joy and hope and enthusiasm into our dejected hearts, and we rise up, in spite of our sins, to magnify and worship Him, and to seek salvation at His feet. Though we are guilty of repeated violations of His will, though wickedness of the foulest type has defiled our body and soul, though we are painfully conscious of having defiantly rebelled against His authority, and returned ingratitude for His manifold gifts, we feel encouraged and privileged by the Gospel of His mercy to draw near to His footstool, and pray for His blessings. Though unable to bear the dazzling sun-like effulgence of God's holiness, we feel invited to approach the serene and sweet moon-like light of His mercy. Remember that God's mercy towards us is boundless, just as His holiness is infinite. None can measure the height and depth, the length and breadth, of such mercy. None can comprehend the magnitude of such love. He not only saves sinners, but seeks and saves them. His love is active, and shows marvellous anxiety, watchfulness, forbearance, and condescension in the salvation of sinners. The beautiful Parable of the Prodigal Son—unsurpassed in the literature of Divine grace—best represents the riches of that love. The son has gone astray, viciously abused the gifts of the father and has ultimately become a poor penniless beggar. He repents and goes back, and lo! the father has already come out to welcome the son; he affectionately embraces him, rejoices in having found the lost child, and showers his choicest blessings and special gifts on him whose separation he so keenly felt, whose return he so anxiously awaited. So the Heavenly Father treats us, His erring and sinful children. We forsake and forget Him, but He never forsakes or forgets us. Plenteous in loving-kindness, and anxious to save us, He is ever ready to receive us back and to be reconciled to us, provided we repent. The most degraded sinner will find the doors of the Father's house open to receive his penitent spirit. Society may have excommunicated him, and deserted him as a loathsome foul thing, whose very presence is contamination; but the Lord is so merciful that He condescendeth to do what men consider mean and contemptible, and welcometh the meanest and most abhorred sinner. He rejoices in saving sinners. Nay, He goeth about in quest of the lost child. Deserted and hated by all, wretched and penniless, he may be starving and crying in some lonely wilderness,—none takes care of him, none inquires after him, none seeks his reformation; but the merciful Father feels deeply for that lost child, and hastens to relieve his sufferings. Yes your father, with true fatherly love and kindness, is always moving about among us, seeking sinners in order to save them. Daily He visits us with the blessings of salvation in His hands, and tenderly asks us to receive the same. Wickedly do we spurn such offers day after day; yet His mercy fails not. Again and again He tries, in all possible ways, to bring back the lost sheep into the fold. However rebellious and ungrateful we may be, and however persistent and obstinate in our iniquities, the Lord continues to dispense unto us the riches of His mercy with marvellous patience and long-suffering, and will do so till our rebellious spirit is wholly subdued. We may long resist His mercy, but it will triumph at last, and vanquish the most confirmed sinner. Such mercy is a tremendous power. It alone conquers the evil in our hearts. It alone can redeem the wicked world from the bondage of iniquity. To be assured of such love is all that we sinners need.

This is the true, the only true gospel of salvation—the Parable of the Prodigal Son. You may give me endless doctrines and formularies and precepts, you may help me with books and priests, you may put me in the company of the best of men ; I shall accept these with reverence, but they cannot convert my soul. They may, no doubt, do much good by removing doubts or by curbing some evil inclinations and propensities, or they may create a momentary spiritual excitement, and quicken the heart for a time into purity, joy, and earnestness ; but they cannot deliver me from sin. Nay, they have scarcely any worth when we are in a state of complete depression and prostration, groaning under the crushing weight of accumulated iniquities, when we see nothing but darkness within and without, and retain vitality just sufficient to feel our utter helplessness and hopelessness, and when violent temptations daily prey upon our lingering vitality. Of what use are dogmas and external advantages to me when I am almost dead in sin, and have not the power to avail myself of such helps ? Of what use are they when oft-repeated sin has made me despair of my salvations ? Those who profess the most correct doctrines of God and immortality, and possess a vast machinery of external aids to faith, must confess that these cannot convert their souls; that however useful books and men may sometimes be, there is no salvation in them. We are thus led to look to God's mercy alone for our deliverance, and to acknowledge there is no hope for the sinner unless he puts his faith in the gospel of Divine mercy. Such gospel rouses us at once from our death-like prostration, and forms a tower of strength, in the midst of all our difficulties. It makes the poor rich, the weak strong, and the dead alive. It is an inexhaustible fountain of life, strength, joy, hope, and purity; and whoso has recourse to it, however sinful he may have been, finds his soul refreshed with a shower of spiritual blessings. Let temptations thickly gather around us, let the deepest gloom of despair overspread the horizon, could we only cling to the gospel of God's mercy, we shall be renovated and saved, for then we shall not have to depend upon our own resources, which are nothing, but God will work the miracle of the sinner's redemption with the almighty and all-conquering power of His mercy. He will vanquish our rebellious spirit, deliver us from temptations, and will make us humble and prayerful, pious and pure, in spite of ourselves. Hence I believe that the future church will not seek salvation in books or men, in ceremonies or articles of faith; but it will call upon individuals and nations to put their faith in the only true gospel of salvation—God's infinite and all-conquering mercy.

I have briefly described the general features of the church of the future,—its worship, creed, and gospel. Before I conclude I must say a few words with special reference to this country. There are some among us who denounce Mahomedanism as wholly false, while others contend that Hinduism is altogether false. Such opinions are far from being correct; they only indicate the spirit of sectarian antipathy. Do you think that millions of men would to this day attach themselves so devotedly to these systems of faith unless there was something really valuable and true in them? This cannot be. There is, no doubt, in each of these creeds, much to excite ridicule, and perhaps indignation—a large amount of superstition, prejudice, and even corruption. But I must emphaticaly say it is wrong to set down Hinduism or Mahomedanism as nothing but a mass of lies and abominations, and worthy of being trampled under foot. Proscribe and eliminate all that is false therein: there remains a residue of truth and purity which you are bound to honour. You will find certain central truths in these systems, though surrounded by errors, which constitute their vitality, and which have preserved them for centuries in spite of opposition, and in which hundreds of good men have always found the bread of life. It is these which form even now the mighty pillars of Hinduism and Mahomedanism, and challenge universal admiration and respect. It is idle to suppose that such gigantic systems of faith will be swept away by the fervour of youthful excitement, or the violent fulminations of sectarain bigotry, so long as there is real power in them. All the onslaughts which are being levelled against them in this age of free inquiry and bold criticism will tend, not to destroy them, but to purify them and develop their true principles. The signs of the times already indicate this process of purification and development; and I believe this process will gradually bring Hinduism and Mahomedanism, hitherto so hostile to each other, into closer union, till the two ultimately harmonize to form the future church of India.

The Hindu's notion of God is sublime. In the earliest Hindu scriptures God is represented as the Infinite Spirit dwelling in His own glory, and pervading all space, full of peace and joy. On the other hand, the Mahomedans describe their God as infinite in power, governing the universe with supreme authority as the Lord of all. Hence the principal feature of the religion of the Hindu is quiet contemplation, while that of the religion of the Mahomedan is constant excitement and active service. The one lives in a state of quiet communion with his God of peace; the other lives as a soldier, ever serving the Almighty Ruler, and crusading against evil. These are the primary and essential elements of the two creeds, and, if blended together, would form a beautiful picture of true theology, which will be realized in the future church of this country. As the two creeds undergo development, their errors and differences will disappear, and they will harmoniously coalesce in their fundamental and vital principles. The future creed of India will be a composite faith, resulting from the union of the true and divine elements of Hinduism and Mahomedanism, and showing the profound devotion of the one, and the heroic enthusiasm of the other. The future sons and daughters of this vast country will thus inherit precious legacies from Hinduism and Mahomedanism, and while enjoying the blessings of the highest and sweetest communion with the God of love, will serve Him in the battle-field of life with fidelity to truth and unyielding opposition to untruth and sin. As regards Christianity and its relation to the future church of India, I have no doubt in my mind that it will exercise great influence on the growth and formation of that church. The spirit of Christianity has already pervaded the whole atmosphere of Indian society, and we breathe, think, feel, and move in a Christian atmosphere. Native society is being roused, enlightened, and reformed under the influence of Christian education. If it is true that the future of a nation is determined by all the circumstances and agencies which to-day influence its nascent growth, surely the future church of this country will be the results of the purer elements of the leading creeds of the day, harmonized, developed, and shaped under the influence of Christianity.

But the future church of India must be thoroughly national ; it must be an essentially Indian Church. The future religion of the world I have described will be the common religion of all nations, but in each nation it will have an indigenous growth, and assume a distinctive and peculiar character. All mankind will unite in a universal church ; at the same time, it will be adapted to the peculiar circumstances of each nation, and assume a national form. No country will borrow or mechanically imitate the religion of another country ; but from the depths of the life of each nation its future church will naturally grow up. And shall not India have its own national church ? Dr. Norman Macleod, in expounding, last year, in this very hall, his ideas of the future church of this country, said emphatically that it would be a purely Indian Church, and not a reproduction of any of the etablished churches of the West. Though I differ from that learned and liberal-minded gentleman in regard to the doctrines and tenets of that church as set forth by him, I fully agree with him that that church must have a strictly national growth and a national organization. Neither will Germany adopt the religious life of China, nor will India accept blindly that of England or of any other European country. India has religious traditions and associations, tastes and customs, peculiarly sacred and dear to her, just as every other country has, and it is idle to expect that she will forego these; nay, she cannot do so, as they are interwoven with her very life. In common with all other nations and communities, we shall embrace the Theistic worship, creed, and gospel of the future church,—we shall acknowledge and adore the Holy One, accept the love and service of God and man as our creed, and put our firm faith in God's almighty grace as the only means of our redemption. But we shall do all this in a strictly national and Indian style. We shall see that the future church is not thrust upon us, but that we independently and naturally grow into it; that it does not come to us as a foreign plant, but that it strikes its roots deep in the national heart of India, draws its sap from our national resources, and develops itself with all the freshness and vigour of indigenous growth. One religion shall be acknowledged by all men, One God shall be worshipped throughout the length and breadth of the world; the same spirit of faith and love shall pervade all hearts; all nations shall dwell together in the Father's house,—yet each shall have its own peculiar and free mode of action. There shall, in short, be unity of spirit, but diversity of forms; one body, but different limbs; one vast community, with members labouring, in different ways and according to their respective resources and peculiar tastes, to advance their common cause. Thus India shall sing the glory of the Supreme Lord with Indian voice and with Indian accompaniments, and so shall England and America, and the various races and tribes and nations of the world, with their own peculiar voice and music, sing His glory ; but all their different voices and peculiar modes of chanting shall commingle in one sweet and swelling chorus,—one universal anthem proclaiming in solemn and stirring notes, in the world below and the heavens above, " the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." May the Merciful Lord hasten the advent of the true church, and establish peace and harmony among His children ! And as His name has been solemnly chanted to-night in this splendid hall, by an immense concourse of worshippers of various races and tribes, so may all His children assemble in His holy mansions, and blending their million voices in one grand chorus, glorify Him time without end !

# INSPIRATION.

I AM not going to read to you a chapter from the theological records of the past. It is far from my object to trouble you with the dogmas of books or the opinions of conflicting churches on the subject of inspiration. It is simply my purpose, this evening, to present to you my own thoughts and sentiments on the true philosophy of prayer and inspiration, and expound certain truths of deep importance and interest, which an humble traveller in the spiritual world has gathered by his own personal observation and experience. These truths, however, are not without evidence. For corroborative testimony I appeal to all the seers and prophets and martyrs who lived in ancient times, and who, if history is to be believed, proclaimed in burning words, and at last sealed with their blood the true principles of inspiration. I appeal to the experiences of all spiritually-minded men, and to the natural instincts and convictions of unsophisticated humanity. I am ready to appeal also to the facts of your consciousness, and the results of your daily devotion and struggles ; and I am sure if you honestly and impartially refer to your own experiences, you will there find an emphatic and living response to what I am about to say. Although we may differ from each other on certain questions of speculative and sectarian theology, I believe we all agree in the vital and fundamental principles of inspiration. The facts of divine inspiration, as actually realized in all ages, challenge universal assent, however, widely divergent men's theories and doctrines may be.

It must be confessed that the traditions of antiquity and the civilization of the present day conspire to quench the fire of inspiration. Men who profess ancient systems of faith have been taught to believe that the golden age of inspiration has passed away, that modern nations have been banished for ever from the garden of Eden, and excluded from direct access to the Great God, that the kingdom of heaven is not before, but behind. It is the opinion and feeling of almost all religious sects that there is no hope whatever of being directly inspired by God in these days. It seems we have consented to learn true wisdom at the feet of earthly teachers alone, and seek the voice of God in the dead letter of books. Inspiration is treated, in this degenerate age, as a commodity which can be purchased only of booksellers. On the other hand, we find that the tendency of modern civilization and refinement is to "quench the spirit." The inertia of a massive and materialistic civilization has so affected us, that we feel we cannot rise into the higher regions of the spirit-world. Thus is it that in consequence of these adverse influences the tide of inspiration has ebbed away, and our religion is landed in dry and spiritless dogmatism.

But is it true that God has excluded us from direct communion with Him? Are we to depend wholly and exclusively upon human agency for revelation and inspiration? While we possess temporal advantages and material comforts vastly superior to those enjoyed by our forefathers, are we destined to stand behind them in the higher matters of faith? While the Merciful Father so freely vouchsafes unto us the superior benefits of modern advancement, has He resolved to deny us the one thing needful? Is it true that inspiration is altogether unattainable by men and women in this age, and that we must drink of the dry wells of theology, while our ancestors drank of the Living Fountain of eternal life? Against this anomaly the entire economy of Providence solemnly protests. If it be true that the same God reigns over us to-day who ruled the destinies of nations in days gone by, then it follows necessarily and inevitably, that His love is working as actively and tenderly in our midst as ever it did before, and that man is as near His loving spirit now as he was centuries back. Surely we are not less in need of Divine guidance than our forefathers. On the contrary, we feel that the peculiar temptations and trials inseparable from modern civilization, to which we are subject, render the direct action of God's spirit the more needful. With all the lusts of the flesh and the cravings of carnal humanity within us, and the new dangers of modern materialism around us, we have reasons to hope that at least the same means and opportunities of attaining inspiration and grace will be vouchsafed to us as were enjoyed in the earlier epochs of society. Our God lives,—the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. We do not and cannot believe that the God of the modern world is a sleeping or a dead God. No, He lives. He is always I AM. "In Him we live and move and have our being"—is as true of men to-day as it was in ancient times. We, too, like our ancestors, have been made in the image and likeness of our Father. His inspiration is as fresh to-day as it was yesterday. The light of His face and the power of His voice may be as fully perceived and felt in the depths of our inner consciousness as they were in the so-called age of inspiration. I say empathically, inspiration is not only possible, but it is a veritable fact in the lives of many devout souls in this age.

Then is man said to be inspired when God breathes into him His holy spirit, and enkindles in him the fire of divine life as a response to his earnest prayers. Inspiration and prayer are both perfectly natural phenomena of the mind, facts as simple and plain as noon-day, for whose verification we need not solicit the elaborate proofs of theology or philosophy. Prayer and inspiration are the two ends of the axis round which, I may say, the sphere of man's spiritual life revolves. They are only two sides of the same fact. Man prays and God hears ; God speaks and man listens and obeys. Again man speaks and God hears. Thus a sort of union is established and kept up between the created soul and the Great Creator. This union is the essence of inspiration, and is a fact alike natural and simple. Man prays unto God as little children cry for bread and milk, spontaneously and under the irrepressible instincts of nature. Nobody ever taught us to pray ; nobody ever taught little children to ask for bread and milk. As soon as we become conscious of our moral life we see, with eyes wide open, the shortcomings and infirmities which are incident to our nature, and also actual transgressions of God's law too numerous to count. And the more we look into our actual sins the more we are overborne by a sense of our weakness and the necessity of having immediate recourse to God for help and guidance. This feeling is extremely natural, and is universal as humanity. It is to be found in all ages, and in every heart that is true and faithful to nature and alive to its own wants. When we yield to this feeling and use language in order to give expression to it, such language assumes the name of prayer. But whether we pray verbally or not, whether we keep within ourselves this irrepressible longing for Divine help, or give vent to it in the

8

presence of a congregation of brothers and sisters, it is all the same. The all-seeing eye of God diveth deep into the human heart, and He knows whether we are actually praying or not. True prayer is not the language of prayer. It is not words, it is not bodily posture. When properly analysed it will be found to represent simply a peculiar attitude of the soul,—a Godward attitude, a heavenward attitude. True prayer is the unexpressed and hidden spark of heavenly aspiration which rises in the soul and is seen only by God Almighty. The unspoken language of true prayer no ear hath heard; the deep spirit of true prayer no eye hath ever seen. An attitude of reverent humility and self-consecration, an attitude of child-like trust and meekness, an attitude indicative of a deep consciousness of weakness and a strong sense of the necessity of Divine aid,—such an attitude is prayer. Prayer may be defined as the human soul in a kneeling posture with its eyes of faith and trust looking up towards God. If a man only assumes that attitude, I say it is sure and certain that man has prayed, though our ears have not heard a single word. Directly the soul assumes this position towards heaven, directly it comes into this latitude and longitude of the spiritual world, the rays of the Eternal Sun of Righteousness fall upon it and enlighten it. Thus are prayers offered, and thus they are granted.

In order to illuminate your house you may light a candle or torch; but it is only a faint glimmer you can expect from it. But if you wish to secure the full light of day you must have recourse to the sun's rays. The gloom of the world is so deep, physically and morally, that we must invariably seek the light of heaven, instead of depending upon earthly lights. And as in the physical world so also in the spiritual world, you have only to look up and turn your face towards heaven in order to receive the full measure of light. Stand with your face towards the great luminary of the day and a flood of light instantly descends upon you. Turn back, you can no longer see its full light, try as you may; nor will it ever gladden your eyes and hearts unless you turn your position again. The fact is—and it is a law of nature—that by placing the organ of sight in such a position towards the sun that it may be in direct line with it, you can at once view its full light. This very relative position of the eye renders the perception of light inevitable. So it is with the soul. To look up to God in prayer is to receive His holy light; the one is the necessary consequence of the other. Lo! there falls from yonder fountain a perennial stream of clear and refreshing water, conveying blessings to individuals and nations. Here am I,—thirsty, weary, and faint,—anxious to drink and be comforted and saved. What am I to do to quench my thirst? Evidently I must go to that spot. I must not sit here expecting the water to come to me, but must go forth and so place myself in the direction of the stream that it may enter my mouth, quench my thirst, and refresh my body. So God is ever and anon sending forth His merciful dispensations. They who draw near in prayer and devotion, and bring their souls under the refreshing showers of His love, are saved and purified; but not they who stand far and refuse to approach Him. Behold that tiny vessel, tossed on the waves of the tempestuous sea! How vainly the oarsman exercises his feeble arms and plies his feeble oar to propel the vessel! The adverse current is so strong, that in spite of all his plodding efforts she is every now and then beaten back. As soon, however, as she comes under the action of the favourable winds of heaven and unfurls her sails, the little bark triumphantly dashes across the formidable waves and billows of the deep, and soon reaches her destination. So are they safely led towards God across the tide of passions and the waves of trial, who, instead of relying on themselves, seek through prayer the aid of heaven.

Why is it that we fail to realize the full measure of godliness? Are we not exercising our best faculties and energies? Have we not honesty, rectitude, veracity and philanthropy? Are we not virtuous in the estimation of the world? None can deny that in spite of our best attempts we have repeatedly fallen into sin, and that though we may rise we may fall again and again. Notwithstanding our boasted virtues and excellencies we are far, very far, from true purity and holiness. It is not hard to say why this is so. If we wish to be pure we must approach the Fountain of Purity. Neither our own light nor our own strength can save us. In the perfect light and power of the Almighty is our salvation. Friends, all that we need do then is simply to place ourselves in that position of prayerful dependence towards our Merciful Father which will enable us to receive the light and wind of Heaven, and fill our hearts with the descending showers of eternal life. This is the whole philosophy of prayer. It is as plain, as clear as crystal. There is no mystery overhanging this doctrine. You thirst for salvation, and reverently kneel before the altar of your Father, and His light and peace flow into your soul. "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."

Do not tell me then in the words of exploded scepticism that prayer is not necessary because God is omniscient, and knows our wants already. Tell me not that prayers cannot be answered as the laws of nature are fixed. Yes, God is omniscient; He knows that we require His light. But does He not know too that we need physical light? And yet has He not so arranged and ordained, that though the sun shines every day it is indispensably necessary that we should open the windows of our rooms in order to allow the rays of the sun to enter freely and dispel the gloom which enshrouds us? God in His mercy has provided light for us all, but such light comes to us under prescribed conditions and according to established laws, and he who seeks it must conform to those laws. In dispensing spiritual light unto us He acts in a precisely similar manner. His law is as uniform and immutable in the world of mind as in the world of matter. He knows fully what we need for our salvation even before we express it. Does the Omniscient God require to be told by words of mouth what our transgressions and sins, our weaknesses and shortcomings, are? He knows them already. He sees with His all-seeing eye that we are in the midst of iniquity, and that nothing short of His redeeming power can remove our impurity and free us from the bondage of sin and sorrow. But he says: "Behold, my son, here is the water of life, come and I will give it to you. Pray for it, seek it according to appointed means, satisfy the conditions and obey the laws of My dispensations, and you shall have it." Is not this perfectly consistent with the general economy of Providence? In calling upon us to pray before He would dispense His grace, God does not violate any of His laws, but, on the contrary, upholds the majesty of His laws, and attests the immutability of His government. Here is no caprice, no whim, no arbitrary violation of general rules to satisfy individual wishes ; but the operation of an established law. It has ever been so. Men had always to pray for salvation before they received it. None received it who did not ask for it. Ever since man was created the whole spiritual world has been governed by the immutable law of prayer. That law is,—" Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." This law is inscribed on every page of the religious history of the world, and the experiences of all prayerful men testify to it. It is true all the world over. We must assume the attitude of prayer before God reveals His light unto us. There never has been the slightest departure from this law, there never shall be. It is absurd to think that God breaks or suspends His laws, or keeps them in abeyance every time He responds to our prayers. To grant a prayer is to act in accordance with fixed laws, not in opposition to them. The difficulty which seems to trouble many a mind in these days in regard to the connection between law and prayer is thus a mere fiction. Confront it, and it will surely disappear. The law of prayer is only the uniform method according to which Divine mercy works, and has always worked in relation to a sinful world. In all ages and countries has God saved sinners through prayer, and revealed His grace to them that thirsted for it. A full induction of such facts would clearly prove and illustrate this great law. Even to-day as in ancient times the economy of salvation is based upon this law. The Merciful Saviour deals with us as He dealt with our ancestors, and lovingly answers our daily prayers. To those of you who have had any experience in this matter I appeal. Tell me if it is not absolutely and universally true to-day as it was centuries back that "every one that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh, findeth." Those of you who cherish doubts and misgivings on the subject are invited to test the truth of what I have said in the best manner possible. The power of prayer can only be proved by experiment. And I am sure if you give it a fair trial in your own lives, and test it in the crucible of experience, you will find that every word that I have said is true, and can be proved and even demonstrated.

It indeed appears at times that God has not heard us, and that our prayers have returned to us unanswered. Such disappointment repeated day after day sometimes induces unbelief. Men and women become sceptical, and begin to doubt the efficacy of prayer. My brethren, why should you doubt the efficacy of prayer when you ought rather to question the genuineness of the prayers you have offered. God hears every prayer that is laid before His throne ; but the response is either affirmative or negative, favorable or otherwise. If we pray as the hypocrites do, if we have not the right spirit of prayer in us, how can we expect that our empty words will be received in heaven ? "Words without thoughts never to heaven go." It often happens that though our hearts have not assumed a prayerful attitude, and there is neither humility nor repentance in us, we indulge in high-sounding words of praise and prayer, and try to deceive God with a show of devotion. Do you think that such words are accepted by Him ? No. You may deceive men with your long and hollow prayers. "But, it's not so above; there is no shuffling." The Omniscient God looks into the heart, and while accepting only heartfelt and sincere supplications, He rebukes and warns away from His presence all Pharisees and hypocrites whose prayers are only lip-devotion. To every prayer He returns an answer, favorable or unfavorable ; it is our fault if we do not hear Him. If we ask Him to save us from worldliness, while the heart loves Mammon, and is determined not to quit its service, does He not tell us with a voice like thunder—"Go and give up worldliness ?" If, while offering a prayer for purity, our carnal nature pants for the pleasures of sensuality, does not the Lord reprove us, and say : "Subjugate your passions ?" When we pray with unprepared and roving minds, are we not distinctly commanded to "Wait and prepare ?" He who after maltreating a neighbour in a fit of anger rushes into devotion, finds the gate of heaven closed against him ; he knocks in vain, and at last he hears a voice saying : "Go and settle thy account with thy brother." Assuredly God does speak to us in reply to every word that we say unto Him. He either rebukes our hypocrisy and wickedness, or he grants our requests. He either sends us away from His presence with a warning and a reprimand, or heaven rings with a louds "Amen" to our humble prayers. God speaks to us as distinctly and sweetly now as He ever did before. His words full of fire come to us ever and anon. Let them who have ears hear. Only those who pray in the right spirit hear a favorable response. Those who truly ask receive ; those who truly seek find. The law of prayer is immutable.

Such then is Prayer. Let us see what Inspiration is. It is the thrilling and, I may add, the electrifying response which God gives to our prayers. I have already told you that prayer and inspiration are two sides of the same fact of spiritual life: Man asks and God gives. The spirit of man kneels, and is quickened by the spirit of God. The cause and the effect seem hardly distinguishable, and in the reciprocal action of the human and the Divine spirits there is a mysterious unity. Hardly has man opened his heart in prayer when the tide of inspiration sets in. The moment you put your finger in contact with fire you instantly feel a burning sensation. So with prayer and the consequent inspiration. The effect is immediate, necessary, and inevitable. When man meets his Maker in prayer what a glorious spectacle is suddenly opened up! So soon as there is a contact of humanity with Divinity, flashes of heavenly light instantaneously burst into view, and illumine, enliven, and inspire the soul. No sooner does the kneeling spirit touch the feet of the Lord than the gushing stream of saving grace falls upon it, and removes its accumulated sins and sorrows. Thus you see how prayer and inspiration act almost simultaneously, and necessarily go together as links of the same chain of sequence. Where there is prayer there must be inspiration ; where man cries, God's inspiring voice is sure to be heard.

We must not regard inspiration as God speaking by fits and starts, but as a perpetual breathing of His spirit. It may be realized in individual consciousness now and then, here and there, by this man or that man, but the spirit of God is ever working in us, and the flowing current of His inspiration knows no rest. Whether we hear Him or not He speaks always ; whether we catch the rays of His inspiration or not, He shines eternally, and sends forth His light in all directions for the redemption of mankind. Our position as frail beings amid the temptations of this world renders it necessary that God should ever speak, so that we may hear Him whenever we wish, and receive inspiration whenever and wherever we may need it. In all ages and climes men need His living voice to guide and animate them, to correct their errors, and lead them into the true path. It cannot serve the purpose of universal redemption if He has spoken only once or twice in the world's history, or if a select few have been inspired by Him. He must continually reveal His light unto all His children, or they will perish in darkness and sin. His living word must be constantly communicated to each soul in order to be profitable. "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness." If such be the object and end of inspiration it must be frustrated unless God should vouchsafe to inspire mankind eternally and universally. Not only should all men have His spirit breathed into them, but every soul must be continually replenished with fresh showers of His grace day after day. Hence the need of universal inspiration. This is not incompatible with God's nature. As He is almighty and all-merciful, so is He omni-active. His power and mercy are ever actively at work in this world for the salvation of sinners. He is always guiding, reproving, chastening, and purifying us by the living power of His inspiration. Every truth that enters the heart is the Word of God. It bears upon it the stamp of His holy name, the unmistakable impress of the Divine seal, so that every man receiving it may test its genuineness, and determine whether it is from God above or the earth below. If it were not so we would despair of vouching and attesting God's revelation. There would be no credentials of Divine authority, and everything would be in a state of doubt and uncertainty. How comforting is the fact that not only does God teach us truth, but He reveals it with the supreme authority of His own voice, so that wisdom and its testimony come to us together. The Lord verifies and attests what He Himself teaches. There can be no doubt that He is hourly teaching us precious lessons, and sending us in various ways and through manifold channels wise counsel for our guidance. The worldly man does not understand this, but the spiritually-minded perceive the truth and dare not question it. When something within us solemnly whispers,—"Thou shalt do no evil," the world may deny it or pass it by as altogether delusive and imaginary ; but still the words continue to assail the sinner's ears with an authority peculiarly their own, at once sacred and supreme. Do you wish to know whose voice it is that thus admonishes us and at times thunderingly rebukes us ? God answers, it is His voice. Does not that voice come to you now and then to check your unruly passions, call home your wandering souls, guard you against errors, and punish you for your misdeeds ? Then do not say that God does not speak to you to-day, but gratefully acknowledge that the Eternal and Universal Spirit has always spoken and still speaks to His children whether they hear Him or not. The holy dove of inspiration has been flying through all ages since the world began, carrying the message of redeeming mercy. It has alighted on the head of every son of God, but few have welcomed the messenger or availed themselves of the message. Lo ! even to-day it is on your head and mine, and is ready to inspire any of us if we would only yield to its heavenly influence. Proclaim then with grateful hearts the glad tidings of universal inspiration.

Now consider the effects of inspiration. See how wonderfully the holy spirit of God acts on the human soul. When the devout worshipper has placed his humble and thirsting heart beneath the streaming grace of his Father, the heart is filled to overflowing, and the waters of divine life rise up again towards the feet of God. You know how in the physical world there is a tendency in water to maintain a uniform level. It naturally goes downward, but it is sure to rise again to its former level if it can find its passage in that direction. So when the genial current of Divine grace descends into the reservoir of the prayerful soul it ascends again in the shape of higher aspirations and longings ; again it comes down that it may rise again. Observe the process. God acts upon the soul and the soul reacts upon God, and there is action and re-action again and again. Man cries earnestly for spiritual life, God responds. That response stirs the deepest depths of the heart, and we pour forth our feelings and sentiments of love and gratitude, and consecrate our energies unto God These are again sent down with greater blessings and increased power, so that the heart is more than ever quickened and sanctified. Thus we gradually ascend from the lowest point of communion to its higher stages till we attain that state of inspiration in which the human will is wholly lost in the Divine. Blessed is he who has realized this but once in his life-time ! It is true that as often as we sincerely pray the ordinary stream of Divine mercy conveys to us the spirit of godliness, and every devout believer may say that he has been inspired, through prayer with wisdom, power, love, and holiness. But in its higher sense inspiration represents only that unusual exaltation of the soul in which self is wholly consumed in the fire of the Holy Spirit. This is the effect, as I have said, of the repeated action and re-action of the Divine Spirit and man's soul upon each other. The electric current of inspiration constantly and rapidly moves upward and downward between heaven and earth, between God and man, and in this revolving current humanity is drawn into closer union and then into deeper intercommunion with Divinity, till at last all that man calls *mine* is renounced, and nothing is reserved for self. God is all in all. Then the soul ejaculates,—Nothing is mine, all is Thine, O God!

In what the world calls virtue you will always find a great deal of this self-assertion. Philanthropic and honest men are indeed often found to possess a high moral character; but their virtue is professedly all their own, and they take credit and honor for their merits. Yet such men are high in the estimation of the world. But in the kingdom of heaven such self-exaltation would be considered a great sin. There every form of virtue and purity is considered to be divine and Divinely bestowed. Be it veracity or kindness, uprightness or mere domestic affection; be it a good thought, a good word, or a good deed; it is all from God, the fountain of goodness. There is no truth, no goodness apart from God. All truth is divine. All goodness is godliness. The "man of God" deeply feels this. In inspiration he experiences the ebbing away of self, and the pouring in of divine life. The more the Holy Spirit enters into man, the more successfully does he subdue his carnal propensities, till his animal nature is wholly crushed. As the carnal man sinks, the spiritual man rises. The old man dies and is buried, and an altogether new man rises in his place with regenerated life. Nay, the inspired soul goes further. It does not rest satisfied with having cast off the old and put on the new man; it aspires to put on Divinity. With the profoundest reverence be it said that it is possible for man when inspired to put on God. For then self is completely lost in conscious godliness, and you feel that you can do nothing of yourself, and that all your holy thoughts, words, and actions, are only the breathings of the Holy Spirit. So the great prophets of earlier times thought and felt. They felt strong in God's strength and pure in God's purity; and to Him they ascribed all honor and glory. Not an iota of the truth they taught or practised did they claim as their own. Do you consider this to be arrogance? Is it pride thus to put on Divinity? Assuredly not. It is the very reverse of pride. Self-assertion is certainly ambitious. But self-denial argues nothing but humility. To think of *my* truth, *my* righteousness is arrogance and pride; but we see unfeigned lowliness and meek humility in him who, however truthful and righteous he may be, takes no credit unto himself, but believes that all that is good in him is the Lord's.

Some may construe what I have said into Pantheism. But is the doctrine I have expounded really Pantheistic? Let us look into the matter closely. Attempts have been made repeatedly in this country, and probably in other parts of the world, to realize this sort of self-absorbing communion with God, and the result has been that most degrading and revolting doctrine which is embodied in the words *Aham Brahma*—"I am God." How this theory is arrived at requires some explanation. Some devout men, in order to give themselves up to prayer and meditation, retire from the world and the scene of their daily activities and cares, and sit for hours together with closed eyes in some lonely place. They try to forget the external world and extinguish self-consciousness in their attempts to realize the Omnipresent Spirit. Gradually they soar higher into the regions of abstraction and imagination till their hearts are wrought to such a pitch of frenzy and self-forgetfulness that they begin to feel and eventually believe that between God and themselves there is no difference whatever—that man is God and God is man! The fact is, these men are lost in the vastness and infinity of the Divine Spirit, and their separate individuality is for the time ignored. Man, the universe and God, all are identified as one substance, and everything is absorbed in the Divine. How blasphemous and demoralizing is the doctrine! Shall puny mortal man, with all his sin and wickedness, liken himself to the Most High, and audaciously assert that he himself is the very God of the universe? This dangerous doctrine has really proved the bane of Hindu society, and unless you go and see with your own eyes what a prodigious and incalculable amount of mischief it has produced in this country you can hardly believe it. Perish Pantheism! Thou hast dishonored God and ruined man by sapping the foundations of religion and morality! In exhorting you to seek union with God by sacrificing humanity and putting on Divinity, I am far from advocating the horrors of Pantheistic deification. Between man and God there is an eternal distinction. No sophistry, no delusive fancy can convert the duality into a unity. I do not speak of an imagined transformation of self with all its sins into God: but the real casting away of animal life, and the actual growth of the soul in heavenly purity. I am speaking of an actual conversion— a reality which you cannot mistake or doubt. Through the channel of inspiration the truth and love and purity which dwell in God flow in a small measure into the human soul and wash away its lower nature. The change is real and radical, and is above all cavilling and dispute. It is not merely an intellectual change consequent upon a knowledge of truth and God; it is not a fitful outburst of sentimental enthusiasm in moments of prayer; it is not a mere reformation of external life and character. It is a conversion of the whole life, a complete unification of the human with the Divine will. The Divine Spirit takes full possession of man, and reigns supreme over all his thoughts, feelings, words, and deeds, so that nothing remains in him of himself, and all that is in him is of the Lord. Such is the real and vital work of conversion effected by the inspiration of God. The first step man takes towards salvation is to eschew sinful deeds and also to curb impure thoughts. But this is not enough. He then attains positive purity of character. Even this is not enough. It may be altogether our own purity in which we are rejoicing—a righteousness wrought out by our own will. The third step has yet to be taken. There must be absolute self-surrender and self-abnegation. Our truth must be God's truth, our love God's love, our power God's power, our purity God's purity. In such a state of mind the very conception of a will as contradistinguished from that of God becomes impossible, for one will alone reigns—that of God, and into that the will of man has merged. In Pantheism man, with all his impurity, fancies he is God. In Theism the human will is purified, and so attuned to the Divine will as to become one with it. The Theist's heaven is not absorption into the Divine essence, but the *nirvana* of *ahankar*—or the annihilation of egotism. In the highest state of inspiration man's only creed is "Lord, Thy will be done."

A great prophet was he of Nazareth. In his life you will find a singularly lucid illustration of what I have already said. Some may think, in fact it has often been contended, that throughout his public career he systematically endeavoured to exalt himself at the expense of his Maker and Creator. I think otherwise. I fully believe that he was not proud, but "meek and lowly in heart." Not a single word have I to this day discovered in his recorded utterances in the Gospel which militates against my deep conviction that he believed, with his whole heart and soul, in the doctrine of self-abnegation. Nay, it seems to me to be an utter moral impossibility that Jesus could have thought or believed otherwise. Self-annihilation was his mission. That he taught, for that he lived, and to that he bore witness in death. He would have been untrue to himself had he even in thought proudly exalted and glorified himself. He would have ceased to be Jesus. In his private and public life, in his prayers and conversations, in his ministry and in his last words, he consistently denied self and glorified God. Take his words,—how simple and unmistakable! "I can of mine own self do nothing:" "The words which ye hear are not mine:" "I live by the Father." Consider these transparent testimonies which clearly reveal his inner self, and tell me if it is possible to misconstrue them. No, you cannot misconstrue them, twist their meaning as you may. They furnish the most conclusive evidence of the impossibility of charging that great prophet with a proud attempt to arrogate Divinity. He repeatedly said that he was nothing, and had no power save that conferred by God. "Not my will but Thy will,"—that was the burden of all his prayers and the motto of his life. The complete abnegation of self he taught and lived, for the glory of God's name and the salvation of mankind. He wholly surrendered himself to God and dedicated his will to the Divine. How? By inspiration. He was baptized, and lo! the heavens were opened unto him and the spirit of God descended and lighted upon him. And a voice was heard proclaiming the acceptance of the beloved son by the Father. What does this beautiful and significant narrative mean? Evidently this, that when Jesus was inspired by the Holy Spirit he gave up his earthly life, entered into heavenly life, and was admitted into loving communion with his Father. Such is the glorious change effected by the inspiration of God.

This new birth is known only by its effects. The course which inspiration takes is indeed mysterious. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." You know that a man is inspired only from the change which is produced in him. But how that change has been brought about ye know not. You cannot explain the wherefore of man's conversion to heavenly life. God Almighty works with invisible and spiritual agencies in the depths of the soul. Who can enter into the arcana of the Godheads? Behold a certain sinner under an overpowering consciousness of sin kneels at the gate of heaven, and with tears in his eyes prays for redemption. Days and nights pass away, but his heavy heart finds no rest, and the chafing bonds of sin he cannot cut asunder.

He repents and sighs, weeps and prays. One day on returning from his God he suddenly discovers in his house a message addressed to him. He opens it, he reads it. It is the glad message of salvation from heaven. The more he reads and understands it the more he profits by it. Who brought this strange message, how it came there and when,—all this is involved in mystery. But its marvellous effects upon the heart are plain and clearly visible. It is not given to us to look into the hidden currents of electricity, which God sends forth into the human soul. You see a spark, and anon a fire which rapidly consumes sin and impurity, and illumines and purifies the whole man. But whence the ignition you know not. The changed man is astonished at his own conversion, and can give no account of it. He wonders how those sins which troubled him only twenty-four hours ago, and from whose grasp he felt it impossible to escape have been easily vanquished. He could not bear witness to the truth, he was so strongly tempted to lie. His hard and selfish heart would not give alms to the poor, for his love of self was intense. He was sold to sin, and over his own will he had lost all control. But it is all changed now. Truth falls from his lips instinctively, and charity entails no effort. God's inspiration has so completely turned his heart and purified the root of his being, that he not only leads a godly life, but he does so naturally and easily. He lives in God, and God lives in him. Religion becomes to him as the free air of heaven, and the inspired man inhales it as easily as we inhale oxygen. He lives and moves in the breath of God. He not only enjoys perpetual communion with the Divine Spirit, but separation becomes impossible. In the first stage man is occasionally inspired ; he breathes out his prayers and God breathes in His spirit. But in the highest stage man's aspiration and God's inspiration are continually exchanged with all the ease and force of natural breath. They become in fact the soul's vital breath, without which it cannot live. Let the inspired soul be cut off from God and it dies. The question then is, not whether man can be virtuous or honest or truthful without His spirit, but whether he can live without it. His heart ceases to beat, his soul sinks as soon as the breath of the Holy Spirit is withdrawn. He says truly, "the spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life."

How mysterious, yet how grand, is this living union of God and the human soul! Blessed they are who can realize this union! It seems indeed foolish and ambitious that we who are born of the dust and are defiled with iniquity should cherish such high aspirations. But with God nothing is impossible. Brethren, let us feel thankful that He has consented to dwell in us. Only prayerful humility and trust are needed on our part, and Divine grace will do the rest. From the lives of prophets and martyrs we learn that such union is possible, nay that it is a fact in the world's history. Let us then learn from them that humility and self-denying meekness which led them to kneel at the feet of the Lord and realize inspiration. Do you know why they received such precious treasures in the Father's house ? Only because they felt they were poor. They received wisdom only because they confessed they knew nothing. Their poverty proved their wealth, their simplicity their wisdom. Unto babes that light was given which was denied to sages. Verily through humility and self-abasement shall man be raised to be a partaker of divine life. He that is abased shall be exalted. He that humbleth himself to the dust of the earth shall be carried on the wings of inspiration into heaven. It is only the holy spirit of God that can effect such a wonderful transformation. Nothing but His vivifying breath can convert a crawling insect into a heavenly saint. How poor, weak, and sinful is man! How rich, mighty and holy is God! The son,—how like a worm, filthy and vile, immersed in the mire of iniquity! But the Father,—how majestic and ineffably pure! How much discordant and hostile elements can harmonize is beyond our conception. Indeed communion between such a Father and such a son is impossible, except through the condescending grace of God acting in inspiration. Man was originally made in the image of his Father. He manifested the charming innocence and the sweet simplicity of childhood. He was then absolutely under nature's law, and had no will of his own. He was true to the heavenly instincts of his nature. But as he grew up he rebelliously asserted his own will against his Father's, and for this original sin he fell, and great was the fall. In sin he died. Behold how he rises again and is born anew in divine holiness! The dove of God's spirit descends upon him, in inspiration, and he enters into communion with his Father. Divine life courses through his arteries, and his thoughts, words and actions are only streams that flow from the Fountain of inspiration. The will of the son and the will of the Father are thus identified in inspiration. The son and the Father are made one in the Holy Ghost.

Brethren, let me conclude by saying that I feel sure the light of inspiration will come to you and me and to all mankind in God's own time. Then we shall cease to be satisfied with mere theories and dry dogmas of inspiration or narratives of other men's inspiration, but shall be enabled, through Divine grace, to realize it directly in our respective lives. Let us pray to Him without ceasing, earnestly, humbly, and sincerely. With deep faith let us cry for His redeeming mercy. And if I am sure of anything I am sure of this, that He will speak to each of us and breathe into us His holy spirit. His voice shall be heard even in the midst of the din and bustle of modern civilization, and in spite of all its discouragements and opposition. He will speak unto us in the town hall, the bank, the library, and the school, as well as in churches and chapels. In the streets and in our own homes will the Lord reveal Himself to us. Your trade and commerce, your studies and your ceaseless industry will not in any way interfere with the action of God's spirit. For all honest and useful work and all science will be sanctified as God's work and God's truth. Even our lowest worldly pursuits will become hallowed when consecrated to His service. As you study other sciences, go and study the science of inspiration. and as you investigate the laws of the physical universe, investigate likewise, in a devout and inquiring spirit, the laws which govern the spiritual world. There is law everywhere in the amplitudes of God's creation ; even in prayer and inspiration there is science. Come then, my friends, let us, while we are seeking the philosophy and riches of this world, seek through prayer and faith the light of inspiration and the treasures of grace. In endless showers will inspiration descend upon us all, refreshing and cooling our parched souls and producing gladdening harvests for time and for eternity.

# BEHOLD THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN IN INDIA.

BEHOLD that heavenly light in the midst of India! How bright! How beautiful! How it ascends, extends and expands from day to day! Do you see it? It is the light of a New Dispensation vouchsafed by Providence for India's salvation. And do you hear that sound, like the rushing of many waters? It is the voice of the Lord. The Almighty speaks unto our country, now, to-day, as He did before unto other nations. It is His word, mighty as the raging whirlwind, yea mightier far than that, containing the message of life everlasting to the millions of this land. Let them that have eyes see; let them that have ears hear. Everything proves, all the events of the age strikingly testify that the morning of India's redemption hath drawn nigh. We are in the midst of it. All things around us serve to encourage, animate and gladden our spirits. Who does not feel encouraged by the thought that after centuries of decadence, during which hardly a ray of redeeming hope was seen athwart the sky, a new dispensation full of promise has dawned on our fatherland? Ever since the introduction of British power into India there has been going on a constant upheaval and development of the native mind under an overruling Providence. Whether we look at the mighty political changes which have been wrought by that vast and complicated yet wonderful administrative machinery which the British Government has set in motion, or whether we analyze those deep national movements of social and moral reform which are being carried on with commendable zeal and earnestness by Native reformers and patriots, we cannot but feel that this long series of events constitute one vast dispensation, and are only different parts of that gigantic plan of redemption whereby God Almighty has chosen to save India. Who can deny this ? The history of modern India, they say, is profane. To me it is sacred, altogether ecclesiastical. Every page of that history, every chapter, every line reveals the working of God. In every event that has contributed to the country's advancement, whether political or social, there is a deep religious significance ; in every agency, foreign or native, that has helped our progress, we recognize an instrument of God ; and every man who stands forth as a reformer in these days, however humble, is truly a Heaven-appointed missionary. To me, therefore, and to every believer, the history of India is a book divine, the living Word of God, the gospel of our salvation, and it ought to be studied as such. I firmly believe that the Indian nation has been selected by the God of Providence in modern times, in order that He may convert it, and show forth unto the world the riches of His redeeming grace. Verily we are marching, under Heaven's guidance, out of the Egypt of idolatry and darkness to the promised land of light and joy.

What is the meaning of this word, Dispensation, which seems to puzzle many a scientist and theologian of the present day ? Do I believe that God in selecting our country for special mercies has denied other countries His favor ? Are we to understand that He has, at least for the time being, forgotten the rest of the world, and that while showering the blessings of salvation upon a few with blamable partiality and exclusiveness, He has cruelly excluded and neglected the world at large? Surely not. We, Indians, rejoice in the light vouchsafed unto us, but we are not an "Elect" race, in the popular acceptation of the term. With God there can be no one-sidedness, no partiality. The dispensations of Divine mercy are all-inclusive, not exclusive; they embrace all mankind and exclude none. The redeeming mercy of Heaven is no respecter of persons. It knows no favoritism. It is universal and eternal. Providence works not, by fits and starts, now here, now there, now asleep, now active, but it works unceasingly and everywhere for the benefit of all created beings. But while it works for the general welfare of all, it works in a special manner in special cases. The fact is, the general dispensations of God's saving mercy adapt themselves in a special manner to the exigencies and requirements of special epochs in the world's history. True it is that the Universal Father loves all children alike, but He does not deal with them alike. In various ways does He deal with different nations, communities and individuals, to bring about their salvation. The same plan of salvation does not, cannot suit all, and must transform and mould itself to meet peculiar cases of individual or national degradation. How strikingly has the Lord of mercy been dealing with this degraded nation during the last hundred years, and adopting marvellous means and agencies to elevate its social and moral condition! All these means and agencies are singularly adapted to the peculiar capacities, wants and national habits of our people, and to the peculiar exigencies and requirements of modern times. They constitute, therefore, a special dispensation of Divine mercy to the Indian race. Do we not find similar dispensations in other countries as well? See how the

Lord is dealing with America, and with Japan, and raising those countries to power and greatness. These special dispensations of Providence differ, indeed, and must differ according to the peculiarities of each nation, but they never jar with each other. They cannot clash, though apparently dissimilar. They are all the harmonious outcome of that universal economy of redemption which will one day establish the kingdom of heaven on earth. Can God oppose Himself ? How then can His dispensations of saving light unto different nations conflict with each other? If there is harmony in God's love, there must be harmony in the various ways in which it manifests itself for the salvation of man. What I accept as the New Dispensation in India neither shuts out God's light from the rest of the world, nor does it run counter to any of those marvellous dispensations of His mercy which were made in ancient times. It only shows a new adaptation of His eternal goodness, an Indian version and application of His universal love. In accepting this light we do not set up or claim a monopoly of the treasures of heaven in behalf of our country. We only contend for this, that the same Fatherly care which feeds all mankind is feeding my country in a special manner in a most critical period of its history. Surely India needs a special dispensation to save her. God alone knows how to save India. We know not how this is to be done. We may in vain argue, suggest and dictate as to how this country is to be reformed and regenerated. This is not for us to decide. The human intellect cannot fathom the mysterious ways of national redemption. We can only listen with wonder, and bow with reverence. Who knows whence came the first impulse that stirred up sleeping India ? None knows how the heart of the nation has been touched, and is being led through wondrous paths to light and truth. The wind bloweth ; we know it by its effects, but none knows whence it came or how it came. Not man but God has kindled that spirit of reform which like wild fire spreads to-day from province to province among the diverse races and tribes that inhabit the country. Not in our way but in His own way has the Lord kindled that fire and in His own mysterious ways is He working out the salvation of the country. He does not follow our dictates or suggestions ; He does not act as you or I may wish. His ways are not as man's ways. We may have our respective theories of India's reformation, we may differ and quarrel as to the best means of remedying national evils. But the Lord of nations does what seemeth best in His sight. One thing is clear that all the means and agencies He employs are thoroughly suited to the wants of the country. They are national and indigenous. True reform grows naturally on the soil of the country, and is not imported. Let us not endeavour to reproduce or transplant foreign institutions, however good and useful they may be. Let us not believe that a system of Faith which has succeeded in other countries will necessarily succeed here, and that because another nation has been saved by it, our salvation must be achieved through its instrumentality. Sectarian missionaries will in vain try to introduce by artificial pressure and mechanical preaching their respective creeds into India. God will have His own way, and evolve a new scheme of redemption out of India's native resources. Truth is one, yet the Lord dispenses it in different ways in different epochs and climes. A new dispensation, therefore, has been sent unto us which presents to us not indeed a new and singular creed but a new development of by-gone dispensations. The Divine message sent to India, far from clashing with anything communicated to man by God in ancient times, fulfils all that has been said before. It comes not to destroy, but to fulfil the law and the prophets. And while it is a consummation of the teachings of the past, it sows the seed of future dispensations. The light we see in our country to-day is only the dawn of brighter and fuller light yet to come. As time rolls on, higher dispensations of saving truth will be revealed by Providence here and in other countries. In diverse languages and diverse ways will the Lord yet speak to the different nations of the world, through special messages, in the fulness of time, and the word of God shall go on adapting and developing itself according to the altered circumstances and new requirements of progressive humanity.

Admitting then, with profound thankfulness, that a new dispensation has come unto us, let us see what its leading ideas and principles are. It is a fact that true revelation is not an elaborate creed, and never was so. It is not a lengthy theological or philosophical discourse. It does not take the shape of a big volume of dogma. It is not wide extended beaten gold, but is solid gold. It is a precious jewel. It is not diffused but concentrated light. The word of God is short, simple, and sweet. It comprises not many chapters, but only one or two words. When the worldly theologian undertakes to instruct mankind he manufactures theory after theory, dogma after dogma in endless succession, till he piles up an overwhelming mass of articles of belief for the salvation of the world. Not so is the teaching of Providence. A word, a syllable, a simple sound from the lips of the Lord is enough to instruct and save man. His revelation is not a book but a power ; not an address to the mind, but a mighty appeal to the heart. The word of God is a power, and a tremendous power it is. Small yet mighty is divine revelation. Nay it is not even a word. It is a mere breath. It is inspiration, the breathing in of God's spirit. How great the force of this heavenly breath! It shakes the earth and crushes the iniquity of ages. A little truth from Heaven is like a little seed thrown by the passing wind into a corner of the world. There it lies, apparently an insignificant little thing. In a moment it fructifies, and blossom, flower and fruit spring forth in abundance. How from one little seed issues a mighty tree which affords shade and shelter to hundreds, and dispenses delicious fruits to thousands! So from the mere breath of God Almighty quietly infused into the depths of man's inner consciousness,—from one small word whispered in the midst of the secret sanctuary of the believer's soul, comes forth a mighty revolution, which with all the fury of a terrific hurricane, roots out the sins and sorrows of a whole century and an entire nation, and gives peace and purity to millions. A few simple truths about God's love and man's duty preached eighteen hundred years ago still vibrate with living force all the world over, cheering, and sanctifying those who come under their influence. They live and shall live though the sun and moon be obliterated and the whole universe break into atoms. Whenever the holy spirit of God inspires men, individually or collectively, He employs as His instruments not the elaborate machinery of a voluminous theology, but one or two simple yet vital truths breathed with force unconquerable into the inmost soul. So has it been in India. What is the message then that God has sent unto us for our salvation? It is this simple truth "I AM." To many these words must appear to be common and unimportant truth, and yet there is deep meaning in them, yea a world of saving truth. To the Indian nation, lost in idolatry and superstition and in deep spiritual destitution, these words are indeed light and life. We wanted to know God, and He has revealed Himself to us by this simple yet emphatic and stirring affirmation "I am." We need not have recourse to theology or metaphysics for our knowledge of God. Nay we may well afford to dispense with tame and cold dogmas in the presence of the burning reality of a divine communication. When God Himself says to us "I am," what better proof do we need of His existence and nature? Surely arguments based upon marks of design and evidences of skill in the universe are old and obsolete: they do not and cannot satisfy the mind of any true believer now. Enough if the Lord says "I am." The word of God proves God. All other proofs are as nothing compared to this overwhelming and direct testimony of self-affirmation. I have seen the Lord and heard Him, and therefore believe. Never was belief upreared upon a firmer basis. Indeed this is the highest faith, and here doubt and infidelity are impossible. Can mere theology save me? Can tracts and books fortify and sustain my faith in God? No. To-day I may be logically satisfied that God is, but to-morrow, when new trials and difficulties beset me, my intellectual belief may be brought down to the zero point. When, however, the soul has heard from the very lips of the Lord Himself that He is, nothing on earth can shake its conviction or weaken its faith. The word of God is all in all. To us it is so. In these two words, "I am," there is a much deeper meaning than is usually attached to them. How do I know that God exists? Because I stand in His presence, and hear those solemn words as they fall from His lips. Seeing and hearing, these are my testimonies. The eye and the ear are my witnesses; I mean the eye and the ear of the soul. They bear consentient testimony to the Godhead. Their evidence none can dispute. Indeed more irrefragable testimony is not possible than that borne by the senses. As of material so of spiritual realities the eye and the ear offer the best and most valid proofs. It is these two that help us to know and follow God in India to-day, not books. Our ideas of the Divinity are not abstract and intellectual, but are based upon direct and intuitive knowledge. Our faith in God is not so much a conception as a spiritual perception. We see Him as a present reality, a living Person, with the mind's eye, and therefore believe in Him. Nay, we not only see Him, but we likewise hear His voice, as He whispers in our inmost soul to the ear of conscience. He whom we adore is not a logical Divinity, but the Living God, who makes Himself visible and audible to the believer's soul. India you know, has always sought a visible Divinity, and for centuries knelt at the feet of millions of idols of her own creation. The vast and varied pantheon of the Hindu theology, which has degraded the nation and paralyzed its religious spirit, indicates only the countless ways in which the Hindu mind has always striven to satisfy its intense craving after a visible and tangible Deity. "Why so many idols?"—I ask India. She replies she cannot do without a visible something to remind her of the Godhead. Such is the feeling among those who are given to the grossest idolatry. The higher and more spiritually-minded classes of Hindus who abjure idol-worship, and think it is meant only for the illiterate masses, regard the highest knowledge of God as a kind of perception, whatever that may mean. The great question in which all Hindu devotees are anxiously interested is whether the soul has seen the Lord. Have you perceived Him ; is what they ask each other. This is reckoned the highest devotion that the worshipper has seen his God in his own heart. Nothing short of this can satisfy the true believer. To gratify this national hankering after a visible Divinity, the Lord of Heaven has vouchsafed that subline message "I am," and revealed Himself as a Present Reality. In this message our country finds what it needs, and anxiously longs for ; in such a Divinity we recognise Him whom for ages our ancestors have sought. With this message in our hand we may go forth as missionaries, and all citadels of idolatry will yield to its power To all our countrymen, high and low, learned and illiterate, we shall say,—"Come ye away from idols, and accept the true God. If your souls must have a Divinity who can be seen, here is He who will show Himself unto your eye of faith. You need have no idol of clay or stone, nor need you soar high into the regions of mystic reveries or pantheistic contemplation if you would realise the Adorable One. With simple faith ye shall behold the glory of the Self-manifested 'I am.'" Our people will have nothing left to wish for, if they can behold the Eternal Spirit face to face. Evidently none would think of manufacturing a false Divinity visible to the outward eye, if the true God could be perceived directly and vividly by every believer. What more do our countrymen need than the assurance that the Lord of heaven and earth can be perceived when He directly reveals Himself, and asserts His own being in the words "I am?" Here we stand, and proclaim to all India this saving assurance, and announce that in our midst the worship of the Inconceivable yet Visible Spirit has been initiated. To see the Unseen is by no means a new idea to those in this country who remember the fact that the ancient Aryan Rishis and devotees retired from the world, and with closed eyes entered into deep communion with the Supreme Spirit. The subtle Hindu mind has always been distinguished for its spirituality. It penetrates the hard surface of dogmatic theology, and evolves and deals with the deeper realities of faith. It loves communion with the Spirit, and abhors matter as an unreality. Nearness to God is its heaven and salvation. In fact in all things it breaks open the outward form, and tries to seize the kernel of spirit within. The idea of perceiving the In-dwelling Spirit, far from being foreign, is eminently native to the primitive Hindu mind. Ye descendants of the Aryan race, have ye then forgotten the God of your forefathers? Why shall ye bow before the later idolatry of the Puranas, and render homage to a material divinity? Magnify the God of India, ye Indians. Accept the living gospel, "I am," in which ancient India and modern Europe are one, in which Hindu Theism and pure Christianity are identified. It is the conscious realization of the Ever-Present Divinity that will achieve the salvation of India and all mankind.

Perception is only one part of the faith which has been revealed to us. The other part is hearing. To see the light of the Lord's countenance and to hear His saving voice constitute the creed embodied in "I am." It is evident that mere perception is not enough. If I see God, I must hear Him also. I must not only feel His real presence, but be guided by the words of counsel that fall from Him. Can it be that the Merciful Father stands silent and speechless amid the sins and iniquities of the world, and says not a word to bring back those who have gone astray? Will He make us depend upon the dead letter of books and upon earthly teachers who misguide us, and withhold from us that living voice which alone can silence doubts, proclaim the truth and cheer the believer? This cannot be. A wicked world like ours needs a speaking God—One who will tell us what we ought to do and what we ought not, what is right and what is wrong. Sinners as we are, we need the word of God to enlighten and sanctify us. We cannot do without it. Is the word of God a book? No. It is spoken, not written. It cannot be written. It is a verbal message addressed by words of mouth to the believer, and is not to be identified with dead scripture. All Divine injunctions and precepts begin with a "Thus saith the Lord," and not "So it is written." God speaks to every one of us, and we hear His thrilling voice in the soul. But who ever saw Him write a tame message to instruct His children? True it is that diverse scriptures have been published for the world's benefit from time to time. These are known as the scriptures of God. But they were never written by His own hand, and are not, therefore, to be accepted as His direct inspiration. They are only instructive narratives of what the Lord said and did in the lives of prophets and saints. The inspired word of God comes to a devout believer, and when he inscribes that word upon paper, the world accepts it as divine scripture. But the original Word, the true revelation, was spoken, not written. For saving knowledge and the truth that giveth eternal life, we must repair to the very Fountain-head of all inspiration, and not the channels through which it flows. To each man, saint or sinner, the Holy Spirit speaks directly as the In-dwelling Teacher. There is no light for us, in heaven or on earth, unless God becomes our Teacher and Guide. Can books or pulpits enlighten us ? Can the wisest and best of men sanctify us in the absence of God's voice ? Nay, who but the All-Merciful Saviour selects and commends proper books and men for our guidance ? It is a fatal mistake to suppose that books and men of our own choice are to be accepted first in order that they may lead us to God. It is not they that bring us to Him, it is He who brings us to them. None cometh to prophets and scriptures, but through the Holy Spirit. Into His hands we primarily resign ourselves, and to Him alone we look for all aids essential to our salvation. He then puts into our hands such books and introduces us to such men as may help our spiritual growth, constantly guiding us by His voice, and enabling us to distinguish between truth and error, and eschew evil ways. His revelation is not made once for all. It is not true that he spoke only once or twice in the world's history. He speaks always and unceasingly, for man needs a continued revelation. Surrounded as we are by doubts and difficulties, we need a Divinity that will constantly guide, admonish and cheer us. Yes, it is such a God, the living Sovereign of the universe, whom the soul can see and hear, that has revealed Himself to the Indian nation, and promised redemption to all who put their trust in Him. Let us sing the glory of the God of India, and give praise unto Him.

In that sublime utterance of Heaven, " I am," you have recognised your God and Saviour, and the essence of living faith. You have only to add another equally short gospel to complete the creed of salvation that is to save our nation. I mean the gospel of Love. Through love is man saved,—thus saith the Lord. From that little word you might evolve a whole volume of saving theological literature. In it lies in a concentrated form the whole doctrine of our duties to God and man. True love is salvation. He that hath love hath God in him. What does love mean ? A drawing together of hearts, they say. Men may be said to stand at some distance from each other in consequence of intervening barriers of selfishness. Love removes these barriers, brings different minds together, and binds them. This popular view of love, that holy passion of heaven, is hardly complete or satisfactory. It does not take into account the real secret of devoted love. Men do not become friends by sitting together, or even by drawing their hearts together. With this mechanical juxtaposition true affection is not satisfied. It demands something more. So long as one heart is not absolutely identified with another, and the two become one in spirit there cannot be true love. By love I mean that holy passion which removes all differences that estrange men, and reduces a multiplicity of souls, to unity. By it ten souls, yea ten thousand souls, are so amalgamated as to form an indivisible unity. Love is nothing if it is not a thorough unification of hearts. The hardened selfish heart of man is a solid unity, living in a state of isolation, and would not coalesce with another heart. As soon, however, as the heavenly fire of love acts upon them, their separate individualities are dissolved and fused into a new compound. They no longer live apart from each other, but form parts of a united whole. What I have said is true not only of the highest type of religious love, but also of the inferior passion which goes by the name of love in the world. There can be no love between man and woman unless they are identified, and made of one spirit. Husbands and wives surrender their hearts to each other. Their ideas, tastes, inclinations and hopes harmonize, and their sympathy with each other in joy and sorrow becomes so intense that they may be said to possess one heart. In true sympathy lies the secret of conjugal union and happiness. An exchange of hearts is the soul of marriage. In the Hindu nuptial ritual the newly married couple thus address each other,—" May my heart be thine, may thy heart be mine!" The marriage knot not only unites man and woman, but so blends their hearts as to make them halves of one individual person. Hence the expression, " better half." I do not mean to say that this high ideal of matrimonial alliance is actually realized in worldly marriages. What I contend for is the universal and unquestioning recognition of the principle of conjugal love. Even among those who are worldly-minded and care not for things above, it is a universally acknowledged truth that the hearts of true lovers must become one, and that they must live in each other. Love is nothing if it is not a merging of duality into unity. A further illustration of my meaning is to be found in all these social affections which embrace communities. You have faith in Patriotism. Have you not? Its popular meaning is the love of one's own country. You are sure that such a thing is not only possible, but that you are yourselves more or less actuated by this feeling. Let me ask you, how can one love his country? Can your hearts embrace so extensive a country as India with its teeming millions of population? How can that be? How can the heart love where conception itself is lost in a vague immensity? How can one love millions whom he has never seen? The idea may seem absurd. Yet to every patriotic heart such a thing is possible. Or the word patriot would be a mere name, and nothing more. The world calls him a patriot who loves not one or two of his countrymen only, but *all* his countrymen and countrywomen. His country as a totality, an aggregation of myriad souls, is interwoven, as it were, into his very being, and he may be said to live in them, the identification of interests is so complete. I shall yet speak of something vaster. Not only is patriotism recognised in the world, but also that all-embracing sentiment known as Philanthropy. It embraces countries and nations beyond number, yea all mankind. How many different races and tribes inhabit the world! How diverse their languages, religions, habits, and tastes! And yet in spite of these endless differences the true philanthropist can and does embrace all mankind in his inmost heart. To him all men are as one, and with humanity he is identified. Even worldly morality then, narrow though its conceptions may be, recognizes the possibility and duty of loving others in the sense of being thoroughly identified and blended into one. If earthly love possesses or assumes so high a character, how lofty must heavenly love be! I have said salvation is to be worked out by love, such love as alone can effect a thorough spiritual unification, and convert multiplicity into unity. Let me proceed to expound this principle of true love in its application to God on the one hand, and man on the other. If ye love God with true love, and if ye love all men with true love, ye shall be saved. This is ancient and universal religion, and in this lies abridged the whole creed of human redemption. Let us first see what it is to love God. We may cherish the deepest sentiment of filial attachment to our Heavenly Father, and yet true love may be wanting. We may be united to Him by constant and fervent devotion, we may enter into deep and rapturous communion with Him in solitude, yet there may not be true love in us. I may not like what He likes ; He may desire one thing and I another. Between His will and my mind there may be a conflict. There can be no love without harmony of will. Discordant inclinations prevent union. No man loves God whose will wars with His holy will. Self-will stands in the way of our union with Divinity, and must be renounced before we can love God truly. A complete sacrifice of self, and all that appertains to it, is essential. The loving devotee surrenders himself to God, and lives in Him. He dwells in God, and God dwells in him. Through love Divinity and humanity exchange homes, so to say. Where is my God ? In me. Where am I ? In my God. So says the true believer. The Father comes down from heaven to abide in the heart of the child, making him and his possessions all His own ; while the child forsaking everything he has, even his own self, goes and dwells in heaven, lost in the bosom of his Father. " Thy will be done, not mine," said Jesus. And thereby he taught and evinced the highest love of God. Yes, this is salvation, this final and complete absorption of the human will in the Divine. You know how the Hindu mind has in all ages hungered and thirsted after something like this absorption. Its struggles and aspirations in this direction have resulted, both in theory and practice, in Pantheism. Even to-day, millions of thoughtful and devout Hindus are pantheists. They look for no other heaven than an absorption of self in the Godhead. Now it is quite possible, and indeed it is one of the chief tendencies of the present dispensation, to satisfy India's craving in this matter without giving her the poison of pantheism. What she wants is a total annihilation of man's separate individuality, and his final union with God. The idea is grand in its essence, though its abuse has led to the horrors of pantheism. The Hindu pantheist's belief that he is himself God Almighty is a mischievous blasphemy. But the essential and fundamental idea of pantheistic absorption we must vindicate and admire. Man must forego his proud and rebellious individuality and so merge self-will in the will of God by devotion and love as to become one with Him, or there is no salvation. That loving communion which makes man one with God is the chief feature of the new dispensation granted unto us ; and in accepting it India will be enabled to satisfy her highest and deepest craving for an extinction of the sense of duality. Verily in the highest state of absorbing love, the distinction between *mine* and *Thine* vanishes, not a trace of self is left behind, and the believer exclaims "all is Thine." God's power then becomes our vitality, His wisdom our inspiration, His purity our salvation, and His joy our heaven. Such love as this which eliminates self and imprints Divinity upon man's life, we must all acquire if we wish to be saved.

We must love man also, for it is by loving God and man with the whole soul that the gospel of salvation is fulfilled. And here too we find a beautiful illustration of the principle of unification I am speaking of. As love makes man one with Divinity so too it makes man one with humanity. Through devoted love the child is absorbed in the Father on the one hand, and in the vast family of His children on the other hand. It is universally admitted that self is a disturbing agent in all enterprises of charity and philanthropy, and is a foe to love. The fetters that bind man to himself must necessarily prevent his being drawn to others. Hence self-sacrifice is a necessity in the kingdom of love. Love comes in when self has gone out. Love grows as self withers away. True charity may be defined as the immersion of self in the wide sea of humanity,—the identification of the individual with the entire human race. It is, in its essence, universal, unlimited and unconditioned. It is the love of humanity for its own sake, the love of man as such. We must love man because he is our Father's child, our brother in the universal family, and not on account of any special recommendation. It is not merit or friendship that entitles a brother to our affections. It is not on account of any peculiar attractions in him that he claims our love. The common brotherly relationship which subsists among us all is enough for the purposes of mutual affection. What more do we need to love each other than a recognition of our mutual relations as brothers and sisters? I love man because he is my brother, and woman because she is my sister. The relationship is all in all, and excites love by its natural sweetness. If we love our benefactors alone, those to whom we are drawn by special claims of gratitude, or our kinsmen only, to whom we are bound by domestic ties, we have not the fulness of love in us. If we love friends alone, and turn away from those who maltreat and persecute us, our love for man is partial and exclusive. Catholic charity makes no distinction between friends and foes, between countrymen and foreigners, between kinsmen and the outside world, but embraces all mankind indiscriminately. Love has no other wherefore than this, that man is a brother and woman a sister. A brother is sweet, though a multitude of infirmities and sins beset him ; a sister is ever dear, however hostile she may be. This theory, so simple, so clear, is not generally acted upon. Only what is good and estimable in men and things do we love. We shun those who are disagreeable. We hate our enemies. So dark and dismal is the picture of human society, so revolting the many forms of sin and wickedness which ride rampant everywhere, and so repulsive are all classes of men to our feelings and interests, that we often wish to withdraw from society, and pass our days in solitary retirement. Not a few pious believers, possessed of lofty ideas of duty and devotion, feeling annoyed with the vexations and troubles of the world, have actually left the world and resigned themselves to lonely communion with God. Who would not run away when the world is up in arms ? Yet true religion does not sanction such ignoble and selfish retreat. " Go and serve every man and woman," says the Lord. We are bound to love and serve all, however disagreeable and antagonistic they may be. We must love even our enemies. For though enemies they are still our brothers and sisters. If it be contended that that alone can be loved which is lovable, and that those who render themselves disagreeable to us by sin or opposition cannot, therefore, be loved, I would reply by saying that I admit the premises though I deny the inference. Amid all the repulsive feature of degraded humanity there is an attraction in it which cannot fail to win our love. It consists simply in the fraternal relation in which all men stand to each other. This relationship is at once sweet and enduring, and abides in spite of all adverse circumstances. Some men may be friendly, others hostile to us ; some may be beautiful, others deformed ; some may be rich, others poor ; some may be saints, others sinners ; some may be kinsmen, others perfect strangers : yet all are and shall continue to be related to us as brothers or sisters. Hence they are all dear to us, and we can love them with true brotherly love. All are lovable to us because of this sweet and universal relation. We may admire the excellencies of some, hate the sins of others, and be specially attached to friends and relatives, but our love instinctively runs to *all* who claim it in the name of brothers and sisters. In loving all mankind we love only what is lovable. If you admit that all mankind are God's children, we are bound to give our loving regards and services, freely and unreservedly, to all. But in what sense are we to love all mankind ? Let us apply the argument of self-abnegation already explained, and we shall find that universal love means a going out of self and its absorption in humanity. Philanthropy makes the wide world its home, and dwells there. If I love mankind I must sacrifice and exterminate myself, and so far identify my interests with those of the world as to regard my neighbour as my own self, and the world as my home. Self must be altogether forgotten and all our thoughts and affections absorbed in the interests of humanity. Deep sympathy makes us one with the world ; its sorrows become our sorrows, and its joys our joys. True love is a pilgrim that has left home and gone away, never to return. Like a homeless traveller it wanders about in all parts of the world, and makes other people's homes its resting place. It is an eternal exile from home. A truly philanthropic man lives within everybody else but his own self, and in every place except his own home. He dwells in the world, and the world dwells in him. Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, freighted with their myriad souls, must course through my veins if I am a true lover of humanity. The entire world must be lodged in my little heart, from which self has been banished. Where is humanity? In me. Where am I? In humanity. So says the true philanthropist. Behold this wonderful exchange of homes! I go out of myself to dwell in the world, while the world comes to dwell in me. There is also a mutual incorporation. By love we are incorporated with humanity, and humanity is incorporated with us. Our flesh and blood become the flesh and blood of all mankind, while their flesh and blood become assimilated to and identified with ours. Hence is it that what touches them touches us to the quick, and we feel just as they feel, being joyful when they rejoice and sorrowful when they weep. In such incorporation we see a perpetual celebration of the sacrament known as the Lord's Supper, in which the world eats the flesh and drinks the blood of the self-sacrificing martyr.

I shall now draw your attention to certain popular delusions in connection with the principles under consideration. These delusions, inasmuch as th are supported by the weight of popular sanction an are productive of incalculable mischief in the moral world, require to be completely exposed and refuted. Let me begin with that well-known proverb—

Charity begins at home. Apparently it embodies a wise principle, and it is therefore universally accepted as a sound rule of ethics. Careful reflection will, however, convince us that it is an erroneous and false doctrine. Charity does *not* begin at home. In fact charity never had a home. It is born to wander; it lives and moves abroad. It feels at home only when it is not at home. How can it begin at home when the renunciation of home is the beginning of its mission. It is only worldly prudence and the calculating policy of expediency that has led men in all ages to do good, first to self, then to family, then to kinsmen and neighbours, then to fellow-countrymen, and lastly to the world at large. But true charity hates this utilitarian process, and will not obey the world's dictates as to where it ought to begin and where it ought to end. Charity goes where it is Divinely called, and moves about freely under heavenly impulses,—now here, now there, now everywhere. If charity has a beginning at all it may be said to begin in the homes of others. Its concern is only with others, and it can live only by ignoring self and home. If it be true then that charity is born in the wide world, and can have no home of its own, let us not be misled by that erroneous worldly maxim " Charity begins at home."

You have heard of the Golden Rule : " Do unto others as you would that they should do to you." It may be a golden doctrine, and may, if fully carried out, prove a source of blessings to our wicked world, where self is so dominant. But we want something more precious than gold. To be able to benefit others up to the standard of our self-love is indeed benevolence, but benevolence of a low order. Heaven teaches us a much higher doctrine of charity. If you say you ought to do for others that much only which you do for yourselves, and that you should love your neighbours as you love yourselves, you make self the highest measure of love. This is a low worldly doctrine, and in the interests of religion and morality I emphatically protest against it. Do to others as you would have them do to you! Verily this is utilitarianism, not morality. This is John Stuart Mill, not Jesus Christ. If you say the Bible itself teaches this rule of conduct, surely Christ is greater than the Bible. Love is a heavenly passion that rolls ceaselessly onward. To fix a limit beyond which it shall not pass is as absurd and hopeless as an attempt to drive back the dashing surges of the sea by a "Thus far shalt thou go and no further." Love's growth is illimitable; it admits of infinite expansion. You cannot chain or curb it. To love others is to love freely, and without any restraint which self-love may impose. Anything which indicates or suggests the interference of self is to a lover "gall and wormwood." It is against the spirit of love to say—"I love you as I love myself, and no more. I always take good care that my love for you does not exceed my love for self." Love outruns all measure, even that of self-love. There is no arithmetic in true love. It is an overbearing passion, not a cold calculating principle. When it goes forth it knows no bounds. If I have done unto others all that I wished them to do unto me, if I have served their interests as fully as I would serve my own, even then I cannot rest. I must go on loving and serving my neighbour more and more, till all thoughts of self disappear, and there is absolute self-forgetfulness and self-abnegation. If I am carried away by the passion of enthusiastic love, I must do unto others more than I do for myself. In fact self is completely immolated on the altar of passionate love, and all that it regarded as its own, body, mind and heart, health, wealth and all earthly possessions are lost in all-absorbing enterprises of charity. In self-annihilating love there is no self left to prescribe a measure or assign a limit. How then can we accept the false doctrine embodied in what is called the 'golden rule'? In attacking this doctrine I am not enunciating strange and singular views. What I have said finds ample corroborative evidence and illustration in the lives of all true philanthropists and martyrs. Surely they did not treat others according to the measure of what they expected of them. Their philanthropy took no account of self, and had in fact sacrificed self, so that all they loved was humanity, and its interests alone they cared for. It would be an insult to them to say that they showed only that much regard for others' interests as they did for their own. Assuredly they felt more, infinitely more regard for others than they did or could possibly feel for themselves. They fed others while they themselves starved; they gave others health and happiness while they sacrificed their own health and comfort; they clothed the naked, enriched the needy and scattered plenty among impoverished millions, while they themselves pined away in misery and want. Nay, they sacrificed themselves in order that others might live. All shame and dishonor, penury and sufferings, and even death itself, they took unto themselves, while they gave to the world health, wealth, happiness and life. Verily this is loving man more than self, yea to the exclusion and annihilation of self. Can you fathom the depth of that love which took upon itself the sufferings of the world, and achieved the reformation of millions amidst the infamy and agony of the cross? Would you venture to say that the length and breadth, the height and depth of Christ's love for humanity were limited by considerations of self-love? Did he serve others to that extent only to which he wished others to serve him? Surely not. He gave himself to the world, and was so far carried away by his passionate attachment and devotion to all mankind that he cheerfully consented to purchase their salvation with the price of his own precious blood. Fling away then that worldly and prudential love which makes self the measure of all charitable undertakings, and love others with passionate and self-denying enthusiasm.

There is another fallacious doctrine against which I must warn you. It too has secured universal assent, and has passed into a proverb. I allude to the doctrine,—"To err is human, to forgive divine." This is what the ethics of the world teaches. The doctrine of heaven is, "To forgive is human, to love, divine." I do not underrate forgiveness, but I contend there is something more exalted and heavenly than this. To return insult for insult, injury for injury, under the impulse of anger and vindictiveness, argues a wicked heart. Retaliation, even under the highest provocation, is in itself a sin. All honor to him who forgets and forgives the wrongs inflicted by a brother, and though insulted, beaten and cruelly persecuted, readily returns good for evil! We admire his exemplary patience and forbearance, and the ease with which he subdues the feelings of resentment as often as they are excited. The number of such men is, indeed, very small in this world of angry strife and contention. Where men are so prone to anger, jealousy and the worst passions of the heart, where 'blood for blood' seems to be a universally recognised law of mutual dealings, precepts and examples of forgiveness must possess a high value. Nay the highest point which earthly charity is deemed capable of reaching is forgiveness. No ethical code holds up a higher ideal of love. From early life we have been accustomed to believe that no man hath greater love for his brother than this that he can forgive wrongs a hundred times. Surely forgiveness is a great virtue, yea I may say, the greatest of all earthly virtues. But in Heaven's ethical code a far higher principle of charity is enforced. What is that forgiveness after all, which, men say, is ' divine'? It is nothing but mending a broken machinery. In consequence of provocation of some kind or other the heart gets ruffled and irritated, and angrily turns away from the offender in an attitude of hostility. If anger continues there is no prospect of reconciliation, and vindictive feelings culminate in retaliation and vengeance. But where the heart is not so perverse, and is largely imbued with the softer sentiments, the irritation caused by the offender ere long subsides, and the relenting heart turns round in a friendly spirit, says to the aggressor, who is no longer impenitent,—" I forgive you," and gets reconciled to him. The simple truth is that he lost the equilibrium of his temper through the excitement of anger, and it is restored by forgiveness. Some may forgive a wrong after six hours, and some after six months. Some may forgive a hundred times, while others half a dozen times only. All this shows the differing capacities of men to curb their excited passions and restore their broken temper to order. It is according to this measure that men are more or less forgiving; the patient and meek-hearted being more disposed to forgive than the angry and irritable. If forgiveness then means nothing more than a return of affection, a mending of broken temper, a renewal of friendliness, it is evident that forgiveness is only a negative virtue, and a virtue of an inferior character. They that simply require a mending of their angered hearts must deem the act of mending a great virtue, but those who require a more radical and permanent improvement of the soul must aim at something higher than constant mending. We may congratulate ourselves upon having subdued anger and forgiven our enemy fifty times. But the anxious and unsatisfied heart ever and anon asks,—May not the evil recur? To have forgiven ever so many times is not necessarily a guarantee against the recurrence of angry feelings. I may have learnt to overlook and pardon small offences. But can I stand strong provocation and exasperating indignities? If my forgiving kindness be continually taken advantage of, shall I bear it all with patience unabated? These are questions that must trouble us, and prevent our attaching the very highest value to forgiveness. We instinctively long for that state of the mind in which no mending will be needed and no relapse will be possible. We want that perfection of love in which there will be no cessation, and therefore no need of restoration. We may be strong enough to rise every time we fall, but we wish to be so strong that we may never fall. It is not the capacity of forgetting and forgiving an offence after we have once become angry and cherished hostile feelings, that would satisfy our aspirations. We are anxious to attain that perfect type of charity which never gets irritated, never can be hostile, and always cherishes love for friends and foes. Forgiveness is, as I have said, a mere renewal of that affection which underwent a temporary cessation in consequence of the excitement of anger

Is not constant and enduring love better than that which fluctuates and occasionally ebbs away? Is not the man who always loves, better and holier than he who resents and forgives by turns? Does not he who never casts away an offender, but is always friendly even to the worst foe, represent a nobler type of love than he who wrathfully forsakes and then forgivingly welcomes his offenders? There is no doubt that abiding love is infinitely superior to habits of forgiveness. Do you not, brethren, accept God as the highest pattern of loving kindness? If so, it would be easy to decide the point at issue by studying and analyzing the nature of Divine love. Let me ask,—Does God forgive sinners? I emphatically reply, He cannot. If by forgiveness you mean then cessation of anger and the restoration to favor of a penitent offender, I say, this is absolutely impossible with God. How can He cease to be angry who never was angry? How can He who never withholds favor renew and restore it? God is all love. He is always love. There is no change or variableness in Him. He does not love us by fits and starts. His mercy is not fickle or exclusive, but extends at all times to all His children. He loves saints and sinners. He loves us and protects us whether we love Him or not. Even from His worst enemy He doth not withhold His mercies. Does He ever cast us away because of our transgressions? No. He is ever working among saints as well as sinners, with the fulness of infinite mercy, for their salvation. You see the merciful Father not in heaven alone but likewise in hell, doing good to the meanest and grossest sinner. In hell? Yes, I have seen Him there many a time. Often have I seen Him in the hell of my own impure heart, lovingly working out my redemption from the bondage of iniquity. Who can accuse our God, our dear loving Father, of being angry and vindictive when He daily and hourly showers upon us His blessings in spite of our repeated iniquities and provoking antagonism? Always good and always loving, there can be no remission in His love, however great our offence may be. Infinite love is above anger and resentment. The Lord chastises the sinner for mercy's sake but never wrathfully deserts him. Men's iniquities cannot ruffle His serene and loving temper; their hostility cannot excite in Him anger and vengeance. These are base passions unworthy of the Divine heart. They find play in man's imperfect nature, where love is weak and liable to be vanquished by adverse influences; but in Heaven's perfect love they can find no place. If then God is never angry, how can He forgive? If He ever dwells affectionately in the heart of the wicked sinner, how can He take him back? There can be no re-admission where there has been no expulsion; no forgiveness where there has been no cessation of love. Eternal and unchangeable love is as far removed from forgiveness as heaven is from earth. Let our love then be as Heaven's love, steady, enduring and above all irritation, ever full, ever sweet, indulgent towards generous friends as well as bitter foes. And may we always be so kind to our enemies and persecutors that we may be above the rule of forgiveness!

I have declared unto you and expounded the short and simple gospel whereby, I believe, India will be saved. You will perhaps ask me what is my authority for the doctrine I have enunciated. I can assure you, I have the very authority of God Himself for this gospel of love. The doctrine I have laid before you bears the stamp of the Divine seal. I preach no theory of my own invention; I am not imposing upon you novel ideas manufactured in my own mind. I have told you what I have heard from the lips of the Divine Teacher. If it were not so I would hesitate to offer my views. But as I possess the highest credentials and can cite the very authority of Heaven, I speak confidently and without wavering. Here is no deception. I am not drawing upon my imagination, but am stating a fact and a reality. Yes, the Lord has said unto me in the recesses of my heart that by faith in "I am" and the love of God and man shall we be saved. It is not to me a second-hand revelation, but my own heart has heard and therefore believed. My consciousness bears witness to the divinity of this gospel of salvation. With power has the Lord uttered it. And with irresistible power has it come upon me, riveting my faith and allegiance, and constraining me to go and preach it. Therefore will I preach it and proclaim it so long as I live, that I may vindicate the truth and magnify Him from Whom I have learnt it. But is it to me alone that the Lord has revealed this truth and confided this message? Ask humanity. Believers in all ages have heard this same truth in their own hearts, and to-day it is possible for every sinner like myself to hear it by faith if he is so inclined and prepared. In fact the universal consciousness of humanity bears testimony to it, and I challenge any one here present to dispute it. When I affirm that by love alone, that love which effects a complete absorption of the soul in Divinity and humanity, shall man be saved, I speak truth and nothing but the truth. I say what humanity has always said, and what the Divine

Teacher says unto all. Love is the fulfilling of all religion and morality; love is redemption, saith the Lord. To dwell in love is to dwell in heaven. Accept then the gospel of love as the gospel of universal redemption.

In commending this doctrine of holy and regenerating love, I am sure I do not run the risk of propounding any wrong theory or leading you into the dangerous paths of error or unbelief. I have borne witness to the Truth, and if you, friends and countrymen, accept what I have said, it will undoubtedly conduce to your spiritual welfare. I cherish no misgivings in this matter. But I fear I may run some risk, after what I have said, in quite another direction. I apprehend I may be accepted as a teacher by unthinking thousands among my countrymen. They may turn round to me, and pointing to the scheme of salvation I have set forth, say,—we shall accept you as our teacher, for you profess to have received from Heaven the light of our salvation. This may mean a compliment, and many are its temptations. But to me it is repulsive, and the Lord directs me to repel the offer as a snare and a danger. You know how in India religion has degenerated into hero-worship. How many misguided fanatics have asserted preposterous claims to the position and privileges of spiritual guides! How many really good and estimable devotees have been exalted by their disciples to the rank of infallible teachers! How the worship of ten thousand gurus, some of them the worst and meanest of men, has deluged the country with error, falsehood and corruption! Looking upon this painful spectacle, my heart naturally shudders and recoils from the thought of setting up as a teacher. I shrink back from the awful responsibilities which attach to the position of a religious guide. Nay without any hestitation or equivocation I can emphatically assure you that I am *not* a teacher, and will never be a teacher unto my countrymen. He who regards me as a teacher is guilty of a lie and a blasphemy, inasmuch as he sets aside the authority of God, and establishes in its place the authority of man. It is as true that I am not amongst you as a teacher as that I live. If you believe in God, believe that He has not commissioned me to be an infallible guide unto you. The very gospel which I have laid before you denies my mission as a teacher. Remember then that by accepting it you are inviolably bound to ignore any authority I may claim as your priest and guide. The very creed my mouth has preached to-day disowns me, and points to God alone as the source of all truth. If you exalt me as a teacher, and then falling down before me accept every utterance of mine as a divine message, you do so at the risk of debasing yourselves and jeopardizing your highest interests. That would be false, impious, and extremely pernicious. You will perhaps say, this is nothing but humility and modesty, so common among professed preachers. I say candidly, I claim neither humility nor honor before my countrymen. I am not in the least anxious that you should credit me with extraordinary self-abasement or self-esteem. I simply state a fact. I have said what I am without being sentimental. All that I contend for is this, that whatever truth there may be in my teachings should be accepted and followed not for my sake, but for the sake of the truth itself. Let not my name carry the weight of authority. Let truth command assent for its own sake. I do not hesitate to admit that I have presented to you this evening some of the highest truths of religion and morality. But do I wish that you should accept them because I have taught them? Far from it. I wish to be judged. Let my doctrines undergo the severest scrutiny. Go home, sift and weigh every word I have said, carefully ponder every principle I have enunciated, and then adopt whatsoever truth will bear such thorough testing, and reject whatsoever will be proved wrong. Not one word that goes forth from my lips should find acceptance among my countrymen unless it be approved by the Spirit of God in them. It is for Heaven to decide whether I am right or wrong, and by Heaven's judgment I am ready to stand or fall. Accept the Lord as your only Master and Teacher, and let His spirit within you judge every word that comes from man. It is alike your interest and duty, my friends, to discountenance my personality and deny all human authority, in dealing with those sacred matters of faith upon which your salvation depends. Sure I am that the Lord will vindicate the truths which I have presented to you, for they are His truths, and not mine. And it is because I cherish this firm conviction that I cannot but smile at the impotent threats and opposition of my antagonists. In the way of Heaven's dispensation in India men have planted thorns innumerable, as they always do. That truth which has been sent to us for our salvation is already confronted by thousands of formidable enemies. The light that has risen in the east after centuries of national degradation is bedimmed with dark clouds. Indeed many there are who have girded up their loins, and are doing desperate battle with God Almighty to shatter His dispensation, if possible, and bring His saving counsel and work to nought. Such opposition is inevitable. But it need not excite fear in the breasts of God's soldiers. For it will only have the effect of strengthening and accelerating the work of reformation. In the economy of Providence opposition, far from extinguishing, sets ablaze the torch of truth by shaking it. Am I afraid of those who have conspired to resist the progress of the true gospel? Depend upon me, the Lord shall confound and discomfit them, and His truth shall prevail at last. I do not say there has been persecution of a very serious or deadly type in this country. Far from it. Thanks to the British flag only a mild form of persecution is possible in these days. And yet it is of an insidious and poignant type. Have I not been slandered and abused, for some years past, in the cruellest manner, and has not the vilest calumny been heaped upon the men and women who have taken shelter under the present dispensation? Most scandalous charges have from time to time been brought against us, which if true would render us odious and detestable in the estimation of all mankind. I repudiate these unfounded and false imputations with a clean conscience. Far be it from me to attempt a personal vindication. The righteousness of the cause I advocate and the purity and sincerity of my motives will vindicate themselves in the course of time. The bitterest invectives, the foulest calumny cannot pollute my character so long as I am true to conscience and God. The most formidable antagonism cannot intimidate me so long as the invincible hand of God Almighty upholds me and my work. Countrymen, do you accuse this man before you of being an enemy of God and truth? Do you charge me with infusing into the minds of native youths dangerous doctrines, calculated to jeopardize the moral and social interests of the country? Do you think that I am actuated by sordid motives, and that my preachings are the preachings of a hollow-hearted hypocrite? Do you take me to be an impostor? You may revile me and assail me with the poisoned daggers of public calumny and secret malice, but you cannot impede my work, for it is God's work. Nor can you injure my character, for it is safe in the hands of Him whom I serve. I appeal to my God most humbly, and I am sure He will vindicate me and my friends from the foul impeachment to which we have, from time to time, been subjected. O God! judge Thy servants, and justify Thou Thy holy cause. Yes, often have I called upon my God for justice and solace, and blessed be His name, He has positively and distinctly assured me that I do not stand convicted before His throne. If God then, the holy dispenser of Justice, acquits me, there is not one among the sons of men who can convict me. If the words I have said be, as I believe they are, words of truth, they shall outlive all opposition and opprobrium. They shall live when I and my opponents have passed away. This is truth eternal, that salvation cometh by worshipping the living God and serving men with self-denying love. Though the earth and heavens pass away, not one word of this eternal gospel shall pass away. There is then no cause of fear or anxiety my brethren, and we who have been entrusted with this saving message and charged to bring its light to the millions of our suffering countrymen, must go forth boldly on our sacred errand. We will not tremble even if all the artillery of the world's persecuting wrath be levelled against us. Come all friends and well-wishers of India, and let us work earnestly and prayerfully, each in his respective sphere of Heaven-appointed duty, for the ultimate regeneration of the country. Come all ye whom God has called to the work, and discharge your respective duties under the guidance of Providence, so that His beneficent purposes may be fulfilled in this land. England's Queen, India's Empress, noble-hearted Viceroy, and all ye statesmen, legislators, governors, judges and commissioners, who have charge of the political administration of India, ye Native patriots, philanthropists and reformers, endeavour to discharge this sacred trust which India's God has reposed in you, with commensurate zeal, unflinching devotion, and self-denying enthusiasm. Let us all unite to work out the high objects of the present dispensation as co-laborers in a common cause. The light of heaven has dawned upon our fatherland. May we all labor and pray so that the light may shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, and bring joy and peace and salvation into the homes of all men in this blessed land !

O God, my Father, Thou Helper of the helpless and Saviour of nations ! bless the light Thou hast vouchsafed to my country unto the salvation of Those for whose benefit Thou hast sent it. Teach us to see Thy presence and hear Thy voice and so love Thee and our brothers and sisters that self may be altogether lost in holy communion. Loving Father, my countrymen and countrywomen are dear unto me, deliver and sanctify them for Thy mercy's sake.

# OUR FAITH AND OUR EXPERIENCES.

I VERILY believe that, when Jesus Christ was about to leave this world, he made over the sacred portfolio of the ministry of his Church to the Holy Spirit. To every true believer this significant surrender of his trust must appear to have been dictated by heavenly wisdom, sagacity, foresight and loving kindness. It was, indeed, most important and desirable that the Prophet of Nazareth should do so. At that solemn hour, when the disciples were about to lose the light of their eyes and the light of their hearts; when the great luminary that had been shining in the firmament of the religious world was about to set, and darkness and confusion threatened to swallow the world; when with sorrowful hearts the disciples were casting their last glance upon him whom they had always loved as their father and friend, their joy and hope,—I say, at that solemn hour of separation, it was not only necessary but quite natural that a successor should be announced. No true leader can part with his devoted followers without arranging for their future guardianship. It would be cruel to do so. And surely Christ, with his loving and compassionate heart, could not take leave of his weeping disciples without commending them into the arms of a fit successor. Did not their eyes, as they tearfully looked up to him, indicate deep sorrow and utter helplessness, and did he not read in their throbbing hearts most gloomy anxieties and fears about the future? Ah! their dejected looks seemed to ask their departing master: "Into whose hands, good shepherd, wilt thou consign the helpless sheep of thy fold? Who will hereafter nurse and feed these thy children?" And so Jesus spoke, in response, naming him who was to sit in his place. Whom did he announce as the future minister of his Church and the future guide of his disciples? It was the Holy Spirit, and none other, "even the Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father." "Let not your heart be troubled," said he lovingly to his disciples, "neither let it be afraid; I will not leave you comfortless." Thus saying he described the functions of his great Successor. He was to be their Teacher, their Comforter and their Guide for ever. "I will pray the Father," said Jesus, "and he shall give you another Comforter that he may abide with you for ever." "I have yet many things to say unto you," he solemnly added, "but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth; and he will show you things to come." These are important utterances, fraught with deep meaning, which the world has yet to realize. Gentlemen, was Christ's work over and his heavenly mission closed, when the last mournful scene on Calvary was enacted? Was every thing really finished when Jesus uttered his last words: "It is finished?" No. His life on earth was over, but his work was not completed. The great and glorious work of human redemption, so well begun by him, was far from being consummated. It needed to be supplemented and perfected. The Church he built was incomplete, and was very far from reaching his ideal. He had taught many truths indeed, but much yet remained to be taught; nor were the disciples yet prepared to receive any further lessons. A great deal of the new gospel of salvation which he had come to teach was yet veiled, but which could not be revealed, as none seemed fit to receive it. More light the world needed for its redemption, but more light it could not bear now. Who was to give this new light? Who was to carry on and complete those sacred teachings which Christ began, for the benefit of his disciples and the world at large? Alas! those lips were soon to be closed from which the stream of saving wisdom has so long flowed, but which precluded expectations of further teaching by saying: "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." Who then was to reveal to an anxious and sinful world these "many things?" The Holy Ghost, said Christ. Let us reverently bow, and say, Amen. The Living Spirit, coming down from the Father Himself, and speaking in His name, was to guide the disciples and the world "into all truth." To no earthly teacher, to no written record, are we referred for a fuller message of salvation. No apostle, however pure, no disciple, however wise, was named by Christ as his successor. In clear and unmistakable language he named the Holy Spirit as the future minister of his Church. The disciples were commanded to rely henceforth upon this Spiritual Guide for their future education and sanctification. Not in any outward Church, not from the lips of any human teacher, but in the dark chambers of the heart, and at the feet of the Unseen and Infinite Spirit of God must they seek wisdom, love and purity. In the days of tribulation and trial they were to look up to Him as their Comforter and Friend. In moments of doubt and vacillation they were to repair to Him as their Teacher. In the season of scarcity and want they were to seek the needful supply of spiritual provisions in His inexhaustible store-house within. And when men persecuted them, they were to fight under

Him as their Captain, and bear witness to the truth in His name. They were to adore the Spirit, converse with the Spirit, learn of the Spirit, and be baptised by the Spirit with the spirit of truth. After enunciating solemnly and publicly this great Doctrine of the Succession, Christ made over his beloved disciples and calmly resigned his ministry into the hands of Him from Whom he had received them. In a most solemn and touching prayer the loving Jesus said to his Father : "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do. Now I am no more in the world. Holy Father ! keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given me. Sanctify them through Thy truth." And so the Heavenly Father, as soon as Christ departed from the world, took all his devoted disciples under the direct guardianship and inspiration of His Holy Spirit, and His living Providence became unto them at once their Guardian, Comforter, Teacher and Saviour.

The most orthodox Christian divine need not be ashamed of so true and elevated a doctrine as this. Let no Christian think it unchristian to believe that the Holy Spirit of God is the true and living head of Christ's Church, the source of all inspiration now and for ever, and that from Him a fuller revelation of saving truth is yet to come than what has been vouchsafed to the world through Christ and recorded by the Evangelists. In Christ's own words is to be found the best and most unimpeachable authority for such a doctrine. To the Holy Spirit of God then let all Christendom bow.

The entire history of Christianity bears testimony to the doctrine of God's Spirit. Did not the Jewish Prophets proclaim in thrilling language the ancient Spirit-God of the universe ? Did not Moses receive the Decalogue on Mount Sinai from the

Unseen Jehovah? Did not Daniel converse with the Holy Spirit? Did not Jeremiah and Isaiah hold communion with Him? There was no material Divinity. To no visible idol were the prayers of their hearts addressed. To the Spirit they spoke, and the Spirit replied to them. But why go back to Jewish history for evidence on this point? Was the Spirit-God recognised and worshipped, and was His glory sung by Jewish Prophets alone? Later on we find Saint Paul speaking frequently and emphatically of the operations of God's Spirit in sanctifying and converting the human heart. "As many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God." In the Epistles of Saint Paul we find abundant and frequent testimonies to the action of the Unseen Spirit on the heart, testimonies which to this day constitute the main-stay of the spirituality of the Christian Church, and sustain the souls of thousands of Christian devotees with spiritual strength and comfort. But why do we go to the apostles and prophets of distant ages and climes in quest of the Spirit-God? The banner of the Great Spirit was not hoisted on Jewish or Christian soil alone.

India sang the glory of the Eternal Spirit in the remotest period of history. Long has our nation been familiar with the Param Atma, the Supreme Spirit, and the light wherewith thousands of cultivated Brahmins recognise Him and adore Him throughout India is all their own, drawn from their own scriptures and their own sages. If you search the ancient scriptures of the Hindus, you will find there the most sublime and beautiful conceptions of the Great Spirit; you will meet with sparkling texts pointing to Him Unseen. In India more than in any other country, in the Hindu scriptures more than in any other scripture, have the attributes of this Spiritual Divinity been elaborately and minutely depicted. In fact repeated and glowing descriptions of an all-pervading Spirit-God constitute the theology of primitive Hinduism. Do not misunderstand me. I do not stand here as an apologist for the numerous errors and absurdities, the pantheism and polytheism, the rites and ceremonies, which defile the primitive sacred literature of our race. I do not even take them into account ; far be it from me to vindicate them. I am not now discussing the Hindu's scheme of salvation. But I speak only of the central and towering truth of early Hinduism, the truth of the One Unseen Spirit. And of this none can speak except in the language of the most enthusiastic advocacy. It is not the sentiment of blind patriotism, but truth, well attested truth, that constrains me to admire the Hindu's conception of the Eternal and Bodiless Spirit. Go back to the Vedic period of Indian history, when idol-worship was altogether unknown, and you will be struck to find how the ancient Rishis communed devoutly and joyfully with the Supreme Spirit in the inner sanctuary. That wonderful book, the Rig Veda, the earliest record of the Aryan faith, presents rich treasures of Spirit-worship. How sublime are such texts as these !—" Who knows the Primitive Person ? Who is there that has seen Him, who is there that has revealed Him?" " He is the Father of our parents and is resplendent. He is even inherent in the indestructible world within. He is the only fountain of truth." " By His own might has the Lord established the mountains and caused the waters to flow downwards. He upholdeth the world, and by His own wisdom doth He keep the heavens above from falling down." The evidences of spiritual communion with Pure Spirit thicken as you come down to the later and more philosophical disquisitions known as the Upanishads. Everywhere in these books you meet the All-Holy Spirit; every page almost reveals Him. One feels weary as he goes through these volumes of the Vedanta, which contain nothing but reiterated descriptions of the Supreme Brahma. How the Upanishads magnify the Supreme Spirit will appear from such striking passages as these: "He moves, He moves not; He is far, He is near too; He is within these, He also dwells without." "Smaller than the smallest is the Supreme Spirit, and greater is He than the greatest. He dwells in the hearts of living beings. He who is free from sorrows, perceives the Lord who transcends the senses, and beholds His glory through His Grace." "He hath no hands and yet He holdeth; He hath no eye and yet He seeth; He hath no ear and yet He heareth." "He whom the Brahmins praise is the eternal Brahma." These precious truths have we received from our venerable ancestors. Richer far than gold and silver is the doctrine of the Spirit-God they have bequeathed unto us as a heavenly legacy. A God not of clay or stone, not fashioned by mortal hands, not spun of delusive fancy, but the Real Spirit-God, immanent in the universe and in the inmost soul, that God, recognised all over India as Brahma, has been revealed to us by our forefathers. Ye venerable Rishis and devotees of ancient India! —at your holy feet modern India lays her humble tribute of gratitude for this priceless legacy! Gentlemen, was the God of our forefathers a mere metaphysical abstraction, a prolongation as it were into the outward universe of men's intellectual consciousness? Was their Deity nothing but thin air or a romantic fancy? I emphatically say, no. It was the reality of God-head that our ancestors sought and worshipped. Did they renounce the world, its riches and pleasures and honors in quest of some aerial phantom? Did they sacrifice their all for a fiction? Did they leave father, mother, wife and children, and go into solitary retreats but to indulge in a mere idea? No, that cannot be. If they erred at all, they erred in making too much of the encompassing presence of the Supreme Spirit, a presence they saw and felt, and in which they often merged and lost self. Their consciousness of the real presence of God was so overpowering as to kill self-consciousness, and their communion was in many cases nothing but pantheistic absorption. They never recognised an unreal divinity. Never. They rather magnified the dazzling reality of their God so far as to deny their own reality. In their prayers and addresses to the Deity, in their daily meditations and in their manifold spiritual exercises, we find neither fancy nor frenzy, neither abstract metaphysics nor lifeless theories, but a thrilling and direct intercourse with a burning reality. They did not dream, but they saw. They imagined not, but they handled the Great Spirit. To them God was as "a fruit held in the clutches of the hand;"—"karatala nyasta amalaka vat." They also spoke of Him as a shining light, so vivid was their perception of His real presence. The Spirit-God was not only a bright Reality to our forefathers, but He was also a Loving Personal Reality. Not only did they see Him with the eye of faith, but they also held Him in their hearts. In the Rig Veda the Lord is spoken of as a friend "whose friendship is sweet." He is "a friend, a father, and the most fatherly of fathers;"—"Sakha pita pitritama pitrinam." Such an expression, quite unusual, as "the most fatherly of fathers," cannot fail to strike even the most prejudiced reader of the Hindu scriptures as offering conclusive evidence of the affectionate relations in which India's ancient devotees stood to their God. Nay their conceptions rose higher still, and even recognised the Motherhood of God. The Deity is represented both as father and mother of mankind. "Twam hi na pita vaso twam mata." Let none then say that the ancient Hindus worshipped an abstract deity.

Let us now dismiss the past; let us take leave of ancient dispensations, and come down to modern times to see things as they are to-day. What is it that we behold around us? The Theists of modern India, we see, are worshipping this Great Spirit-God in their temples and also in their homes. They adore no visible divinity, but worship and serve the unseen and intangible Spirit of God. Strange it is, yet true, that for this they have been ridiculed and charged with atttempting an impossibility. Even educated men of the present day have not hesitated to pronounce them thoughtless adorers of a metaphysical absurdity. The Infinite Spirit is said to be inconceivable and unknowable. Philosophy banishes the Infinite from the domain of thought, and places Him far above the reach of human thought and cognition. The very laws and conditions of thought preclude the possibility of a conception, however remote, of absolute and unconditioned Spirit. To think Him is to think Him away. God as a pure Spirit, whom neither the senses can apprehend nor the mind conceive, is altogether unknowable.

Such is the verdict of the so-called philosophy of modern times. Against this startling and pernicious doctrine every true Theist must declare his most emphatic protest. It is possible for man, in spite of the limitations of thought, to apprehend pure

Spirit. It is absurd to say that if we are to realise Divinity at all, we must clothe Him with flesh, and invest Him with the form and attributes of humanity, so as to bring Him within the reach of our thought and sympathy. It is equally absurd to contend that if we abandon the idea of worshipping God in a human or other visible shape, we must as an inevitable consequence rush into the regions of the absolutely unknowable. Experience has proved that it is not impossible for the finite soul to realise and worship the Infinite Soul, "in spirit and in truth." In the consciousness of the true devotee the Divine Spirit shines as a Reality infinitely more real than the small realities of the world around us. I speak not of possibilities only, but of veritable facts. The weak and credulous may bow before idols, the sceptical may complacently dismiss divinity from their minds as simply inconceivable, but the spiritually-minded have in all ages worshipped the Pure Spirit. Nay, they have even loved the unseen Spirit with the warmest and sweetest love. Reverently do I bow to the dictum of philosophy that the finite mind cannot even by its highest stretch conceive the Infinite Mind, and that He must always remain an incomprehensible though an admitted reality. Yet in the same breath, and with equal reverence, must I proclaim the fact that the higher spiritual nature of man can and does clearly perceive and passionately love a mere unseen Presence. Nay in such perception there is just as much vividness and as much fervour of personal attachment as an idolater manifests towards his visible idol or a hero-worshipper towards his hero. Do you not see this verified in the religious consciousness of modern India? The Theists, individually and as an organized community, have not only revived the worship of the Spirit-God of the ancient Aryans, but are found to be possessed in a great measure of the sentiments and feelings of later idolatry. It is not to be denied that Puranic or idolatrous India has, with all her prejudices and superstitions, and her vast pantheon peopled with millions of divinities, contributed to throw upon the Spirit-God of Aryan India such charming colors as have made Him peculiarly dear to modern Theists. As we roll down the stream of time from ancient to modern India, we are indeed grieved to find how amidst successive changes a higher and purer faith has gradually degenerated into debasing forms of idolatry and superstition, and how in consequence of the later corruptions of Hinduism the country has gone down century after century in a course of moral and spiritual decadence. And yet marvellously has God's Providence evolved light out of darkness, truth out of falsehood. Out of evil cometh good. Out of idolatry has been extracted the sweetness of Theism. It may seem strange, yet nevertheless it is true, that even the curse of idolatry has proved a blessing to us. To the myriad gods and goddesses of India, to the Mahabharata, the Ramayana, and all the legends of Hindu mythology we owe a debt of gratitude. It is these divinities, however unreal, that have called forth the varied affections of the Hindu mind. The worshippers of Rama and Krishna, whatever their errors, have worshipped their gods with hearts full of devotional feelings. The devoted Vaishnava lives in the midst of an overflow of deep sentiments. Personal feelings towards a visible and personal divinity, the warmest sentiments of gratitude, the sweetest feelings of love, filial tenderness and friendly communion abound in the heart of the Hindu idolater. And this exuberance of devotional sentiments our Puranic ancestors have taught us. Their errors and prejudices we pity, their idolatry and superstition we shun as darkness, but their intense love, reverence and faith we gratefully honor and imitate. If the ancient Vedic Aryan is gratefully honored to-day for having taught us the deep truth of the Nirakar or the Bodiless Spirit, the same loyal homage is due to the later Puranic Hindu for having taught us religious feelings, in all their breadth and depth. In the age of Monotheism and Pantheism, in the days of the Vedas and the Vedanta, India was all communion. In the age of the Puranas India was all emotion. The highest and best feelings of religion have been cultivated under the guardianship of specific divinities to whom they were directed, and they have grown with wild luxuriance and in all imaginable varieties. With a deity before the eye to see and adore, every good feeling of which man's nature is capable has started into life and developed into full bloom. Holy fear, stern justice, warm gratitude, charity, patriotism, philanthropy, conjugal love, filial tenderness, fraternal attachment, and the utmost kindness towards animals have grown profusely on Indian soil in the days of idolatry. Through this deluge of feeling the Spirit-God of primitive India has had to pass before reaching our souls. The most absorbing spiritual communion has come to us through a garden of fragrant sentiments, redolent of sweetness. Misunderstand me not, gentlemen. I praise the subjective, not the objective, the sentiment of the worshipper, not the object worshipped. False deities I disown and scornfully repudiate. But the wealth of sentiment, the sweet flower of love, I dare not despise. The Hindu is unsurpassed in religious passions, and as loyal descendants and zealous patriots we must acknowledge and cherish these with profound thankfulness. Fellow-Theists, ye have done well in accepting the Spirit-God of the ancient Hindu and the tender heart of the later Hindu. Let us rejoice that Providence has enabled us to do this. Let us rejoice that we are not roaming through a desert of dreary rationalism of dreamy idealism, with an unseen and shadowy vastness overhanging us, but that we are marching to the kingdom of love with a Real and Personal God fixed in the depths of our affections. No one can deny, even the casual observer cannot overlook the fact, that in the modern Theistic Church the feeling-element is most strong. Its excessive prevalence has led many a superficial critic to charge us with mysticism. What does this accusation mean ? Certainly it does not mean that our faith is dry and rationalistic, and that we worship a shadow with heartless metaphysics. Mysticism means not the absence, but the excess of devotional fervour. It is something that the accusers of modern Theism in India cannot charge it with upholding and preaching the worship of a dry divinity. They rather accuse it of too much sentiment and too much love towards the Unseen Spirit. If Indian Theists err, they err on the side of exuberance, not absence of feeling. It is the luxury, not the scarcity of emotion that renders them liable to censure. Well then, let it be proclaimed that in the natural course of progress in this country, a small band of Spirit-worshippers have sprung up, who can love the Invisible and Unknowable One with all the passionate love of an idolater. It will not do to say that these Theists simply love God. No, they can love the Unseen and Intangible Spirit as warmly, as tenderly, as the idolater loves the tangible idol and the visible incarnation. Into the heart of the Indian Theists the Holy Spirit has come as a charming Personality, and his advent is being celebrated by hundreds of men and women in this land with all the poetry of enthusiastic love. Charming did I say? Yes, most charming is the Spirit of God. Were it not so, I would not say so to you. Let those that have eyes see that here in India, in the national Theistic Church, though there is no visible divinity, no graceful form to please the eye and gladden the imagination, no heavenly voice speaking behind the clouds, the pure Spirit of God fascinates the hearts of worshippers by His unspeakable spiritual beauty. Hundreds around you revel in joy—a blessed sight—for having found a God who is unto them a good God, a very good God, an excellent God, sweeter than sweetness. Is the Spirit-God really fascinating to the eye and dear to the heart? Modern Indian Theism joyfully replies—Yes.

Simple and short is the creed of the Theistic Church in India. Its entire faith may be evolved out of this natural consciousness of the Living Spirit-God. Let us now proceed to analyze the Theist's creed. There are only three essential doctrines in Theism—the doctrine of God, the doctrine of immortality, and the doctrine of conscience. These three constitute the Theist's creed. And yet they are not three doctrines, but one doctrine. They are the constituent elements of one idea, and must be accepted or rejected together. Whoever believes in the Infinite and Living Spirit-God must perforce accept, as a necessary part of that doctrine, the immortality and accountability of the human soul. The genesis of the doctrine of the next world is deeply interesting. Theological students are in the habit of dissociating this doctrine from that of the God-head. There are some who altogether deny the next world while believing thoroughly in the existence of a Creator. This seems to me quite as illogical and absurd as to take one half and disown the other half of the same truth. I question the wisdom of searching for separate proofs of the existence of the future world. What better proof can there be of our immortality than the facts of God's existence? He who believes in the Living God has already tacitly believed in the next world. In fact the two doctrines are inseparably linked together in the depths of our being. The idea of immortality lies potentially in the idea of the God-head, and requires only to be evolved out of it. The infinite Father above and the eternal home before, meet in one focus in the eye of faith, and may be said to be apprehended together in the intuitive consciousness. In natural religion, in Pure Theism, there can be no divinity without a future world, no immortality without a divinity. The intuitive eye raised above beholds God; directed forward it sees its future home in the next world. A father without a home, a home without a father, that is an anomaly against which nature rebels. A more philosophical analysis of Theistic faith gives us as the last fact a deep sense of dependence, in which both these doctrines have their root. The soul in the earliest dawn of faith feels that it depends, for life and for everything else, upon the living God. "In Him we live and move and have our being" is the primitive creed of the infant soul. And in this you see already the root idea of immortality. The soul feels that its life is in God, and shall continue to be in God. I live in the Infinite Vital Power,—here you have the doctrine of God. I will continue to live in that power,—here you have the doctrine of immortality. If we have then no life apart from God, we cannot but regard Him and our future existence as one integral fact. How can you separate the one from the other ? Nay, by rejecting the doctrine of immortality, you virtually surrender all the important attributes of Divinity, and thus reject the true God. If there were no hereafter to supplement and perfect our life here, God's wisdom, power, mercy and justice would all be gravely impugned, and we would in fact have an imperfect and finite deity to adore and honor. Believe that the dissolution of the body is the last chapter in the history of man's life, and you banish the Great God from your theology. Thus both by positive and negative evidence all true believers are shut up to the alternative of accepting at one and the same time, and as parts of one indivisible truth, the doctrines of Divinity and immortality. As the Lord enters the heart of the devout believer, He brings with Him the future heaven, the house of "many mansions," where the moral world is completed, and where blessedness and glory everlasting await His children. If then you acknowledge Him, you must believe in that heaven, and strive to live righteously here, that you may worthily enter your place hereafter. Yes, you must live well and righteously. The doctrine of duty is inseparably connected with the two doctrines already mentioned, and these three form one integral truth. In the consciousness of the true believer God, Immortality and Duty form an indivisible unity of faith. The idea of the moral economy of the universe may be said to be made up of these three primary ideas. The moral law, the moral Governor and a life of moral discipline and recompense are simultaneously realized,—three in one, trinity in unity,—in human conscience, and none of these can be eliminated. How can he who solemnly realizes God and eternity trifle with the sacred obligations of duty? Daily and hourly must he feel his stupendous responsibilities to the Great Moral Governor. Faith and righteousness go together. Prayer without purity is a solemn mockery; devotion without duty is only the hypocrite's trade. Unreal is that man's faith who, professing to be godly and devout, transgresses the dictates of conscience in practical life, and under carnal impulses violates the laws of truth, justice and charity. There can be no true belief in God unless it is accompanied by the assiduous and rigid performance of the varied duties of life. Theism recognises no faith, how devout and prayerful it may be, which is not connected with righteous life. Gentlemen, you see how simple is the Theist's creed. Worship the Spirit-God, believe in immortality and live righteously,—this is all that the theology of our Church teaches. Do you require a longer creed? Would you have a more elaborate theology? Do you seek salvation in multiplied articles of faith? Do you believe that you must go through endless folios of academic divinity and traverse the vast field of historical theology before you reach heaven? Assuredly they who seek a scholarship must read a great many books. But he who seeks salvation will find it in this simple creed. Saving faith lies in a nutshell.

Experience teaches us that, if men have deep and firm faith in the living God, they have all that is essential to salvation. If you can realize the Great Spirit as an encompassing Reality, who is with you always, in your uprising and down-sitting, residing with you at home and moving with you abroad, conversing with you and quickening your very life and activity; if you can feel the encircling and vivifying presence of such a God, you will need no supplementary aid of dogmas and doctrines to carry you safely through life's dangers and temptations. The entire economy of religious life with its round of diverse duties, its details of doctrine and discipline, its rules of devotion, and the history of Divine dispensations, is certainly very large; but the seed, is extremely small out of which it grows. As the mighty tree lies potentially in a small seed, so volumes of theology and ethics lie hidden in a mustard seed of faith in the living God. Plant this seed in the heart, and under proper culture, it will grow into a huge tree, under whose widespread and shady branches ye shall gather and taste the fruits of immortality now and for ever. Verily there is no creed, no doctrine but God. He is all in all. To the believer He is everything—scripture, doctrine, church and salvation. Why do we call the Lord our Saviour? Is He not our salvation too? What is salvation but to believe and live in God Almighty? In the highest theology of the true believer God and heaven are convertible terms. It is true he seeks wisdom for his mind, love for his heart, and purity for his soul, but all these he finds in God. If we read God we have our scripture; If we live in Him we have joy and holiness and salvation. Who cares about a distant heaven apart from God? Fancy may paint it with rainbow colors, and adorn it with all conceivable beauty and sweetness, and thus make it altogether a blissful and romantic abode high above the clouds. To the stern eye of faith this bright picture of elysium is visionary, a pleasant dream, a splendid fiction, nothing more. The wishes, fancies and aspirations of all who live in the flesh, however religious they may be, will always fondly look forward to a land of joy, where all the pleasant objects and relationships of this life have been transferred. But the decrees of Heaven are not as men's wishes. Nor do the spiritually-minded covet a dream-land agreeable to the senses. They do not, as others do, pray to God for heaven hereafter; they pray to God for life in God, and deem any other heaven an impiety and a sacrilege. To live day and night in the Lord, with thoughts, feelings and deeds all centred in Him alone, that is what they seek as their heaven. Blessed are they whose souls always, and in all circumstances, dwell lovingly in the Lord, for they dwell in heaven. Indeed, there is heaven here as well as on the other side of the grave. Even in the midst of the pressing activities of business there is heaven. Even in earthly places shines the light of heaven. Are you engaged in the ordinary duties of domestic life surrounded by your family and children? Are you serving as a clerk in a mercantile office or as an apprentice in some manufactory? Are you inditing in the cabinet chamber elaborate minutes on complicated economic questions upon which hangs the fate of an entire nation? There, even there you may occasionally feel around you an encompassing heaven if the heart is with God. Wherever you may be, if the soul dwells in the All-Soul, you are in heaven! Say not of heaven, it is lo! here, lo! there, for it is within. If you keep near your God you cannot be far from heaven, for your God is your heaven. You need not repair to heaven there to meet the Heavenly Father, for wherever the Heavenly Father is, there surely is heaven. And where is He not? Above, below, here, there and everywhere is He. I turn to the right, He is here; I turn to the left, lo! He is there. How real, how sweet His presence! How thrilling, how solemn and holy! I tell you, brethren, in all seriousness, the Spirit of your Father encircles you as a holy and sweet presence. To be conscious of this is heaven. Cultivate in the depths of the heart this consciousness of a holy and loving Father and Friend encircling you by His arms, and you will feel as if you are in the Holy of Holies, and you will have nothing left to desire here or hereafter. It cannot be that you, who trust in the Great God and hold communion with Him, have never seen heaven, The truth is, we have seen it now and then, but have forgotten it, and dismissed it from our thoughts and aspirations. Men often realize heaven during prayer and communion, but they lose it as soon as they enter upon worldly avocations. If we could, by proper culture, always keep alive the consciousness of the in-dwelling spirit of God, and cherish it in all places and amid the varied duties of life, we would assuredly live altogether in heaven. Strive then, my friends, to realize this spiritual heaven as a present reality, by living entirely in the Spirit-God, and banish all illusory dreams of a distant paradise above the clouds. Believe that God is heaven, and seek heaven in God. Remember that he is a true believer who seeks no other heaven but God. How beautifully is the Hindu idea of a true devotee set forth in the Bhagavata! There the Lord describes His own devoted disciple in language such as this: "My devotee is satisfied with me, and he feels on all sides heavenly sweetness, his heart has been surrendered to me, and he desires nothing besides me. Even salvation he desires not, and even the heavens above he despises." Such is the character of one whose heart is in the Lord, and who loves Him with such singleness of aim as to disdain not only all the kingdoms of the earth but even the kingdom of heaven above. He rejoices in God always, his Saviour and his Salvation too.

Now my friends, I have held up before you the ideal of our simple faith—a faith not novel or original. It is the oldest of all creeds and the simplest of all creeds. We believe in the One Spirit-God, in life eternal and in duty, three doctrines which again are summed up in one fundamental doctrine—Life in God. Such is our faith. What are our experiences ?

Here my heart trembles and my mind seems to falter. In truth, I cannot speak of our experiences except with some degree of diffidence and hesitation, sorrow and shame. I have told you, my friends, that the Eternal Spirit-God is guiding us into all truth. It is He who has called us, animated and bestirred our hearts, guided and cheered us in our daily struggles and conflicts with the temptations of life. At home the Spirit-Father, the Spirit-Mother feeds us, and with tender care watches over our interests, and keeps us under a most loving and unwearied guardianship. In the Church the Spirit-Pastor preaches unto us, gives us holy counsel whereby the soul is enlightened and sanctified. In the battle-field of daily life, where a thousand deadly foes have to be confronted and vanquished, the Spirit-Captain with thrilling commands guides our movements and saves us from danger. Thus at all times the encompassing Spirit of God is our guide, refuge and comforter. We know no other master, we have no other guardian. Sure it is that we are marching under His guidance. But marching whither is the question ? Whither is the spirit of God leading India ? Towards the Brahmo Somaj ?

I say, no. To deny that Heaven is leading us onward to His holy Church would argue blind infidelity. You dare not deny that India is marching towards the Kingdom of Heaven. But the Brahmo Somaj, as it is, is not God's holy Church; it has no semblance whatever of the Kingdom of Heaven. Verily, verily, this Brahmo Somaj is a ridiculous caricature of the Church of God. Such an assertion may startle many here present, but it is nevertheless true. I should be the last person indeed to traduce or misrepresent my own Church. Surely, it is not expected of me that I should in the least underrate or disparage the Brahmo Somaj. Nay I feel I am partial to my own Church. And who is not? I love my Church, because all my best hopes for time and eternity are centred there. I cling to it affectionately, because my God has called me to it for my salvation and my country's, and I will fight for it because there is Divine truth in it. But I cannot suffer my partiality and fondness to run into blind bigotry and untruthful partizanship. Whatsoever in my Church God has hallowed by His sacred touch, let me honor and justify; but whatsoever in it is of man, carnal and earthy, I would be foremost in denouncing. I honestly tell you that this church I see before me to-day, known as the Church of Brahma or the supreme God, satisfies not my highest ideal of the true and living Church of God. It is, indeed, a pleasure to see men and women forsake idolatry and gather together in the Brahmo Somaj. And in their beaming countenances there is evidence enough of a desire to know truth and of a striving after a better life. It is also encouraging to find that these Brahmo Somajes are multiplying in different parts of the country, year after year, and thus extending the domain of light, and diminishing the area of darkness, unbelief and corruption. All this is real and cheering, and cannot fail to make us rejoice exceedingly. And yet I say these Brahmo Somajes and the men thereof are far from attaining the high standard of truth and goodness they profess. From old ancestral errors they have indeed gone far away, and are on the way to the true Church. But they have errors and weaknesses, sins and iniquities, of which they must be ashamed. They have, by their ignoble practices, dishonored their noble faith. Their own experiences are a melancholy commentary upon their creed. Their forty years' history is a sad and discouraging tale of how unfaithfully men behave in their actual lives in spite of their lofty professions. If, gentlemen, you wish to see a community where men have conspired to ignore their faith, sacrifice their consciences, and rebel against Heaven's ordinances, witness this Church, which has proudly set itself up in this country as the Church of God. Our experiences must be discouraging to those who seek a high order of purity in our community. The question is not, whether we are guilty of gross crimes and vices, but whether we have attained that high purity of character which our religion enjoins. Can you combat and vanquish the temptations of the world? Is there strength enough in your hearts to crucify the flesh? Is your will so strong that evil, of whatever form and degree, must succumb to it? Do we find every evening, upon close self-examination, that the day has been spent honestly and righteously, and that nothing impure has polluted the hand or the heart? If our deeds and words are pure, are our thoughts and wishes altogether clean? As we pass in review our daily experiences, how much alas! is disclosed which cannot fail to excite sorrow, remorse and self-condemnation! Charity, justice, meekness, forgiveness, veracity, philanthropy,—are these virtues to be found in an eminent degree among the men of our Church? Surely we have not given India what we promised. The Brahmo is not an example unto his countrymen and countrywomen. There is not enough love of truth in our intellectual pursuits and speculations. There is not enough brotherly love among our community. There is not enough purity in our individual lives. Ah! my friends, that all-embracing catholicity for which we wish the world to give us credit is sadly wanting in us. We are narrow, sectarian and exclusive. In short we are unworthy in every respect of the religion we profess. Is it not a subject of general complaint that our Church has not fulfilled the high expectations raised in the minds of men, both here and in other parts of the world? Do not thousands, pointing the finger of scorn and contempt at us, say,—Lo! these are they that promised great things but have belied their professions? Does not disappointed India, after being tantalized for years by our hollow professions, cry shame on us, unworthy Brahmos? Surely we cannot affect to be deaf to the vote of censure universally passed upon us by an intelligent and honest public. Nay our own consciences convict us. So there is condemnation within and without. We cannot ignore the festering sore, however much we may try to hide it. Far be it from me to flatter my own Church or my own people. Far be it from me to purchase public approbation with the price of untruthful self-glorification. Let our weaknesses and shortcomings, our wickednesses and iniquities be confessed and proclaimed, and let the world see us as we are, and when we are weighed in the balance and found wanting let us be condemned as we ought to be. If we have proved untrue to our God, our faith and our conscience, let generation after generation continue to condemn and rebuke us with deserved severity. Ah! we all of us need stern reproof that we may be corrected and chastened. Would you believe that there is not throughout the length and breadth of the Brahmo Somaj a single man or woman who has yet been saved? We have yet *to be* saved. We are marching towards salvation, but are very far from it. The Kingdom of Heaven is before, not behind. There is not one among us who can say, I have been saved. We are all in the bondage of iniquity, every one of us. There is none fully redeemed, no none at all. We are being sanctified by Divine grace, it is true, and every year finds us marching slowly towards our heavenly home; yet are we terribly unclean, and are far, very far, from that home.

Let us turn to our missionary experiences. How far have we succeeded in spreading truth among our countrymen? Small indeed is the measure of our success in this direction. For if the honest truth must be told, believe me, the masses of India yet remain outside our movement. We have not touched them. We have made little or no impression upon them of our holy faith. But a ray of hope comes from another quarter. Among the womanhood of India the influence of our Church is beginning to be felt in a marked manner. Behold the sister is following in the wake of the brother, and the wife is treading in the footsteps of the husband. The number of Theistic women in this country is, however, extremely small. In all India you will not find more than a handful of women who have boldly cast away idolatry, and who daily worship the Spirit-God with faith and love. Yet in this small band of female Theists every patriot must recognise a significant fact, and a power not to be despised. If woman's tender heart has been influenced and won by Theism, no one can object to it on the score of metaphysical dryness, and all must admit its charming simplicity and sweetness. Yes, the soft heart of the Hindu woman has been acted upon in a remarkable manner by the Spirit of God. You see her sitting side by side with her husband, and offering pure Theistic prayers to the invisible God, and singing the sweet hymns of our Church with a loving and joyful heart. It is a marvel that our faith, so eminently spiritual and philosophical, and devoid of all tangible symbols, has commended itself to the unsophisticated and untutored hearts of Indian women, simply because of the simple and sweet gospel of Divine love it embodies. Let us praise God for this, and let us trust that the handful of our sisters whom the Lord has brought into our Church, will be the means of organizing happy Theistic homes in India. You will perhaps ask me now what success we have achieved among the educated classes. What is the number of men in the higher and more cultivated ranks of society who have joined the Theistic Church? I know not. The number may be small or large according to the standard of faith and character we may apply. But of this I can assure you, that among the educated and enlightened Natives of India, barring those on the one hand who have formally embraced Christianity in some form, and those on the other hand who have either through doubt or worldliness sold themselves to unbelief, materialism, or positivism, all the others, and their number is legion, who have any interest in religion, and are alive to the deeper interests of their souls,—all such men, I say, are with us. I admit they are not all professed Brahmos. Many among them even hate the Brahmo name. Nay, they denounce many of our doctrines and movements, and look upon many of our teachings and practices as altogether false. With intense bitterness they treat us as their enemies, and seldom lose an opportunity of obstructing our work in various ways. Yet are they with us, fellow-members of the National Theistic Church. They may not subscribe to all the tenets of our theology, but its fundamental principles,—Divine unity, man's immortality, and accountability, they fully accept; idolatry and superstition they detest and abjure. Hence, if not in name, in spirit they are all Brahmos or Theists. That they object to the "Brahmo" name is perfectly immaterial, so long as they think, believe and act as Theists. Verily there is no fascination in that name. I myself would, at this very moment, disclaim it, if necessary. It is enough that these thousands and tens of thousands of educated Indians, here and in other parts of India, acknowledge and worship the One Spirit-God whom we glorify. They are our brothers and sisters in faith; they are co-workers with us in God's vineyard. They are all engaged, more or less, in upbuilding the True Church in India. They are all doing our work,—yes, every one of them. Those among them who deny us, revile us, persecute us, know not alas! what they are doing. They unconsciously, others consciously, are being led by the hand of Providence towards the True Theistic Church of the future. Under different names and different colours, they are all marching the same direction, under the guidance of the same Divine Captain. Whatever our differences and peculiarities, we are all moving onward like a great army under the banner of Theism. We are all moving onward, did I say? Those who are not fully with us may be said to be gradually advancing towards our Church. But are *we*, who have established ourselves upon a definite faith and are members of an organized Church, are we too moving on? Then you will perhaps say, our faith is uncertain, we have not yet found the truth, our light is in the future, and we are only groping in the dark, moving on, if haply we may find the truth. Ah! my friends, stagnation is not redemption; there is no glory in standing still but in marching on. If you ask me whether we have succeeded after forty years in crystallizing our doctrines, opinions and beliefs into a fixed creed I say, no. Nor do we mean to do so. To be shut up amid hard barriers of dogmas is not the heaven we seek. To work steadily on in free air and open light is our heaven. Who would stumble midway in his Godward course with the huge mill-stone of lifeless dogmas hanging round his neck? Now I tell you plainly we do not mean to stand where we are. Have we then not yet found the truth? We have, but we need more. Have we not seen the light? Yes we have, but how it shines unto the perfect day, we have yet to see. Dewdrops of heavenly joy and peace have we gathered and tasted, but the vast ocean of Divine joy still surges before us. Therefore we mean to go further and further, under the guidance of God, in the path of ever-increasing wisdom, love, purity and joy, never satisfied with what is achieved but always panting and struggling for fresh acquisitions. Our scripture is not closed, but fresh chapters are still being written, and added year after year. What the Lord will reveal to us ten years hence who knows save He? We thank Him for the revelation He has already vouchsafed unto us, but more He will yet reveal. So has He told us. Towards fuller light we shall, therefore, prayerfully and reverently press forward. March on, my friends, and do not stand still. Even if your prospects be gloomy and frightening do not ignominiously run away. Let every believer face the cannon's mouth like a true and brave soldier, and die the martyr's death, rather than surrender the banner of truth to the enemy. Hindu brethren, Christian friends, pray fervently and unceasingly for our welfare. Pray that the Lord may direct our steps. If you think we are in error, commend us to Him who removeth all error. If you think we ought to move in better paths ask the True Guide to direct us. We will not submit to your guidance; your shibboleths you need not impose upon us. Yet give us the benefit of your friendly and earnest prayers, and leave the issues in the hands of the Merciful Father who will lead us in His own way to truth and heaven. Let the devout and good of all nations bless us with their sympathy and prayer. Is not the path of the religious reformer in this country full of thorns, and will not dire difficulties beset his work for many years to come? Those who engage themselves in such a work must be prepared for the worst, and pay dearly for every inch of ground they win. Amidst the gloom and terror of such trying work it is indeed natural that the workers, a small and feeble band, should seek the sympathy of friends. But if such sympathy be not forthcoming, let the Lord's will be done. Let truth triumph in the midst of agony, bloodshed and death. Rest assured that the persecuted shall be justified at last, and God's devoted servants and faithful ambassadors, though reviled and hated by men, shall receive the crown of glory in heaven. Fellow-Theists, whether men smile or look frowningly upon you, whether they praise or persecute you, you must honor all, friends and foes alike, and go on humbly discharging your duty to your country and to your God, and learning truth even from those who are hostile to you. Let us remember that our Church is small, and yet in its infancy. Let us look upon our Hindu and Christian brethren as our elders, and humbly sit at their feet to learn those things in which they excel us. Brethren, check all desire of vain glory. Cast away proud antagonism and sectarian malice. In a candid and lowly spirit confess your faults and shortcomings, and freely give credit to other Churches for all the solid truths and excellent virtues which adorn them. And to you, gentlemen, who for one reason or another, are antagonistic to us, I would say one word before I resume my seat. Perhaps you remember the advice which Gamaliel, that great counsellor among the Jews, gave as to how the apostles were to be dealt with. "Then stood there up one in the council, a Pharisee, named Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, and said unto them, Ye men of Israel, take heed to yourselves, what ye intend to do as touching these men. . . . And now I say unto you, Refrain from these men, and let them alone : for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught : but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it ; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God." Christians, Hindus, Mahomedans, and men of other religious denominations, however hostile ye may be to these men, the Brahmos, ye should refrain from them, and let them alone. Ye may rest assured that if their teachings and their works be of men, they shall surely perish, and the Lord Himself shall confound His enemies. But if the work they are doing be the Lord's work, it is utterly beyond your power to discomfit them, however formidable ye may be. Ye shall not stand against the Almighty. Do not fight against these people, for by so doing ye may be fighting against God Himself. Therefore I say, " refrain from these people." That the country has been convulsed by some mysterious spiritual force you dare not deny. What is it that like a mighty wind drives these men, some here, some there, in the various cities of India, in a state of spiritual excitement towards a better place which the eye hath not yet seen ? Why this onward rush of small groups of pilgrim soldiers in different parts of the country ? Whence all this enthusiastic devotion among people who have no outward revelation, no articles of faith, no visible Church authority to bind or sustain them ? Verily, verily this mighty wind is the breath of God Almighty. Do you despise and ridicule our Church because it is a small thing, and therefore cannot be from God ? Remember that with God Almighty nothing is impossible, and that out of little things hath He always achieved wonders among the nations of the earth There is no power surely in numbers, but in the spirit of God. If half a dozen young men were imbued with the Holy Siprit, what would they not achieve ? What wonders would happen in these days if the Lord were to say, as He did of old, "on my servants and on my hand-maidens I will pour out in these days of my Spirit ?" Remember the day of Pentecost, when " suddenly there came a sound from Heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting." With such a general outpouring of the Holy Ghost, with such an outburst of apostolical enthusiasm, like "a rushing mighty wind," a handful of God's devoted servants will certainly work wonders in India. Will not our Heavenly Father vouchsafe unto our country a Pentecostal shower of His saving grace?

Lord, Bless Thy work here, and strengthen Thy servants, that truth may triumph in this land. Teach us to love each other in spite of differences of opinion. Gather all races and tribes, Kind God, in Thy fold, wherever it may be.

And now, my brethren, I commend you to my God and your God. May He bless you all for ever!

# PHILOSOPHY AND MADNESS IN RELIGION.

FOUR thousand years ago the burden of India's song was Meditation. To-day the war-cry of educated India, in its aggressive crusade against prevalent superstition and error, is Civilization. The cry of the first century was Madness ; but the watchword of modern Christian Europe is Philosophy. There is thus apparently a wide difference between ancient and modern faith. Is it possible, I ask you in all seriousness, to reconcile the difference and harmonize these two contending principles, madness and philosophy, meditation and civilization ? Are these substances heterogeneous or homogeneous ? Do they repel all attempts at reconciliation, or is it possible to place them under such favorable conditions as might gradually lead to their chemical fusion ? Must the war between apostolical faith and modern civilization last for ever, or is peace practicable ? It is certainly high time we should put forth our best efforts to settle this long pending suit—Madness *versus* Philosophy. But it would be hopeless, gentlemen, to expect justice if we put either of the litigants upon the bench. The settlement of the dispute is only possible by arbitration. Let us ask the saint and the philosopher to sit together, and, in solemn conclave, discuss both sides of the controversy, and so arrange and settle the mutual differences of the two parties that the rightful claims of each may be recognised, and its errors and absurdities proscribed. You cannot wholly destroy either philosophy or madness through blind partizanship. Whatever is true in each let us vindicate and accept. Do I mean Eclecticism? Yes. I believe it is possible to form an eclectic union of these two elements of religion in actual life, so that they may form one harmonious and indivisible unity, and not a mere combination of ill-assorted theological ideas. There is a strong and general feeling against that sort of eclecticism which affects to love and admire all systems of philosophy and religion, and proudly glories in latitudinarianism. I, too, share this feeling. I am a hater of theological eclecticism quite as much as you are. It is not theological, but religious eclecticism that I mean; not a cold intellectual recognition of all things and every thing true, but the deep spiritual assimilation of all forms of truth and goodness in life. That man who, having nothing of his own, only puts on "shreds and patches" of all kinds of theologies, must make himself as ridiculous as the man who would attempt to put himself forward as a citizen of the world, by adding to a genuine English coat and trousers a huge Madras turban, a Lucknow wrapper, and a pair of Bengal slippers! This would be a monstrous caricature of eclecticism, an absurd mixture of anomalous varieties of dress a miscellaneous warehouse, a proud array of incongruous nationalities. We want something more reasonable and consistent. The man who holds the Bible in one hand and the Koran in the other, may be praised and admired as an unbiassed latitudinarian, but surely he would not command respect among really thoughtful believers. We must go into the depths of his heart, and see whether the essential truths of these scriptures are blended in his character. True eclecticism assimilates, and not merely admires and approves. It denotes nothing but many-sided truth. In it all truths are as one truth. True eclecticism means unity of character, that solid unity in which all the elements of truth and goodness, as represented in different creeds and nationalities, are blended together and harmonized. The great secret of pure eclecticism is the reduction of many types and schools of thought to one truth, and apparent diversities of sentiment into harmony of character. The question is not, whether we commend both madness and philosophy, but whether they are susceptible of being so blended in the natural and normal condition of humanity, that there must always be madness in philosophy and philosophy in madness. I positively affirm that such is the case. The true believer, in whom all the elements of divine life have undergone a natural and healthy development, is at all times and in all circumstances a mad philosopher and a philosophical mad man. But what is madness after all? Am I not using an objectionable term—a term which to many a refined critic would certainly seem not altogether unexceptionable in this civilized age? By madness I mean heavenly enthusiasm, the highest and most intense spirituality of character, in which faith rules supreme over all the sentiments and faculties of the mind. By madness I mean that wild enthusiasm which defies all the opposition of the world and the antagonism of the flesh, and careers boldly in the path of everlasting and eternal progress. The difference between philosophy and madness is the difference between science and faith, between cold dialectics and fiery earnestness, between the logical deductions of the human understanding and the living force of inspiration, such as that which cometh direct from heaven. Mark the difference, gentlemen, and say whether it is such as can be reconciled. I believe that both are divine. Philosophy is divine, and madness too is divine. If madness means inspiration, and that holy and heavenly fire which animated the martyrs, prophets and great men in all ages, then spiritual madness has as much right to be regarded as a divine force as philosophy. I do not stand before you this evening as an apologist for either school. I advocate the claims of both. What I contend for is, that modern Philosophy must be, in matters spiritual, more enthusiastic and mad than it at present is, and that ancient madness and asceticism should be thoroughly combined with modern science and philosophy. This is all that I insist upon. Now, in advocating this spiritual union, I stand far above the charge of exclusiveness. I disclaim exclusiveness. What I advocate is not an exclusive, but an all-inclusive system of religious philosophy, which embraces the highest truths of science and the deepest sentiments of absorbing devotion, and excludes neither. I do not call upon you to abandon philosophy, but to add to it the madness of faith and sentiment. The alleged harmony of philosophy and madness may seem plausible as an abstract theory. But its chief value lies in its practical application to life and character. Let us, my friends, try to bring it home to our bosoms and business, by applying it to some of the great and prevailing questions of the day, in which we are all most deeply interested.

Let us take first of all that universally acknowledged truth about the three realities cognizable by man. True and unsophisticated philosophy recognizes a trinity of real objects,—Self, the World, and God ; or, to speak more philosophically, *Ego*, *Non-Ego*, and the Infinite. It is the denial of one or other of these three realities that has, as you are no doubt aware, flooded the world with manifold errors and mischievous theories and doctrines, and led to a plentiful crop of philosophical, theological, political and social evils, which it is painful to contemplate. You know how by wholly denying the reality of matter, men and entire communities have plunged themselves into the vortex of idealism and pantheism. Thousands, on the other hand, by denying mind have run into godless materialism. Others again, whose faith in the very foundations of philosophy was overturned by the shocking results of these two schools, rallied under the banners of undisguised scepticism; while a fourth school, driven away by a sort of panic, took shelter at last in the aerial citadels of mysticism, far above the reach of human reason, and there revelled in wild fancies and reveries. We find the philosophy of the world divided into sensationalism, idealism, mysticism and scepticism; and the history of ancient and modern philosophy is nothing but a record of the mutual struggles of these four contending schools. Have their protracted struggles come to an end? Does peace prevail in the camp of philosophy? You will scarcely deny that these are not questions of mere speculative and psychological importance. Round them gather our deepest moral and social interests. For each school has in the end gone beyond its legitimate province in the domain of philosophy, and encroached upon all departments of human speculations and practices. In the world's religions and politics, in social morals and æsthetics, in the church, in society and at home, you see the harmful influence of misguided schools of philosophy. You know that materialism and scepticism have gone so far as to eat into the vitals of society, and sap the very foundations of faith and morality. You know, too, how the mystics have banished reason altogether from their speculations as an unwelcome intruder, eschewed all active work as evil, and retired into the dark chambers of the heart to be wrapped up in a dreamy sort of existence. How can all this be remedied ? If these philosophical schools quarrel and perpetrate mischief in more ways than one, is there no court of appeal to settle their differences ? The highest court of appeal is Common Sense. As the great eclectic philosopher of France very justly says, " we must start from common sense, and return to common sense under pain of extravagance." Yes, common sense is the highest appellate court in philosophy, as it is also in law and in the ordinary affairs of life. As soon as the matter was referred to common sense, it at once saw that all the evils in the philosophical world arose from doubts and disputes about the reality of certain objects, which demanded immediate and spontaneous assents, and it conclusively decided that the *Ego*, the *Non-Ego* and the Infinite were all realities, and must be believed as such. Such authoritative verdict silenced all cavilling ; and the bark of philosophy, tossed and torn by the waves of contending opinions, at last entered the tranquil haven of a simple yet important truth. No great discovery was made. All that was established was the fact that neither self nor the external world nor God is unreal. And yet this simple truth was the salvation of the philosophical world. To these three realities rational philosophy offers unquestioning homage, and the world is pretty generally agreed that they shall always be recognised as indisputable first truths, which none can gainsay. Thus it has been settled by an appeal to common sense that every man must be true and faithful to himself, to the world, and to God, and recognise each as a real entity. Whatever his opinions and theories may be in regard to the constitution and essence of these three realities, every man is bound to believe that each of them exists as a reality, the two finite realities, mind and matter, being dependent upon the Absolute and Unconditioned Reality, the Infinite. We need not be philosophers in order to understand and accept this doctrine of the threefold reality. What has been decided after centuries of most abstruse and recondite speculations and controversies, we all admit instinctively. There is the world before us, all real, perfectly true, no illusion. Here am I, perfectly real, and no illusion. And over-head the Infinite God is a terrible and most tremendous reality. To these three realities then, recognised alike by the sage and the untutored savage, philosophy must always bow with reverence.

Such is the deliverance of philosophy concerning the doctrine in question. Now let us apply to it the principle of madness. The verdict of philosophy may be corroborated by an appeal to ancient sages and devotees. What do they say? They say that God is real, and the world has no business to trifle with the reality of the Infinite, to set the reality of matter and self above the sacred reality of the Godhead. This, then, is the offence with which civilization has been charged, and verily the accusation is not unfounded. Sure it is that one of the realities has been dishonored and underrated, while the two others have been magnified. If the world believes in God, it gives Him only a feeble and half-hearted allegiance, often forgets or disregards Him, and practically ignores His reality, while in the service of self and matter it is most loyal and enthusiastic. The men of the world are mad for riches, outward refinement and the pleasures of the senses. For material wealth and material prosperity, for selfish enjoyments and selfish honors they are terribly mad. In matter and self they are all immersed. The question naturally suggests itself,—Why should not men be equally mad for God ? (Cheers ) I do not stand up here to protest against the madness of the world. All that I mean to say is that the same amount of madness must be exhibited in things spiritual as is evinced in things material. If men believe that without enthusiasm nothing can be done, if it be actually the case that enthusiasm is essential to success in all worldly undertakings, why should not the same argument hold good in the higher concerns of the spirit ? If man is devoted to self and the world, he should in all fairness pay equal attention and attach equal importance to the Godhead. The treasures of heaven must be amassed with that assiduity and zeal which characterizes the pursuit of gold and the acquisition of worldly riches. Why should God be less real to us than matter or self ? Why should there be less love for heavenly than there is for worldly things ? Every man believes that the world is real. Every man believes that there is something unspeakably real and charming in the glittering rupee ! The miser takes it and presses it to his bosom, and says : " Ah ! dear little thing !" He sacrifices everything for it, and does not even hesitate to risk his health and life. Why should not man then sacrifice his all for the Infinite ? Surely there is madness enough in our temporal concerns. I wish it would direct its course through other channels as well, and reach the sacred concerns of eternity. (Applause.)

If philosophy, as you have seen, has thoroughly assured us that Divinity is quite as real as matter and self, nay more real, surely our daily life and character must bear out that conviction. Boldly apply your philosophy to practical life, and show that you are at least as true and devoted to God as you are to self and the outside world. When this is done, harmony will appear in all your speculations and practices. How noble, how beautiful and symmetrical is life when this philosophical triad of realities is recognised with fidelity in practical life! There is no discord, no anomaly, no inconsistency, no hostility. If I said to you,—go and follow the Infinite, denying matter and self, that would be asking you to become pantheists, and drown yourselves in the vast sea of illusion. My language is different. I do not exhort you to deny anything, not even the least among earthly things. What I denounce is that exclusive worldly madness which rides rampant on all sides, and kills religion and morality. Equally hostile am I to that exclusive religious frenzy which hates the world as altogether unreal and ignores self as a fiction, and gives itself up to dream and delusion. Do not accuse me of exclusivism. It lies rather on the side of the world. I plead not for fanaticism; I plead for harmony and "method in madness." All the world has gone mad. Mad for what? For riches and honor, and the pleasures of the senses. Will nobody stand up in this enlightened age, and loudly and vehemently protest against this blind and one-sided madness? Will nobody lift his voice, and say to the advancing surges of this violent mania and frenzy of ungodly worldliness,—"No further, no further. Roll back to the great reality of Godhead, so long neglected and ignored." (Cheers.) All that we have to do in this age is to turn the tide of the world's devotion more and more towards the point where the three realities converge. In so doing we do not annihilate the world or its legitimate concerns. Industry will not be extinguished. The wheels of the vast machinery of civilization will not be clogged. Manufacture and trade will go on thriving ; agriculture and commerce will continue to flourish ; and at the same time faith and spirituality will prosper too. While the Infinite is served and adored with the greatest enthusiasm, the reality of self and the world will continue to be fully vindicated, theoretically and practically. And thus in the individual the most perfect unity of character, and among communities and nations the golden harmony of life will prevail. How are we to attain this harmony ? Simply by endeavouring to realize God more fully than we do at present ; in other words to feel Him as a reality. Many seem to think that they already acknowledge the Divine reality, and cherish as little doubt about the entity of God as about the entity of self or the world. But, gentlemen, to believe is one thing, to realize is quite another thing. The psychological recognition of Divinity as a reality is universal among all professing Theists ; but the realizaton of Divinity in actual consciousness is strikingly rare. Are you conscious of God to the same extent as you are conscious of self and the world ? How real is the world around us ! How real is self ! When you see an external object, how vividly conscious are you of both the object perceived and the perceiving subject ! The hall in which we are assembled, the men and women sitting here, are all real to us, because we see them. But God is not real in that sense, for we see Him not. Let us catechise our own consciousness, and ask,—Is God real to us ? He is believed to be real, but He is not a *felt* reality. Indeed God is not half so real to us as matter. The things of this world we see and hear and touch.

But who ever saw or touched Divinity? The Infinite is something beyond the reach of the senses, real indeed, but invisible and impalpable. God is a spirit, and the eye sees Him not, neither doth the mind comprehend Him. Hence it is that man treats matter and self as more real than Divinity. Tell me if you are conscious of a pervading though invisible Presence in this hall? Are we sure that there is some other Person in the midst of us besides those whom we see? Ah! my friends, the heart returns an unsatisfactory reply. There are apparent waverings in our minds. There is a sort of scepticism and doubt underlying even that intellectual belief of which we are apt to be so proud. This should not be. We must remove all these doubts and misgivings from the mind. The least scepticism or uncertainty in our sense of God's real presence must be dispelled; and we must feel that the Infinite is here, a burning reality, just as we feel the reality of matter. Let us resolve to do it, and it shall be done, if we only employ the right means. What is it that we propose to do? We propose to realize God, to feel His reality. What is the means we have to employ? Meditation. By habitual and constant meditation the mind becomes fully conscious of the Divine reality. Sages and saints have taught us, and universal experience points to, the necessity and efficacy of meditation What is meditation? It is nothing but what philosophers call Attention. It is the fixing of the mental eye upon a particular object. It is the concentration of the mind. If I wish to meditate on God I dismiss for a while all active work and worldly thoughts, and having composed my heart, fix my attention on His encompassing presence. I gaze intently and look steadfastly at Him, and banish everything that may distract my mind for the time. The Divine presence, and that alone, absorbs my mind. After a time distraction is inevitable. But I persevere, repeating this course of mental application day after day. I persevere for days, for weeks, for months, and years, and my consciousness of Divine reality becomes daily more and more vivid and clear. The result of this habit of mental concentration is spiritual perception. The meditative mind perceives God, just as we perceive matter. How can God be perceived? He is not matter. He is perceived not by the outward eye, but by the eye of faith, after long-continued habits of mental application and concentration. The worldly mind cannot realize God, because it is constantly drawn away by the world. Habit has made it a slave of the senses. By constantly drawing the mind away from the world and leading it to the Infinite Spirit, you educate and unfold the power of spiritual perception, and gradually learn to apprehend Him in actual consciousness. We thus realize and see Him, as our Aryan forefathers did. What did they do? They had recourse only to daily meditation. They retired from work, and, in the stillness of solitude, fixed their attention on God, to the exclusion of all other beings and realities for the time; and they succeeded at last. And when they succeeded, lo! in joy they went forth saying,—"*Eureka, Eureka.* I have found it, I have found it. I have discovered the secret God. I have seen the Great Spirit." (Applause.) Did the venerable sages of ancient India see the Lord? How can that be?—we ask. The human eye, says philosophy, cannot see Him, nor can the finite mind conceive Him. He has no body, no outward form. Yet many a contemplative devotee in ancient India positively affirmed that he saw Him face to face as a brilliant Spirit. This is doubtless the result of that mental process called attention, and psychology cannot carp at it. The attentive devotee does not stop at the mere reality. He goes on looking into God. From the surface of His real presence, as it were, he dives into the Divine nature, so far of course as human thought can reach. And the more attentively he observes that Reality, the more clearly do the attributes of Divinity open up to his view. By attention, as you all know, are the hidden features of objects revealed to the eye. This is true of material as well as spiritual realities. You have only to look at the Great Spirit closely and attentively, and you are sure to see the features of the Divine character exhibit themselves before the eye one after the other. Look steadily at the real God before you; the more attentively you see Him the more you have an insight into His attributes. Out of the True is evolved the Good, and out of the Good is evolved the Beautiful. And thus you achieve the complete realization of Him who has been represented as *Satyan Sivam Sundaram*,—the True, the Good and the Beautiful. (Cheers.) It is no visible form, no bright image you are conjuring up with the aid of imagination. You are not dealing with shadows, nor with idols. The God on whom your attentive eye rests is no beautiful figure, imagined into being by dreamy and mystical contemplation, but a reality present before the eye. I believe God is nothing but a Presence, a real, over-powering, personal Presence; and we must approach and realize Him as such. Wherever we may be, He is with us always, at our down-sitting and up-rising, within the heart and in the outside world. He is with us as an encompassing presence, a thrilling presence. It is the presence of one who is true, good and beautiful. Realize that presence vividly, and you are convinced that it is not a dry, but a sweet presence. And the more you look at the beauty and sweetness of that presence, the more you feel that it is beauty of the highest order, such beauty as defies the poet's highest fancy and the artist's best skill. The eye loves to linger on this spiritual beauty, the beauty of goodness and holiness, and the heart is altogether enraptured. The loving devotee is at last so deeply immersed in the joy and madness of communion, that neither all the wealth nor all the pleasures of the world can draw him away. While the eye of faith is fastened on the True, the heart is enchained to the Good and Beautiful Thus by constant and habitual meditation you realize, as the ancient devotees did, the presence, within and around you, of One who is as real as He is beautiful. And thus by seeing and loving that adorable Reality, with intense faith and love, you become mad. Here you behold the union of philosophy and madness! (Applause.) Philosophy says, I know God, and believe Him to be real. Madness says, I have seen God. Philosophy says, the Infinite is unknowable ; nevertheless He may be apprehended in consciousness, though we cannot comprehend Him. The mad philosopher, the truly spiritual man, goes further and says,—"God is not only apprehensible in consciousness, but I have actually seen Him. Here He is, a Mighty Reality. Thought comprehends Him not. He is past finding out. Yet of His reality I am most vividly and joyfully conscious." Thus while philosophy is satisfied with only believing that God is not less real than matter and self, madness converts this intellectual belief into a vivid perception, and makes it its daily occupation to see God, discourse with Him, enjoy His company, and live in Him.

When man sees the Divine Spirit everywhere in space, his language, too, undergoes a great change. It is no longer dull and prosaic, but is animated and poetical. All nature inspires him, and he speaks poetry spontaneously. The universe is to him a veritable garden, redolent of sweet and ambrosial odours, because God is everywhere. His presence makes the earth heavenly. All nature is aglow with divine radiance. This, this is paradise,—exclaims inspired madness. Inorganic matter seems to start into life, and mute creation, hitherto hopelessly speechless, begins to speak. The sun, moon and stars speak. The blue canopy of heaven spread above speaks. The clouds that descend in genial and refreshing showers speak. The beasts of the wilderness, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea, they all speak. The gentle rill, gently flowing along, speaks. The sweet rose speaks. The stupendous hills and mountains speak. Most marvellous eloquence on all sides! (Loud cheers.) It seems as if a pentecostal shower of inspiration has suddenly come down upon nature, and quickened all creation into eloquence and life. It is all poetry. And the mad devotee, seized with the contagion of poetry, most truly says, he " finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." He actually realizes this truth, or he would not say so. He actually hears, understands, and enjoys the eloquent poetry of nature, and he himself talks nothing but poetry. Imagery and metaphor abound in his words, and he speaks in parables and in poetry. The language of philosophy is prose. The language of madness is poetry. Philosophy is always dull, cold, languid and prosaic. Madness is fervent, warm, and poetical. Philosophy employs the language of exact thought, of science, and mature reflection. Madness bursts into the glowing language of simple childhood and impulsive spontaneity. Poetry is the language of heaven. It is rich with treasures divine. It bears within itself evidence enough of its divine origin. It is the language in which God Himself speaks through nature and conscience. It is the language in which all inspired prophets and saints have spoken, from time to time, in the world's history. "Behold the lilies of the field." How beautiful, how sweet these words of sacred poetry! They were uttered by the greatest poet that ever lived. No philosopher ever used language such as that. Why does the poet-prophet refer us to the lilies? Because of their inspiring eloquence, which we sadly miss in the dead letter of books, in the best works of proud philosophy. Surely the "lilies of the field" are better teachers than our ministers and clergymen, our sages and divines. And why? Because they speak poetry, the language of heavenly wisdom and inspiration. Did you ever reverently approach the beautiful and blushing rose? Did you ever sit at its feet to learn divine wisdom and love? And did that tender and lovely flower ever communicate to you any divine message? If ever the sweet rose spoke to you, you must have found great joy and consolation amid the trials and sorrows of life. When all creation speaks in the sweet language of poetry, the true believer builds upon the exact basis of philosophical truth and science, the eloquent religion of poetry and madness, as real as it is sweet.

Speaking of poetry as the language of madness, I may say a word or two about language in general. It has not perhaps occurred to you, gentlemen, that bad grammar often stands in the way of man's redemption. (Laughter.) I allude to the arbitrary and unwarrantable substitution of the indicative mood for the imperative mood in ethics so common in these days. The philosophical moralist speaks of his duty thus,—" I believe I ought not to do evil." But the spiritual man employs a different style of expression. To him every duty is a Divine command, which is conveyed in such language as this, —"Thou shalt not do evil." One such command perhaps brought about his conversion, in such circumstances as these,—"As I was on the way to a particular place, where I purposed to commit an atrocious and most diabolical murder, lo ! this arm, which carried the deadly weapon, went down, as if struck with palsy. My heart was suddenly convulsed and intimidated by an overpowering sense of the wickedness of my project, and I heard a voice within me, which said,—'Vile miscreant ! thou shalt not perpetrate that murderous deed.' And as I heard this thundering voice, I desisted from my foul and villainous enterprize, and I was converted." (Cheers.) What was it, I ask, that saved and sanctified the man ? Not a feeble belief, such as is implied in "I ought not," but a fiery command from Heaven, " Thou shalt not." If you conjugate every duty in the indicative mood, you will find it too weak and powerless to influence you. But read it in its original form as a divine injunction and command, and it electrifies and converts you at once. There is a great deal surely in language. The sceptical world would not like to believe that ever man was saved by a heavenly message, a telegram which darted from heaven into his heart like lightning, with these words : " Thou shalt not kill thy brother." A telegraphic message conveying a Divine command ! It seems ridiculous. The world would laugh in its sleeves, as the expression is. And yet it is sober truth. Every ethical precept is a message that comes with lightning speed from heaven to save us. Blessed are they that receive it as such, and are converted by it ! Therefore, I say, be sure about the language of your theology. Do not translate the original language of God into your own dull vernacular. Read God's Word in the original language, not in your miserable translations. If your creed is made up of " I ought not to commit theft, I ought not to lie, I ought not to slander, I ought not to rob, I ought not to commit murder," you know very well that a number of such *ought-nots*, however strictly believed, cannot influence character and life. (Cheers.) But the original scripture of God, embodying such commands as, " Thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not murder," and beginning with a " Thus saith the Lord," will drive man perforce into a moral fervour and frenzy, sure to conquer sin and weakness. I do not ask you to throw yourselves into the mood of dreamers and mystics, and fancy that a strange being is whispering into your ears fantastic stories and mysterious messages from heaven. I would have no mystery. I wish you to read only the ordinary rules of ethics, the plain dictates of conscience, in the original language, as so many Divine commands, and I assure you, if you read them in that light, they shall come to you as words with power.

Go then into the inner chambers of the heart occasionally, for a few days, or weeks at least, and there try by means of meditation to realize God in this way. Some of you would perhaps say that in asking the Indian people to cultivate solitary meditation, I am only making an attempt to revive the Quietists of the fourteenth century, long since dead and gone, so that they may act their part again in history. But I believe I have said enough to convince you that I do not advocate quietism, but true meditation based upon the philosophical doctrine of reality. I admit that both Hinduism and Buddhism—whose chief principle was meditation,—have done incalculable mischief by teaching their votaries to forsake the world and become dreamy devotees and hermits. But there is no reason why if the mischief has been once perpetrated it must be wrought again. In these days of scientific thought, and within the citadel of true philosophy, there is no possibility of the reign of quietism being revived. Gentlemen, we are going to combine meditation and science, madness and philosophy, and there is no fear of India relapsing into ancient mysticism. Have I not told you that we must be votaries of reality, and fling away unreality as an abomination ? What I would propose to do is this After you have undergone the requisite training and discipline for some time in the school of solitary meditation within, and learnt to see God with closed eyes in the dark sanctuary of the heart, I would ask you to come out, and see Him with open eyes in the amplitudes of nature. It is here, in open space, in broad daylight, that I wish you, my countrymen, to behold the great God. See Him while you are in the midst of the bustle and traffic of the world surrounded by men and women, and the varied objects of the material world. See Him before you as you daily pass through the streets. And you need not fear those spectres and fantasies which haunted the mystics and other denizens of the world of darkness and dreams. Anything which appears to you to be illusion or even like it, banish from the sacred domain of faith and reality. Welcome what is real, and only that which is positively real. Men there are who go only half way towards reality, and say, they feel *as if* they saw the Lord. I hate this half-hearted assumption, this doubtful "as if." Your "ifs and ans" I will not tolerate in matters so sacred and real. (Cheers.) Discard for ever the subjunctive mood and the potential mood, discard doubts and probabilities, "ifs" and "mays" and "mights," and rest not till you have grasped actual facts and realities. The least assumption or hypothesis, the least supposition or imagining, is out of place in the religion of reality. Your faith must be such as would be able to face the most searching examination. If you have seen God your perception must stand the trial of rigid analysis. I would have you stand forth, and pointing your finger thus, say—"Here is my God,—yes here, even here is my God." (Applause.) With such unwavering and confident faith, with such an emphatic assurance of the nearness of the real God, ye shall conquer both infidelity and superstition, both scepticism and mysticism. Can there be dreams in such a faith as this? We have heard men say, they saw the Lord in a vision, while they were asleep, and heard His voice! This cannot be. God is too terribly real to be introduced among the unrealities of our dreams. The waking Deity is not visible to the sleeping soul. The way to the most Real lies not through dream-land. It is in real consciousness alone that the Lord is realized. (Cheers.)

Now let me proceed to take up another idea, the great idea of the day,—I mean Evolution. In this age of new theories and new terms, everybody says that there is such a thing as evolution. It is the cry of modern scientists. I am not going to discuss the details of the philosophy of evolution. Your protoplasm, your natural selection, I leave to be discussed by men like Huxley and Darwin. The question perhaps is not so serious after all, whether men have descended from inferior animals. It may not be quite consistent with man's dignity to permit philosophy to support and press the claims of the lower creation to be honored as the ancestors of the human race. And perhaps our grandchildren would not think it a compliment if we were to bequeath to them as a legacy the unwelcome doctrine that they had reptilian ancestors! (Laughter.) And yet I say that there is some truth in the theory of evolution. What we fail to find in the race we find in the individual. What is it that modern scientists maintain and want us to believe? Their novel theory may or may not hereafter find general acceptance. But this, I believe, is indisputably true that in the individual there is something like evolution going on unceasingly. Whether the gorilla or the ape is to be regarded as the primitive ancestor of man is a question for scientists to deal with, but whether there is a progressive evolution going on in the individual life of man is a question in which we are all interested. It cannot be denied that man is developed out of the animal, and that humanity was originally a form of animality. The life of man is a continued growth, and in it we see successive stages of progress, which may be clearly distinguished from each other. Such development is not merely what people generally call moral progress, but is a continued evolution, in which lower forms and types of existence are supplanted and superseded by higher ones. There is a continuity of life, it is true, in each individual man, and in this consists his identity. But it is marked of by different stages, which may be said to represent altogether distinct types of existence. How does human life originate? In the embryo. And what is the embryo but matter, though instinct with latent life? Out of it is developed, in the course of time, the lowest form of organic life, which develops again into higher forms, thus exhibiting a graduated scale of progressive organism. Every man in the beginning was but an embryo, and yet in that lay potentially the future man. Only the process of evolution, ordained by heaven, was needed to call forth this slumbering man out of the little embryo. Between the inorganic embryo and humanity one may trace the development of inferior animal life. The embryo grew into a reptile, and a little biped, and then into a ferocious beast, with instincts and passions fully developed; and it is after many struggles that out of this animal humanity is evolved in the fulness of time. Of these struggles we are all conscious. The animal lives in us still, and wars with incipient humanity. Its brute passions rule in us still, and great is the power needed to overcome them. How few alas! there are who are free from animality. It seems you may keep down the animal within you, but you cannot kill it. This is the experience of men all over the world. Ask the Hindu, the Mahomedan, the Christian,—they all confess that in spite of their best efforts they are unable to restrain wholly, much less exterminate, their animal nature. In all countries, and among all religious sects and denominations, whatever their creed, you see men engaged in desperate struggles with their brutal passions with a view to overcome them. Sometimes the carnal life triumphs; sometimes victory flies round the banners of conscience. Now triumphs the animal, and now the man. If the lower passions repeatedly win, and if man wholly succumbs and yields to them, the man sinks in the brute. But if the war goes on, the ultimate result of this protracted series of struggles will be the evolution of pure humanity. When this is done not only is the animal conquered but also matter. For we have within us both matter and animality, the complex constitution arising from our peculiar ancestry. If it be true that the animal is the ancestor of man, it is equally true that our primitive ancestor was matter from which descended the animal. And as we have to struggle with the animal, so have we to struggle with that inertia of inorganic existence which is equally harmful and adverse to our progress. We are all subject to this inertia in the shape of indolence, lassitude, and infirmity, and are more or less slaves of indifference and despair. It is on account of this inertia that we often feel that we would not move unless we are moved by extraneous influences, and that as soon as the motive power within us ebbs away life sinks into the dullness of inorganic existence. As we grow we cast off the nature we have inherited from our progenitors, rise above matter and the animal, inertia and sensuality, and enter upon pure manhood. This is the doctrine of evolution I intended to present to you. It is thoroughly scientific and philosophical. It agrees in some of its essential features with the generally accepted theory of evolution. What scientists say with reference to the descent of the human species from the animal, I have shown to be true in some sense of the individual. Nay, I have also like them traced the genealogy of man to inorganic matter. So far there is essential agreement on philosophical grounds. But while scientific men stop at the evolution of humanity, we go further and recognise a yet higher stage of development. What is it ? Godliness. Out of humanity is evolved divinity, and till that is done our destined evolution is not completed. This is the highest evolution, that which makes man godly. We have seen how man casts off his material and animal nature, and attains true manhood. But that is not enough. He must advance further ; he must put off humanity and put on divinity. There are thus four stages through which man has to pass—the inorganic, carnal, human and divine. In these, matter, brute, man and God are the ruling principles of existence. When the third stage is reached, the brute is kept in fetters, under the domination of reason and conscience, and humanity holds sway over conquered animality. But even this is not the perfection of manhood. Man, however perfect, is man, and as such may at any moment succumb to evil. His virtue is not proof against temptation. He must not only conquer the animal but he must himself be conquered by Divinity. Divine holiness must be infused into him, and his entire life must be swallowed up by a heavenly passion. As St. Paul says, we must put off the old man which is corrupt, and put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness. To put on this " new man " is to be mad with the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Philosophy leads you to the third stage of evolution, where man with the aid of reason overcomes inertia and bestiality. But madness drags you to that higher stage above the world, far away in heaven, where Divinity speaks and rules in man, and the regenerate soul is perfected in Divine holiness. Let not your evolution then stop at humanity, but let it go on. The same law, the same science, of evolution which has enabled you to conquer matter and animality will yet enable you to conquer humanity, and attain Divine life. The highest evolution is regeneration,—the destruction of the lower type of humanity and the evolution of a new species of godly humanity,—life divine instead of life human. Brethren, you are not safe till you have accomplished this. Do not seek rest and security in those treacherous theories of atonement, which the world offers for your acceptance. There is no salvation in them. They are based upon strange and most unscientific notions of sin and sanctification. Thousands there are whose only object seems to be to escape punishment. They fancy there is nothing wrong in them if their past sins have been forgiven and penalty remitted by an appeased judge. There are others, of a more advanced school, who strive to stand aloof from sin, by keeping their carnal impulses under subjection, and they felicitate themselves if they are not guilty of any actual crime or offence. They are simply anxious to lead pure and virtuous lives. The third and the highest school is that which seeks a deeper atonement and sanctification than the remission of punishment or the negation of vice. Positive holiness is what you must constantly aim at, not only freedom from sin, but from even the possibility of sin. You must transform your nature. For so long as matter, animality and humanity are in you, you may refrain from actual crime and sin, but the root of evil, carnal susceptibilities and tendencies, are still in you. Destroy these altogether with the madness of faith and devotion, and enter upon that heavenly life, that life in God, which is not only above sin, but also above the liability to temptation and sin. There is no peace, no power, no holiness, unless the old man is dragged out and destroyed, and divine life is duly evolved and established. We all feel the need of regeneration. How this is to be brought about Heaven alone knows. Let us pray and trust, work and struggle, employing all legitimate means of progress, and the time will come when from the shackles and fetters of sin and carnality we shall be free for ever. Brethren, always aim at this evolution, and be not satisfied till divine impulses are implanted in your minds. If you have come away so far from the ignoble condition of matter, devoutly trust and pray that the Divine Captain may lead you on to greater triumphs and nobler conquests. Believe in evolution. Believe that humanity, both in the individual and in mankind at large, is destined to develop itself into divine life, and that in the fulness of time human society shall be perfected unto the Kingdom of Heaven. Let each of us say trustfully : "Time was when I was nothing but matter ; time was when I was but an animal ; the time has come when I am a man. Time shall be when, through God's redeeming grace, I shall attain godliness, and live for ever in Divinity. All infirmity and weakness shall be taken away from me, and the power of the Almighty shall take entire possession of me. The fire of heavenly enthusiasm shall be enkindled in me, illumining and purifying all my speculations and practices, and burning up the snares and antagonism of my multitudinous foes. I shall be in the world, yet not of the world ; in the flesh, yet spiritual." The Hindus have strange notions of transmigration. But I ask you, is there not something like transmigration going on in this world before our eyes? Have you ever seen a man become a brute, or a tree, as the Hindus say? Have you ever seen the strange transformation? Yes, you have. We see transmigration taking place daily in our own lives and in those of others. That man who by means of religious exercises exalted himself to the position of a devotee, suddenly falls into the mire of sensuality and drunkenness, and there grovels like swine. He is changed into a beast; his instincts, desires and pleasures are all bestial, and he loves the company of those who have been imbruted like himself. Look at that other man. How languid, dull and cold! He was a fiery youth erewhile, but lo! how changed! His spirit has assumed a vegetative existence, and transmigrated into a material organism. He sleeps, and is devoid of vitality. Nothing can rouse him to activity. The spiritual doctor touches his heart, and as soon as he feels it is cold and icy, decides that there is no vitality, and goes away in despair. (Cheers.) Of such men we may justly say they are cold, lifeless organisms, like dead matter. Thus some men become brutes, others sink to the condition of trees or stones. Nay, even in the life of the same individual we find such transformations constantly going on. Through how many changes does man's life on earth pass? How he becomes, in the course of a week, a saint, a sinner, a mean reptile, a ferocious wolf, a tree, and a piece of dead stone? Following out the Hindu's notion, let us believe that there will be an end to all such transmigrations and to the very possibility of a descent to carnality and earthly life, when humanity has ascended to heaven, and there put on divine life. Speaking of ascension, I am reminded of another Hindu idea, which is equally beautiful and suggestive. I mean the doctrine of Sasharir Swargagaman, or bodily ascension into heaven. The Hindu says, this takes place when man finally leaves the world. I speak of ascension during one's lifetime Death annihilates the body, and when it is decomposed and gone how can it rise ? But it does rise into heaven when it is alive. The fact is that man by means of meditation, self-renunciation, asceticism and purity of character enters into the presence of God, with his body, during communion. This I say is bodily ascension. The soul does not cast off, but retains the body during communion, though of course it is unconscious of it. When man is absorbed in God, he forgets both the bodily tabernacle and the outward world, and does not think of the senses or their objects. The soul alone lives and works ; the body, though alive, is dead for all spiritual purposes, and neither helps nor obstructs communion. It is wrong to suppose that the body must be crushed and destroyed before the soul is admitted to paradise. The best of the world's prophets and saints have disproved this superstitious theory. They enjoyed heaven frequently during their lifetime, and the body, though alive, never fettered the pinions of their soaring souls, nor in any way restrained their flight into the highest heaven of communion. Nay, we too have now and then experienced, in a small measure, the joys of heaven during our best prayers. There is no local heaven. That is heaven where we go during prayer and meditation, and enjoy, in the serene presence of the loving God, the unspeakable sweets of communion. That is heaven where the soul enjoys the company of all departed saints. In fact heaven means only that exalted attitude of the soul, in which it feels and realizes the nearness of God, and is drawn by spiritual affinity towards all departed prophets wherever they may happen to be. Where the saints are that have gone away from this world who knows? But that their spirits live on earth in one sense who can deny? They are within us. They live to-day in me, in you, and in all men. Their wisdom and love, their power and purity live in us. Wherever the Lord is there His saints abide. Wherever He manifests Himself there they are sure to be present in spirit. When therefore we hold communion with God in the inner sanctuary, we are surrounded by all celestial spirits, whether we know them or not, and as the light of His beaming countenance fills us with holy radiance, the goodness and devotion and purity of their lives pour into us through Him, and altogether we feel we are in the land of the saints above. Rest assured that heaven is not lo! here, lo! there, but within. In the heart calmly resigned to God is heaven, whether you regard it as His tabernacle or the abode of His devoted saints. Ask the saints whether they do not prefer to abide in that inner heaven. Mighty Jesus! Conqueror of nations! Say, wilt thou consent to live in us as a dogma, a book, a theory? Or wilt thou abide for ever in the heart of the true devotee assimilated to his very blood and flesh? (Cheers.) I know what Jesus himself has said. He will not have us accept him as a theory or dogma. His words at the last supper are a standing protest against such a thing. He would live in us as the blood of our blood and the flesh of our flesh for ever. He wants us to live in his spirit. All martyrs and prophets abide with the Lord, and when we abide with Him, they abide in us with Him.

If I have not trespassed upon your patience, gentlemen, I should like to dwell briefly upon another important idea, and that is Loyalty. In loyalty, as in the two other ideas I have discussed, we find both philosophy and madness. It is easy to distinguish philosophical loyalty from enthusiastic and mad loyalty ; and here, too, I must insist upon an eclectic reconciliation. Philosophically-minded men of the present day define loyalty to be nothing but obedience to law, allegiance to constituted authority. We are told that if men respect the law of the country and those who administer it, they may be regarded as thoroughly loyal subjects. I confess this philosophical recognition of abstract law and justice does not satisfy my heart. A Hindu of Hindus, I demand something more, something that will not only satisfy the intellect, but also the sentiments and emotions of the heart. Is loylaty a principle or a sentiment ? Evidently it is both. Philosophy deals with the former, and madness with the latter. Philosophy prevents loyalty from degenerating into obsequiousness and vassalage. Madness prevents its soaring into the regions of abstraction. Let us then combine both philosophy and madness in loyalty. I will recognise law, I will respect the authority of the magistrate and the judge. I will help the maintenance of good government and order. But the heart is not satisfied until loyalty takes the form of a personal sentiment. Truly is this the case with us, descendants of the ancient Hindu race. For centuries and ages past the Hindus have been habituated to look up to the sovereign with enthusiastic feelings of loyalty. Loyalty in the Hindu mind is a deep sentiment of personal love and attachment to the head of the government. (Applause.) The Hindu loves his Rajah with intense devotion. His loyalty is raj-bhakti, or love towards the sovereign. The Hindu householder loves the father as the head of the house, and affectionately obeys his authority; so he loves his sovereign as the father of the state, and obeys him as such. That the sovereign is the father and mother of the subject population is essentially a Hindu idea, witness the Hindu scriptures and the enthusiastic demonstrations of gushing loyalty in Native States. The Hindu idea is also the right idea. It is most conformable to nature. Let misguided theorists deny it, let heartless votaries of abstraction protest against it. I emphatically say that the human heart naturally turns to the sovereign as the father of the people. (Applause.) He may not be the best of men, his administration may not be perfect, yet the people are loyal to him, as the child is loyal to the father regardless of his demerits and unworthiness. No amount of reasoning can shake this strong feeling in the human breast towards him who is the lawful guardian of the state. The unperverted natural heart cannot rest upon a political fiction. Loyalty shuns an impersonal abstraction. It demands a person, and that person is the sovereign, or the head of the state, in whom law and constitutionalism are visibly typified and represented. We are right then if our loyalty means not only respect for law and the Parliament, but personal attachment to Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India. (Applause.) What makes loyalty so enthusiastic is not, however, the presence of purely secular feelings, but of a strong religious sentiment. By loyalty I mean faith in Providence. It is this faith which gives loyalty all its sanctity and solidity, and establishes it in the individual heart and in society as a holy passion. Do you not believe that there is God in History? Do you not recognise the finger of special providence in the progress of nations? Assuredly the record of British rule in India is not a chapter of profane history, but of ecclesiastical history. (Cheers.) The book which treats of the moral, social, and religious advancement of our great country with the help of Western science, under the paternal rule of the British nation, is indeed a sacred book. There we see clearly that it is Providence that rules India through England. (Applause.) Were you present at the magnificent spectacle at Delhi, on the day of the assumption of the imperial title by our sovereign? Some men have complained that no religious ceremony was observed on the occasion, and indeed opinion is divided on this point. None, however, can gainsay the fact that the whole affair from beginning to end was a most solemn religious ceremony, and I rejoice I am privileged to say this in the presence of our noble-hearted Viceroy. Was any devout believer in Providence present there? To him I appeal. Let him say whether the Imperial Assemblage was not a spectacle of deep moral and religious significance. Did not the eye of the faithful believer see that God Himself stretched His right hand and placed the Empress' Crown upon Victoria's head? (Loud cheers.) And did he not hear the Lord God say unto her,—" Rule thy subjects with justice and truth and mercy, according to the light given unto thee and thy advisers, and let righteousness and peace and prosperity dwell in the Empire?" (Applause.) Would you characterize this sight and this sound as a visionary's dream? Is there no truth in the picture? Who can deny that Victoria is an instrument in the hands of Providence to elevate this degraded country in the scale of nations, and that in her hands the solemn trust has lately been most solemnly reposed? Glory then to Empress Victoria! (Applause.) Educated countrymen, you are bound to be loyal to your Divinely-appointed sovereign. Not to be loyal argues base ingratitude and absence of faith in Providence. You are bound to be loyal to the British Government, that came to your rescue, as God's ambassador, when your country was sunk in ignorance and superstition and hopeless jejuneness, and has since lifted you to your present high position. This work is not of man, but of God, and He has done it, and is doing it, through the British nation. As His chosen instruments, then, honor your sovereign and the entire ruling body with fervent loyalty. The more loyal we are, the more we shall advance with the aid of our rulers in the path of moral, social and political reformation. India in her present fallen condition seems destined to sit at the feet of England, for many long years, to learn Western art and science. And, on the other hand, behold England sits at the feet of hoary-headed India to study the ancient literature of this country. (Applause.) All Europe seems to be turning her attention in these days towards Indian antiquities, to gather the priceless treasures which lie buried in the literature of Vedism and Buddhism. Thus while we learn modern science from England, England learns ancient wisdom from India. Gentlemen, in the advent of the English nation in India we see a re-union of parted cousins, the descendants of two different families of the ancient Aryan race. Here they have met together, under an overruling Providence, to serve most important purposes in the Divine economy. The mutual intercourse of England and India, political as well as social, is destined to promote the true interests and lasting glory of both nations. We were rejoiced to see the Rajahs and Maharajahs of India offering their united homage to Empress Victoria and her representative, at the Imperial Assemblage. Far greater will be our rejoicing when all the chiefs and people of India shall be united with the English nation, in a vast International Assemblage, before the throne of the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords! (Loud cheers.) May England help us to draw near to that consummation, by giving us as much of the light of the West as lies in her power! That is her mission in India. May she fulfil it nobly and honorably! Let England give us her industry and arts, her exact sciences and her practical philosophy, so much needed in a land where superstition and prejudices prevail to an alarming extent. But we shall not forget our ancient sages and Rishis. Ye venerable devotees of ancient India! teach us meditation and asceticism and loving communion. Let England baptize us with the spirit of true philosophy. Let the sages of Aryan India baptize us with the spirit of heavenly madness. Let modern England teach hard science and fact; let ancient India teach sweet poetry and sentiment. Let modern England give us her fabrics; but let the gorgeous East lend her charming colors. Come then, fellow-countrymen and friends, and accept this divine creed, in which you will find all that is goodliest, fairest and sweetest, based upon a foundation scientific, strong and sound,—a creed in which truth and love are harmonized. Let us have only fifty young men from our Universities, trained in science and philosophy, and baptized with the spirit of madness, and let these men go forth, as missionary-soldiers of God, conquering and to conquer, and in the fulness of time the banners of truth shall be planted throughout the length and breadth of the country. (Loud cheers.)

# AM I AN INSPIRED PROPHET?

AGAIN and again has India asked me: "Art thou an inspired Prophet?" Dictated in the first instance by a purely captious spirit, and directed exclusively against the character of an individual, the question appeared unworthy of serious attention, and hopes were entertained that, like all passing questions of the hour, it would set itself at rest in the course of time. But unfortunately the question gathered force year after year, and its interest, like rising and swelling surges, rushed on from province to province, from town to town, and from presidency to presidency, till a purely personal question assumed the formidable proportions of a natural problem. Nay, what was altogether speculative in the beginning eventually assumed the form of a practical remonstrance, and began to affect the interests of my country, and hinder the progress of my Church. The question having arrived at this point, reticence was no longer warrantable. I felt I was bound to speak; but I must say that, in addressing myself to the task before me, I feel some degree of reluctance, for who would readily lay bare the most cherished and valued principles of his life? Who would expose to the gaze of a promiscuous crowd the main-springs of his spiritual life? Are not the guiding principles of one's character dear and sacred to him? But I feel I must overcome my reluctance in the interests of public duty. This solemn question must be solemnly answered—Do I regard myself as an inspired prophet? It seems strange, however, that a living man, whose practices and speculations have been before the public for a considerable length of time, should have his creed and his character so wantonly misrepresented. Am I not accessible to all? Is it not possible to apply crucial tests to my character and conduct? Is my theology a hidden thing? Is my creed an enigma and a mystery? Is it not possible for the public to understand who and what I am? Perhaps I have peculiarities of my own, and I am not as other men are. Perhaps my singularity imposes upon me a penalty which I must pay in the shape of a public explanation. I must assure you I am not here this evening to vindicate myself. I am simply going to draw my inner self out of myself, in order that you may see and understand it. I am not going to justify my conduct, nor to defend my recent movements and actions. Judgment belongeth to the Lord. It is not possible for you to convict nor to acquit me. I am here this evening as one who has been arraigned before the bar of public opinion, and I must speak honestly, candidly, fearlessly, and truthfully, whatever the consequences may be. I will tell you what I think of myself. Whether I shall be able to throw any fresh light upon the contested subject is more than I can say. It is possible I shall aggravate my unpopularity by what I am going to say. I may increase public dislike; I may mystify the subject more and more by attempting to explain and elucidate it. Without any regard to consequences, let me then attempt to discharge my humble duty, leaving the issues in the hands of God Himself. We shall all be judged by Him, and we must all abide by His decision. If you acquit me, I am not acquitted; if you condemn me, I am not condemned The main issues of this great question lie in the hands of the Heavenly Judge, and to His verdict I must humbly bow.

Before proceeding to describe what I am, it would perhaps be more logical to say what I am not. The world has always honored its prophets. Prophets !—who are they ? Without entering into a philosophical or theological analysis of the elements of a prophet's character, we may for our present purpose take a prophet to be as he is generally represented in popular theology. Each religion has its prophets, each church recognizes one or more prophets, and honors them. They are mediators in a certain sense, and saviours too. They are Avatars, or Divinity Incarnate in human flesh, as in the Christian Church and the Hindoo religion. Or they are only spiritual guides and mediators, as in Mahomedan theology. But all churches agree in honoring prophets as heaven-sent and heaven-inspired apostles, destined to help a sinful world to obtain salvation. Whatever their character may be, they are always invested with a certain degree of holiness, or they would not be honored. The world falls at the feet of these prophets, and gives them homage which it does not give to others. They are holy men. Their precepts and examples are calculated to help men in attaining purity and salvation. They must be holy. An unholy prophet—that is morally impossible. There may be certain errors and shortcomings in the lives of prophets, but as for purity of character no prophet who wins the esteem and allegiance of the world can be without it. Whoso aspires to be a prophet must show his credentials, and prove by his sanctity that he is worthy of the name of a prophet. He must show that there is an extraordinary amount of purity in his inmost soul, before he would be accepted and honored by the world as a prophet. Am I fit to be ranked as a prophet? The solution of the question lies in a nut-shell. I am not holy. There is impurity ingrained and established in my constitution; in my very blood and bones there is iniquity; there is wickedness in the depths of my heart. Therefore it is clear—the inference is irresistible, that this man, having no holiness in him, is wholly unworthy of the honor due to prophets. Where there is impurity, there can be no gift of prophecy. There is no prophetic character where there is no moral purity. A man may be an extremely good theologian, a zealous philanthropist, a sincere patriot, but he cannot even make an approach to the high position of a prophet unless he is thoroughly regenerated in holiness and heavenly purity. The question before us, then, is easily settled. It is evident that one must himself be first saved before he undertakes to save others. Can I be a guide unto others when I feel that I am myself blind? If I myself am wicked and heavy-laden with iniquity, can I go forth to deliver others from the bondage of iniquity? That is not possible. Far from being a prophet, I am myself in need of prophetic guidance and help. I, too, like others, must fall down at the feet of the world's prophets, and ask them to sanctify my life. If it is true that they have been sent down by God to teach the world faith, and love and purity, I have as much need of learning these things from them as any one else. Heaven's apostles and saints—they are not of the earth, earthy; they are not born of the flesh. Pure-minded, pure-hearted men, I believe they can teach me purity through the redeeming grace of God if I humbly fall at their feet, and place myself under the influence of their teachings and examples. I say again, the question is settled. I am among the sinners of the world, not among its saints. I am not saved ; and who tells me that? My own conscience, my inmost consciousness. But pause awhile. Some of you may say, this is only adding to the claims I already possess to the distinction of a prophet. I shall probably be told,—You are so humble and modest ; you are only making an exemplary confession of your own unworthiness. I am no sentimentalist. I am not given to fancy or imagination. I have never had a religious vision in my life. It is all reality. I see with my own eyes the roots of all manner of vice in my heart. I am conscious of them. They are not imaginary but actual vices. Shall I name them ? They are pride selfishness, jealousy, envy, lust, ingratitude, anger, resentment. Shall I say more ? Lying, perjury, forgery ; yea, even manslaughter. The roots of all these vices I see in me as clearly as I see you here. I see them in the depths of my heart. Whenever I go to my God to pray, I see that there is something terribly foul in me which must be cleansed. Actually I may not have committed all these sins. But what of that ? A sinner is judged not by his actual performance of sinful deeds, but by his sinful propensities. He is judged not by what he has actually done, but by what he is capable of doing, and what he is susceptible of. The Lord judges not from outward actions, but from capabilities and susceptibilities. The seat of corruption is not in the hand but in the heart. Not what is actual, but what is potential, shows our real character. I take into account not only what I am to-day, but what I may be to-morrow. I see the roots of all vices and iniquities in my mind. Tell me not, then, I am amongst you as a prophet that can by his own holiness redeem wicked India. That is not my destiny; that is not my mission. I would rather go and humbly say to the holy prophets of ancient and modern times,—Come and help me and my fellow-sinners in India. And I would ask my God to send to me the help of all His chosen prophets. Surely, then, I am not worthy of a place in the category of prophets. I tremble at the idea of being associated with those heavenly saints. Can I say, I am not worthy to unloose the latchet of Jesus' shoes? Will that sufficiently indicate my humble position? It would not. It would be no humiliation, but an honor to be able to say so. For did not John the Baptist use such language with reference to Christ, and would I not be claiming the Baptist's honors? Will it, then, do for me to say I am unworthy to unloose the latchet of John the Baptist's shoes? That, too, is an honor beyond my reach. Can I use these words with reference to Luther, to John Knox, to Gooroo Nanuk of the Punjab, to Kabir, to Tukaram? Verily, I am unworthy to touch the shoes of the least of the world's prophets. Here, then, am I. Judge me and my character. I have said the plain truth, and now the phantom of India's prophet passes into thin air. It is a dream and an illusion. The so-called prophet of Bengal going forth to save Bombay and Madras and all India is a pure fiction, and it at once vanishes into nothingness.

Then what am I, if I am not a prophet? I am a singular man. I am not as ordinary men are, and I say this deliberately. I say this candidly, I am conscious of marked peculiarities in my faith and character. My singularity began when I was fourteen years of age. I then learnt to abstain from animal food. That was no doubt a small thing considered in itself. But it was a momentous change considered in the light of what followed.

My life was destined for asceticism and abstinence, for the simplicities of faith and life. I was to be debarred from the luxuries of the world. That even at least showed which way the wind was blowing. I was constrained by the Spirit of God. Within a few years I felt more and more this constraining influence. What was it that made me so singular in the earlier years of my life? Providence brought me into the presence of three very singular persons in those days. They were among my soul's earliest acquaintances. As I was walking along the path of my life, I met three stately figures, heavenly, majestic, and full of divine radiance ; and who where these? A wild-looking man, John the Baptist, was seen going about,—not exactly in the midst of the gloom of night, but in the morning twilight—in the wilderness of India, saying," Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." I felt he was speaking to me as I am speaking to you here. I confronted his spirit, I heard his voice in the soul. It was real ; it was clear—" Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Those words stirred me. The man's raiment was of camel's hair, and his meat was locusts and wild honey. I fell down, and I learnt contrition and repentance at the feet of John the Baptist. Why came he to me? Did he really come to me? Yes, he did come to me—he whose voice was heard in Judea several centuries ago. And he came to me because God sent him to me for my benefit, and I heard his words, and profited greatly. He passed away, and then came another prophet far greater than he, the prophet of Nazareth. Standing on a high hill, he addressed to me these solemn words—words which were even more touching and thrilling than those of John the Baptist—" Take no thought for your life," said Jesus to me, "what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or what ye shall put on. Take no thought for the morrow." These words of Jesus found a lasting lodgment in my heart, and have ever since continued to influence me. Hardly had Jesus finished His words, when came another prophet, and that was the travelled ambassador of Christ, the strong, heroic, and valiant Apostle Paul. And what did he say to me? He gave me but one lesson, and that was enough. He said unto me, "Let them that have wives be as though they had none;" and these words came upon me like burning fire at a most critical period of my life. I was then about to marry, or had just got married. It was my impression at the time that marriage was the gate to worldliness, and I was glad to find a response in Paul's Epistles. Verily, verily, as Paul says, those that have wives try to please them. They think of the things of this world, and not of the things of Heaven. They are worldly-minded men. Therefore, those that have wives ought to be like those who have none; in other words, they should discharge their household duties, but should love the Lord above all things; they should not be immersed in carnality and worldliness. I entered the world with ascetic ideas, and my honeymoon was spent amid austerities in the house of the Lord. From that time I was determined never to sink into worldliness. The temptations and allurements of the world were hateful to me, and I said—Heaven save me from these treacherous snares! Paul's words flashed like lightning across my whole heart and soul, and I began to realize my destiny more vividly from that hour. I was to live in the midst of the world and do my work, and fulfil my mission there, but I was not to be gathered amongst worldly-minded men. I was destined to be a man of faith. I was destined and commissioned by God to be a spiritually-minded, and not a worldly-minded, man. Having thus spoken to me through these eminent prophets, and taught me self-denial and asceticism, the Lord took me away gradually from the world, and gathered me into His fold and into His church in the spirit-world. And He said unto me—"I am thy church and doctrine, I am thy creed and thy immortality, thy earth, thy heaven; I am thy family and thy habitation, thy food and thy raiment, thy treasure here and in heaven. Believe in Me." This "I Am" was a strange God to me in those days, for I was not accustomed to such teachings, to such direct inspiration. You all believe in the One True God, and I, too, believe in Him. But I say unto you I believed in a singularly jealous Divinity in those days, and I still cling to a singular Theism. For if you have faith in God, you have faith also in a distinct heaven, in a distinct and elaborate creed, and you have also a distinct system of ethics to go by. But all these, you should remember, were taken away from me. The Lord said I was to have no heaven, but life in Himself; no doctrine, no creed, but a perennial and perpetual inspiration from heaven. Thus the freedom of my reason was completely overcome, and I lost my self-will. At three places had I to sell my freedom. I had to sell my freedom to my country, and then to my Church, and all that was left—the residue of my independence was swallowed up by the all-conquering and all-absorbing grace of God. Thus was I sold for ever. I had no life of my own to lead, no doctrine of my own to teach; I had no right to feel, think, or do as other independent minds did. When the Lord said, "No independence," He used no qualifying terms; there was no reservation; I had to make an unconditional surrender of myself, and become a vassal. I was bound, chained, and fettered at the feet of the Lord. My doctrines were taken away; my Church and my house were taken away, and my "self" was destroyed. I was a slave, a prisoner beneath the throne of Heaven. For days and months together there was no smile on my face. It was all solemn, all dark. The Lord had caught me by the hairs of the head, and had thrown me headlong into the valley of sorrow and tribulation. There was none to advise me or show me the right path; there was none to say to me, "Read this or that." There was no one to say,—"Go to Jesus,"—"Go to Paul." I was left to myself. Single-handed, I was to work against tremendous odds, to conquer my weaknesses and sins. Prayer was my only shield and buckler, and faith the only key which I had in my hand to open the portals of heaven. If I was sorry, I had only to go to my God and say—"Lord, shall I continue to weep?" If I was burdened with iniquity, I had only to cry for help unto the merciful Father day after day, and month after month. But the Lord's mercy, which cometh to all, came to me also, and promised all things. He said unto me, that He would give unto me not only the truths and joys of heaven, but also all earthly comforts. Seek the kingdom of God in the first instance, and all other things shall be added unto you. I wanted nothing else but the kingdom of heaven, but I soon found I had got everything necessary for my temporal as well as spiritual welfare, This singular faith in a singularly jealous God of heaven brought me day and day nearer to Him, and further and further from worldliness. Months and years rolled away, and I found that dark places of my life were being illumined, and the joys of heaven had taken those places which had been given up to sorrow, care and anxiety. I was no longer a child of sorrow, burning in the midst of trial and tribulation. The benignant face of my Father shone forth on my face, and his loving-kindness wiped off the tears from my cheeks, and I felt happy. My days were pleasant. My nights were no longer nights of unrest and trouble, but nights of serenity, peace, and joy. My Divinity, the Theist's Divinity, I disentangled altogether from the meshes of theology and metaphysics, and placed Him before the eye of faith as a plain real fact for my daily guidance. All my prayers were addressed to Him, and all my knowledge derived from Him, and not from books. Some men think I am wise, but they are mistaken. Some men think I am rich ; they too, are mistaken. They are surely and decidedly misinformed. I am not rich, I am not learned, and I have already told you, I am not holy. None of these three things have I. My poverty, and so also my ignorance, is concealed in the midst of the comforts and luxuries and honors of this world. These do not appertain to me, or rather they hide my true self. My cottage is in the midst of a splendid habitation, though I may have to live from hand to mouth. Perhaps my appearance is that of one of the wealthiest and richest men in the world. My true self must not be identified with outward appearances, which are only the result of shifting circumstances. Whatever the Lord gives to me I am bound to accept. Be it riches or penury, I must submit to all the ordinances and dispensations of God. If fortune and friends desert me, and leave me ragged and penniless, I must bear my lot with patience.

If it be His pleasure that thousands of His valiant soldiers should gather around me, I shall joyfully lead them on as their captain, in spite of the flash of cannons, to achieve victories in the cause of truth and righteousness. What the Lord wills that shall be done. I care not whether I am poor or rich. I am neither poor nor rich. I am not a wise man. How can he who scarcely reads two books in three hundred and sixty-five days be reckoned a wise or a learned man? Yet am I studious. It is true I study not the books of the west, nor the books of the east; but a volume far more edifying and valuable than all the books of the world, is ever before me—the vast volume of human nature. It is a most profitable and agreeable study. Chapter after chapter have I read, but the inexhaustible work of God is not finished yet, and is as replete with interest as ever. I still go on pondering over the chapters of the sacred volume, and the Lord of Heaven, my Master and Teacher, who is with me every day, explains verse after verse, phrase after phrase, word after word, syllable after syllable. Therefore am I wise. Yet I am not wise. Am I eloquent? I never learnt elocution. I have a wild uncultured sort of eloquence, which means only emotion. If I am excited, I can speak. If I am not, there is neither grammar nor sense in what I say, and you will be struck with the poverty of language. I am sure to break down hopelessly if I attempt to speak when my feelings are not properly roused. I am all impulse. When I am once excited, you will hear burning words. I will then speak with power, and I will certainly crush into atoms the most impregnable strongholds of error. Because it is not my force, my power, which then makes me speak, but the Lord's. If the burning words of truth I speak are words of mine, I am an impostor. If the Lord chooses to speak through my tongue, to Him must I give all honor and glory. Then I am all fire, and I can speak not only eloquently, but I can speak the words of pure wisdom and truth. Leave me to myself and my own resources, and in a moment the scene changes. I would falter and stammer, nay speak untruth and falsehood, and all that is abominable. This man, two minutes ago, was speaking the words of God with power and authority. But now he is weak, heartless, and miserable—he is dumb and speechless. Believe me, so it is. I tell you the truth; nothing but the truth. My father's eloquence makes me eloquent, and yet I am not eloquent. When I am not in my element, I falter even when I am indulging in conversation with friends. I cannot even write my letters with ease. But give unto me the light and inspiration of Heaven, and I will speak with power, which this world cannot conquer. What is concealed from the wise is revealed unto a babe. Therefore, would I trust Him and resign myself to Him with child-like simplicity, and I would be wise in His wisdom. I am not holy, I am not rich, I am not learned. Yet have I the one thing needful. I have faith. And what sort of faith? That which can be converted into bread and water—into philosophy, wisdom, and joy. Before the wisdom of faith, the wisest of men must hide their faces in very shame. It is such faith as this which sees God everywhere, and evolves truth and purity even out of this world of impurity. How this Town Hall is illuminated just now! Yet in each of those lights, one may trace the resplendent presence of the Lord. It is only because we close our eyes that we see not this light. Faith can see the Lord immanent in all things and pervading the whole universe. Am I a Pantheist? I am in spirit a pantheist, though I hate the errors of pantheism. I wish to encourage this spirit of pantheism in India. I wish to see all men and women in this country learn to perceive God in all objects. Sweet Prahlád, that child of devotion, said, pointing to a pillar,—"My Living God dwelleth in this," and as the sword of his unbelieving father cut the pillar into two, the Almighty, it is said, came out of the pillar. This is mythology, but this is theology, too. For verily the Lord dwelleth in every object. If He dwelleth not in all space, then we live in vain in this world. Of what good is religion if it does not teach us to believe in a Deity ever near to us? If God is, I should like to see Him just here. No joke, no dream, no sophistry will help us. The True God of heaven and earth Himself must be seen as a Present Reality. If He is not found here, then the downtrodden sinner perishes at once, lost in despair. Shall I go to the clouds and search my God there? Shall I go to the height of the Himalayas to understand and find Him? It is impossible for a poor sinner to achieve these impracticable feats. My God must Himself come into the sinner's cottage and save him. He goes forth not only to save, but to seek and save the sinner. The Omnipresent Lord is here and everywhere, and I have faith in that fact, and therefore I must not only believe, but I must see my God. Am I not justified in trying to see an Omnipresent Deity? If philosophers and theologians, clergymen and missionaries say,—He is everywhere; if all agree in unanimously speaking of an Omnipresent God, why shall we not see Him? Perish these eyes if they cannot see my God in this hall, and upon this very table. I do not believe in an absentee Lord. God is unto us all an Ever-present Deity. As I saw my God, I naturally asked Him where I should go to find means of subsistence and satisfy my hunger and thirst. To the bank? To a mercantile office? No. The Lord told me, in plain and unmistakable language, to give up secular work altogether. But I said, "Lord, will not my family starve if all means of subsistence are thus deliberately cut off?" "Talk not as an infidel," was the reply. I was ashamed of my scepticism. I was assured that "All things shall be added unto you." Great stress was laid on the word "shall," implying that the promise was sure to be redeemed. A solemn assurance conveyed in such language, and thus attested, who can set aside as untrustworthy? There it is, and I have seen every word of it proved and demonstrated. I accept no truth unless it be such as can be demonstrated. Thus I am a positivist in spirit, though I am opposed to Positivism. I am fond of demonstration. Religion must have as strong and sound a basis of evidence as Euclid and mathematics; otherwise it cannot be acceptable. It must prove that my God is here, and that He speaks to me. My positivist spirit cannot believe unless it sees and hears. The eye and the ear must bear witness unto the Lord, and then only can I believe. In my creed all precepts begin with a "Thus saith the Lord." There is no moral injunction for me, but what He hath Himself said to me. But how do I know His voice? There is a ring, a peculiar intonation, in the spirit-voice of the Lord. Those who have heard it often can recognise it at once. Six, eight, ten times have I heard it, so that when I hear my Lord say, "Thou shalt say the truth to all men," I do not ask in a sceptical spirit, "Who has spoken these words? Is it a phantom of the imagination or the ghost of some departed spirit? Or my diseased intellect?" It was my God who said to me long ago, "Thou shalt become a Theist." It was He who said, "Thou shalt give up all secular work; and take no thought for the morrow." It was He who said to me—"Thou shalt lead a simple life and devote it to missionary work." He has spoken to me often and often, and every time it was a demonstration, a clear, positive demonstration, of a mathematical character. If you are prepared to accept these truths and principles, go and accept them. But take them not unless they are demonstrated in your lives, just in the same way as they have been demonstrated in my own case. I can assure you I have a peculiarly positivist type of faith, and I wish to see that faith established in others. I am myself a positivist in my love of demonstration, and I wish to encourage that spirit in all of you. Never accept anything as true unless it is proved by God Himself to be true. And as regards Jesus Christ, and Paul, and John the Baptist, the Lord will lead you to them, and verify them spiritually, not historically. You speak of history. I hate dead history. I abhor those places where dead men's bones are gathered. Those dismal and dark places I abominate and detest. The Spirit of Christ came to me, and not an abstraction or a thing of the past. I was not reading dead history in the Gospels when these three great prophets came to me, or they would not have electrified me as they did. The Bible has never of itself animated or inspired any one, nor can it. But the Spirit of God converts its dead letters into living ideas. The characters recorded there are dumb and lifeless, but awakened by the Holy Spirit, they start up as living beings. Can things pictured upon canvas or written upon paper give life and salvation? No. The historical characters that came to me were all fire. Their spirits forcibly entered my soul. Could I resist them? Could I cast them away as mere dead men's shadows in history or as metaphysical abstractions? There they were. Here they are now with me, in me. Always in my blood and in my bones the prophets dwell. Therefore to me it is all demonstration. You may go in the same way to God Himself, and He will reveal to you His kingdom. If you wish to see God with your own eyes, if you wish to hear Him, pray. I have not heard and seen all that can be heard and seen. But I hope to see more fully hereafter. I trust that all things shall be revealed unto me, and unto you, in the fulness of time. The Lord's inspiration shall satisfy our understanding, and remove all our doubts and misgivings. I am encouraged,—more than that, I am satisfied, I am delighted and enraptured. I have the spirit of a mystic in me. But the creed of Mysticism I abjure. Though living in the nineteenth century, I go back to the mystic age to drink of the pure fountain of Yoga communion there. I go to the Aryan Yogis of ancient India to learn contemplation. I go into my inner consciousness, and close the windows of the soul. It is all dark. Absolute silence reigns there. The objects of the outward world I see not. My heart prayerfully leans upon the bosom of the Lord. My Friend, the Friend of sinners, reveals Himself as the fountain of sweet joy. Oh, the joys of heavenly communion! How the feeble lights of the world vanish! Self and the world are all lost in the sweets of mystic devotion! I have been asked to protest against this mysticism. I have been asked to banish this mysticism from my soul. Banish heaven from my soul ! Shall I banish my happiness from my soul ? Shall I make joy an exile—gather together sorrows and darkness in my soul ? I cannot do so. I will remain a mystic to the end of the chapter. May God make this mysticism prosper and flourish in my heart ! If mysticism is seeing God and enjoying the deepest and the sweetest communion with God, then I am a mystic in the truest sense of the word.

Then, again, I am a scientist. I am for all science—physical, mental and moral—for a full acceptance of the phenomena and laws of nature. I honor Huxley and Darwin, and all other men, who by their skill are qualified to evolve the latent meaning of the universe. Let them all show the wonders of the Creator. They are aiding me, and my work—the work of the world's salvation. Unconscious of what they are doing, they are only adding to the Theist's faith knowledge, only adding to our joy wisdom. If there is anything in my Church which is opposed to science, I wish rather that my Church should perish and the cherished creed of my life than that science should perish. Let these perish, and perish for ever ! May the Lord God Almighty abolish and annihilate this Church if it be an enemy of science ! I will give up all my mysticism, my daily communion with God, my asceticism, my philosophy if it can be proved that these are opposed to science, and contrary to the revelations of nature. The God of Science is my God—He who in all ages works wonders and continually exhibits His wisdom, power, and love throughout the amplitudes of nature. All science is religion, and all religion is science. There is as much science in prayer as in the locomotive engine, as much science in inspiration as in the microscope and the telegraph wire, and the latest inventions of science. Thus pantheism and mysticism, science and positivism, are with me. Pantheism and mysticism are things of Asia, while positivism and all the sciences of the day are from Europe. My Church is an Asiatic Church. I am in my very bones and blood, in the very constitution of my soul, essentially an Asiatic. As an Asiatic, I would encourage and vindicate devotion to the extent of mystic communion. But here you will probably say, there is no harmonious development. It is all prayer and contemplation, and no work. I say there *is* harmony. If I am mystical, am I not practical too? I am practical as an Englishman. If I am Asiatic in devotion, I am a European in practical energy. My creed is not dreamy sentimentalism, not quietism, not imagination. Energy, yes, energy,—I have that in a very great measure in my character and in my Church. It is the vigor and energy of the Englishman and the American. My Church is a vast European Church, full of resolution, heroism, strength, and vivacity. My Church has in it all the elements of European practical life. It encourages education, social reformation, political elevation, the improvement of women, the promotion of cheap journalism, the advancement of science, and material prosperity. Like a mighty river, the stream of national devotion comes into my Church from the Vedas and the Upanishads, the pantheistic books and mystic scriptures of ancient India. None can, none should, resist this torrent. But in my Church warm devotion and practical enthusiasm are commingled. Can I forget that I have been brought up in English schools and colleges, and that I have received an essentially Western training? I cannot indulge in dreams. I must work. I cannot be a drone. I must be a busy bee, always gathering sweets from all sorts of flowers in the Heavenly Father's garden I have shown you my exact position. I have shown you all the elements in my Church. I have portrayed its many-sided character. This Church, I believe, is destined to bring about the reformation and regeneration of my countrymen. The Lord wills thus.

Friends and countrymen, all that I have said can be proved and demonstrated at any time. Truth harmonizes with all truth, and I am nothing if not a scientist and a philosopher. I have the purest regard for modern philosophy and science, and I have the purest regard for the civilization of the nineteenth century. But I must at the same time try to be true and faithful to all that is great and glorious in the antiquities of my own beloved India. For the last twenty years have I labored in the cause of God and of India. But men have attempted to prove that I have been guided by my own imagination, reason, and intellect. Under this conviction they have from time to time protested against my proceedings. They should remember that to protest against the cause I uphold is to protest against the dispensations of God Almighty, the God of all Truth and Holiness. I will make no secret of this, for I believe that my life is identified with my mission, and that remonstrances and protests cannot make me swerve from it. You may go on protesting against every little thing in my life which seems unreasonable to you; you may protest against my abstaining from animal food; you may protest against my walking bare-footed in the streets of Calcutta; you may protest against my making no provision for the morrow. Go on saying all you have got to say against me. All adverse criticism I shall tolerate. Go and publish in all the newspapers in India my shortcomings and foibles, my errors and iniquities; proclaim me an impostor, and a man sold to untruth and sin, and to wine and sensuality, and all manner of falsehood and lying. The Lord will vindicate His truth and the character of those who put their trust in Him. As for your hostility, I am not concerned about it. For verily I have no enemy on earth. None, I emphatically say so. Those who profess to be my enemies are advocating my cause, and going about preaching my ideas and principles. They hold in their hands my banners. I see their lives, I watch their movements, and with a smile I say to myself,—why this is all my own self reproduced. It is curious but true, that my adversaries, those most inimical to me, have unconsciously adopted my principles. The Lord has made them my friends in spite of themselves. There is no serious enmity, yet they will call themselves my enemies. So much the better, because those who would otherwise never accept my truths now readily grasp them. If my friends preach my truths, they would not perhaps be welcomed in certain quarters, and hence it is necessary that my so-called enemies should go there, and advocate my cause effectively. My truths, have I said? By my truths, I mean the essential truths of my life, which the Lord has communicated to me, and commissioned me to preach to my countrymen. These truths I call my truths. Surely they cannot be *my* truths in the vulgar sense of the word. I know not *my*. Where is *my*, where is this self? It does not exist. Long since has this little bird "I" soared away from this sanctuary I know not where, never to return again. My "self" has long since been annihilated by my God. I have nought that is mine. Neither gold nor silver have I, nor is there any truth which is mine as opposed to or distinguished from yours and God's. If it is God's truth I preach, it is in your heart; in the heart of educated India it has found a place. It will not be possible for you now to efface or eradicate it. There, it has gone into the depths of India's nationality, never again to be uprooted. The spirit of truth I have been so long teaching has silently, quietly, and almost imperceptibly, leavened the heart of educated India. Men know not whence or how it came.

It is a wonder and a marvel that, in spite of civilization, there is so much spirituality growing up in the midst of young Bengal and young India. Take away this Brahmo Church, take away this grand Theistic organization, and what is left? No spirituality. It is all secular education and material prosperity. Go where you will—to Bombay, to Madras, to Calcutta, to the Punjab, to Assam, and you will find numerous small temples like small lights glimmering here and there. When they gather their forces together, and concentrate their light, all India shall be illuminated by a general and mighty blaze. This living faith is not contrary to the spirit of Christianity or Mahomedanism or Hinduism. It is religion, pure and simple. It is the religion of Love, the religion of the Living God. I see it flourishing everywhere. Daily it grows with the aid of my friends, as well as my enemies. For twenty years I have been subjected to trials and persecutions of no ordinary kind. Have compassion upon me, my countrymen. Do not trample upon this man. I have told you I am a sinner; yet am I commissioned by God to preach certain truths. To give my country these truths is my life's peculiar mission. So long as I live, I must do this work. Shall I disown my mission and perjure myself? To do so would be to sacrifice my life and God's truth. In doing this work, I am confident I have not done anything that is wrong. I have tried to do the Lord's will, not mine. I have ever proved consistent with myself, and preserved the integrity of my destiny. The Lord of Heaven knows I have humbly done all that lay in my power to fulfil the mission imposed by Him upon me. How independently do those around me maintain their ideas and privileges? But I have no religious freedom. I am not responsible for the truths I have to preach. I say this fearlessly, and in the presence of this great assembly. Surely I am not to blame for anything which I may have done under Heaven's injunction. If any one is to blame, the Lord God of Heaven is to answer for having taught me, and constrained me to do most unpopular things for the good of my country. Dare you impeach Heaven's Majesty? Under His command I have done so, and I will do ten thousand similar things so long as I live. The Lord God is Our Father in Heaven, and when a sinner like a little child says unto Him, "Lord, save me," will the Lord mock his sufferings and sins? And when he asks for bread, will the Lord give him a stone? The Lord cannot do this. You know I pray, and Heaven mercifully gives me the bread of life and saving truth. If you say these truths are mine, and not the Lord's, you insult Him. I have a higher self and a lower self, and I see clearly the line of demarcation between the two.

You may hate my vices, but my higher self implanted in me by Divinity, working, speaking and moving in Him and through Him, you cannot resist. My mission none can resist, for that is of God. You go into the world to establish schools, to found churches, to distribute alms. As you have your peculiar ideas and vocation, I too have my ideas and my vocation. If you accept these my ideas, then you admit me into your hearts. I have gone there already, and found a place there, and you cannot expel me. For twenty years you have been with me, and you cannot banish me now. I have taken hold of the muscles and nerves of your frame, of the convictions and sympathies of your heart. Lo! I am in you with the God of truth and mercy. He will bless you and save you.

I have indulged in egotism this evening, gentlemen, but I ask your pardon and indulgence. It is only the pressure of public opinion that has brought me here to explain my character and conduct. Am I a prophet? No. Am I a singular man? Yes. Can you wrest India from me? Can you violently wrest away from me my glorious and beloved father-land? That is impossible. I hold my ground, and with my valiant co-adjutors around me, my proved and tried co-adjutors, I will hold the citadel of Truth, and will not give it up. Can I give it up, my Lord? Can I give up India, and still live? I cannot The whole of my life-blood that is in me will dry up in a moment if I am cut off from my mission. I have no life apart from my Father's work. I have no earthly concerns to attend to, no property to manage, no source of income to look to. My family and children are all in the hands of my Church, and all my earthly possessions. Either India or death. Either patriotism or infidelity. I have no other alternative. Do you wish to transform me into an infidel by your remonstrances? Would you have me reject God and Providence, and listen to your dictates in preference to His inspiration? Keshub Chunder Sen cannot do it, will not do it. I must do the Lord's will. Man's creed, man's counsel, I will not follow, but will trust and serve the Lord.

# INDIA ASKS: WHO IS CHRIST?

I DESIRE to speak of Christ. The sacred theme is eminently appropriate to this week of solemn devotion, known in Christendom as the "Holy Week." But what right have I, it might be asked, to speak of things concerning him crucified? I am not a Christian, none of the numerous sects into which the Church of Christ is divided would allow my creed to be identified with its own. I have not been nursed on the laps of Christian parents, nor have I been brought up under Christian teachers. The country in which I dwell is not a Christian country, nor is my home a Christian home. I am not well versed in the Christian scriptures, nor am I skilled in exegesis. Yet, must I speak of Christ. My love for Christ constrains me to speak of him. My loyalty to Jesus is my apology. If any other apology were needed I would invite your attention to India's earnest and impassioned solicitations. Most eagerly and most earnestly she asks,—Who is Christ? On all sides there are indications and signs which clearly and unmistakably prove that this question emanates from the very heart of the nation. It is no wonder that India should ask this question. For, is not a new and aggressive civilization winning its way, day after day, and year after year, into the very heart and soul of the people? Are not Christian ideas and institutions taking their root in the soil of this vast country? Has not a Christian Government taken possession of its cities, its provinces, its villages; its hills and plains, its rivers and seas, its homes and hearths, its teeming millions of men and women and children? Yes, the advancing surges of a mighty-revolution are encompassing the land, and in the name of Christ strange innovations and reforms are penetrating the very core of India's heart. Well may our fatherland ask,—who is this Christ? Not like Pontius Pilate, but in the earnest and serious spirit of a true and candid enquirer, does India ask who this Christ is, who is coming every day nearer and nearer to her heart? You must not think, my countrymen, that any secular power, however formidable, has conquered and holds this great country. Who rules India? What power is that which sways the destinies of India at the present moment? You are mistaken if you think that it is the ability of Lord Lytton in the cabinet, or the military genius of Sir Frederick Haines in the field that rules India. It is not politics, it is not diplomacy that has laid a firm hold of the Indian heart. It is not the glittering bayonet, nor the fiery cannon of the British army that can make our people loyal. No, none of these can hold India in subjection. Armies never conquered the heart of a nation. Muscular force and prowess never made a man's head or heart bow before a foreign power. No. If you wish to secure the attachment and allegiance of India, it must be through spiritual influence and moral suasion. And such indeed has been the case in India. Gentlemen, you cannot deny that your hearts have been touched, conquered and subjugated by a superior power. That power—need I tell you?—is Christ. It is Christ who rules British India, and not the British Government. England has sent out a tremendous moral force, in the life and character of that mighty prophet, to conquer and hold this vast empire. None but Jesus, none but Jesus, none but Jesus ever deserved this bright, this precious diadem, India; and Jesus shall have it. If then India is encompassed, on all sides, by Christian literature, Christian civilization, and a Christian Government, she must naturally endeavour to satisfy herself as to the nature of this great power in the realm which is doing such wonders in our midst. It may seem strange, but it is a fact that India knows not yet this power, though already so largely influenced by it. She is unconsciously imbibing the spirit of this new civilization,—she is unconsciously succumbing to its irresistible influence. Therefore India ought to be informed as to the real character of the source of this dominant moral influence, Christ.

It is not the British army, I say again, that deserves any honor for conquering India. If unto any army appertains the honor of holding India for England, that army is the army of Christian Missionaries, headed by their valiant chief, their invincible captain, Jesus Christ. Their devotion, their self-abnegation, their philanthropy, their love of God, their attachment and allegiance to the truth, all these have found, and will continue to find, a deep place in the gratitude of our countrymen. Therefore, it is needless, perfectly superfluous, for me to bestow any eulogium upon such devoted friends and tried benefactors of our country. They have brought unto us Christ. They have given us the high code of Christian ethics, and their teachings and examples have secretly influenced and won thousands of non-Christian Hindus. Let England know that, thanks to the noble band of Christ's ambassadors sent by her, she has already succeeded in planting his banners in the heart of the nation. God's blessing and India's gratitude will, for ever, belong to men such as these—men of character, men of faith, men who, in many instances have been found ready to sacrifice even their lives for the sake of bearing witness unto the truth.

Perhaps, you will tell me that this question has been answered already. Look at the flood of Christian literature that has swept over the length and breadth of the country. There are heaps of books and numberless preachers and teachers around you, all ready to give, each in his own way, a complete answer to the question before us. Doubtless from these sources, India has gathered some knowledge of Christ of Nazareth. But such knowledge has not given her complete satisfaction. It is true the people of India have been satisfied in some measure with what they have heard and read of Jesus, but they have been disappointed in a much greater measure. For England has sent unto us, after all, a Western Christ. This is indeed to be regretted. Our countrymen find that in this Christ, sent by England, there is something that is not quite congenial to the native mind, not quite acceptable to the genius of the nation. It seems that the Christ that has come to us is an Englishman, with English manners and customs about him, and with the temper and spirit of an Englishman in him. Hence is it that the Hindu people shrink back and say: who is this revolutionary reformer who is trying to sap the very foundations of native society, and establish here an outlandish faith and civilization quite incompatible with oriental instincts and ideas? Why must we submit to one who is of a different nationality? Why must we bow before a foreign prophet? It is a fact which cannot be gainsaid that hundreds upon hundreds, thousands upon thousands, even among the most intelligent in the land, stand back in moral recoil from this picture of a foreign Christianity trying to invade and subvert Hindu society; and this repugnance unquestionably hinders the progress of the true spirit of Christianity in this country. When they feel that Christ means nothing but the worst form of denationalization, the whole nation must certainly as one man stand up to repudiate and banish this acknowledged evil. But why should you Hindus go to England to learn Jesus Christ? Is not his native land nearer to India than England? Is he not, and are not his apostles and immediate followers more akin to Indian nationality than Englishmen? Are not the scenes enacted in the drama of the Christian dispensation altogether homely to us Indians? When we hear of the lily, and the sparrow, and the well, and a hundred other things of Eastern countries, do we not feel we are quite at home in the Holy Land? Why should we then travel to a distant country like England, in order to gather truths, which are to be found much nearer our homes? Gentlemen, go to the rising sun in the East, not to the setting sun in the West, if you wish to see Christ in the plenitude of his glory and in the fulness and freshness of his divine life. Why do I speak of Christ in the West as the setting sun? Because there we find apostolical Christianity almost gone; there we find the life of Christ formulated into lifeless dogmas and antiquated symbols. But if you go to the true Christ in the East and his apostles, you are at once seized with inspiration. You find the truths of Christianity all fresh and resplendent. Recall to your minds, gentlemen, the true Asiatic Christ, divested of all western appendages, carrying on the work of redemption among his own people. Behold, he cometh to us in his loose flowing garment, his dress and features altogether oriental, a perfect Asiatic in everything. Watch his movements, and you will find genuine orientalism in all his habits and manners,—in his uprising and down-sitting, his going forth and his coming in, his preaching and ministry, his very language and style and tone. Indeed, while reading the Gospel, we cannot but feel that we are quite at home when we are with Jesus, and that he is altogether one of us. Surely Jesus is *our Jesus.* But I have spoken as yet only of the visible Christ. The outward Christ is evidently an Asiatic, and as such he comes home to us, and rivets our national sympathies.

But can we say the same thing of the invisible Christ: the Soul of Christ? Is that oriental? Can you as Asiatics appreciate and accept the spirit of Christ as that of a fellow-Asiatic? At the very threshold of the inquiry, we find the ethics of Christ asking us to accept it, and give it a place in our hearts. And we readily acquiesce in it. The sublime and marvellous ethics of Christ who can condemn, who will not honor? Its rules of forgiveness and love, meekness, humility, charity, justice, sincerity, and simplicity, the rules of poverty, self-restraint, and asceticism, constitute the highest standard of true ethics, which must find acceptance in all parts of the world. Though we are Hindus, we cannot help admiring the superior and exalted ethics which Christ brings to us. You cannot deny it, you cannot set it aside. It is from God. Your consciences attest it. Ancient philosophy bows before it. A greater than Socrates has taught us this lofty ethical code, and we are bound for truth's sake to accept this legacy from Christ. We are all agreed, irrespective of differences of creed and caste, as to the supremacy of the ethical law embodied in his teachings and character. If you Indians hesitate or refuse to accept Christ, it is not because you dislike his ethics. It is not Christ's humanity that is a stumbling-block in your way, but his so-called divinity. His heavenly spirituality, not his human morality, stands in the way of your accepting him. The divinity of Jesus,—yes, that is the great subject on which I desire to discourse. Christ as a good man, a great man, we have learnt to love, honor, and esteem. Christ as a moral teacher of the highest order, we are this moment ready to enshrine in our hearts. For the exemplary purity of his character, we would at once give him the heart's allegiance and loyalty. But that is not the whole of Christ's character or mission. It is not here that we find the real excellence of his life. Have not teachers beyond number appeared in all ages to teach morality, self-restraint and rectitude, humility and self-sacrifice? There are ethical rules of a high order to be found in the scriptures of all religious denominations. But Christ aspired to a higher position than that of a moralist in the affections and attachment of his followers. Yes, a higher and heavenlier position,—that of a divine power. To that position he is entitled, and that he demands. The question now is, are we Indians prepared to give him this high position in our hearts? Do we believe that he is altogether human? Are we satisfied that there is nothing but earthly humanity in him? Have we given him all the honor he is entitled to, when we have settled for him a place next to our conscience as a monitor? Verily there is such a thing as divinity in Christ. But what is this divinity? Gentlemen, this is a delicate and difficult subject, and though I may run the risk of being unpopular, I must proceed to give you some of those ideas and sentiments which for many long years I have cherished in the depths of my heart.

It appears to me that Christ held earnestly and consistently what I should, in the absence of a better expression, call the doctrine of divine humanity. He not only believed this, but he carried it, theoretically and practically, to its uttermost logical sequence. I am satisfied that in Christ Jesus there was an abundance of philosophy and logic, before which even the proudest philosophy of modern times must hide her face in very shame. From his very early life he seized this great and philosophical idea of divine humanity, and throughout his career he carried it out, with wonderful logical consistency, in all its bearings, speculative and practical. This doctrine he realized in its fullest measure in his own consciousness, and therefore he never made a secret of it, but fearlessly proclaimed it in the streets, and tried to make converts to the new doctrine wherever he went. How did he enunciate this principle? Christ struck the keynote of his doctrine when he announced his divinity before an astonished and amazed world in these words :" I and my Father are one." I can assure you, my friends, that I love Christ and honor him more for the sake of these words than for anything else. For these memorable and imperishable words furnish an index to the mystery and glory of his real character. Were it not for this bold assertion of identity with the Godhead, I would not honor Christ so much as I do. Half the beauty of Christianity would be marred and obliterated, if the principles involved in this important doctrine were eliminated from Christian theology. Christ really believed that he and his Father were one, or he would not have said so. He spoke the truth, unmixed and pure truth, when he announced this fact. "I can of mine own self do nothing." "I am in my Father, and my Father in me."

These and similar other passages abound in the Gospel, and they all remind us of this essential and central principle of Christ's life and ministry, this corner-stone of his theology.

I am, therefore, bound to admit that Christ really believed that he and his Father were one. When I come to analyse this doctrine, I find in it nothing but the philosophical principle underlying the popular doctrine of self-abnegation,—self-abnegation in a very lofty spiritual sense. "I and my Father are one." These words clearly mean,—if you would only exercise the smallest amount of reflection, they would clearly appear to you to mean,—nothing more than the highest form of self-denial. Christ ignored and denied his self altogether. We, on the contrary, have each our hard selfishness, and it is our desire and interest to serve and gratify it heartily. All the pursuits of our lives, our affections, our associations, our daily thoughts, and feelings, our hopes and aspirations gather round this central self. *I* think, *I* preach, *I* am a true man and a right man. This is *my* virtue, that is *my* holiness, this is *my* charity, that is *my* prayer. You have given this unto *me*. You cannot take it away from *me*. These are selfish ideas which prevail universally among mankind, and constitute the real danger of society and the root of all our sins and wickednesses. Upon these shoals many a life has been wrecked, and many a life is being wrecked every day. Self must be extinguished and eradicated completely. Christ said so, and Christ did so. He destroyed self. And as self ebbed away, Heaven came pouring into the soul. For, as you all know, nature abhors a vacuum, and hence as soon as the soul is emptied of self Divinity fills the void. So it was with Christ. The Spirit of the Lord filled him, and everything was thus divine within him. His wisdom, his love, his joy,—these were not his, but the Lord's. The world has ascribed unto thee, O Christ, praise and glory beyond measure, but thou wouldst not have it. Thou wouldst give all to the Lord. "It is not I who do it," Christ always used to say, "but the Lord doeth all through me." Though the wisdom of the Gospel has been propagated among millions and millions of men, and has reached the uttermost parts of the earth, and though it is only Christ's wisdom, he disclaims it altogether. And though he had abundance of holiness and joy, he denied his right to regard them as his own. He saw in that holiness the holiness of God, and in that joy the joy of heaven. If ever there was a thing he did with his own hand, he would never say it was his doing. The Lord did it all If he ever spoke truths which went forth like thunder and lightning into the very foundations of human society and overturned and revolutionized it, even then he did not take credit unto himself. For the humble and self-denying Jesus looked upon all truth as God's truth. Therefore he gave unto God all honor and credit. He lived, moved and had his being in God. Not a breath he drew, but it was from the Lord. Not a drop of life-blood that gave him vitality but it came from the very fountain of life and vitality in heaven. He saw, heard and touched, as we see, hear and touch. But he always felt that the root of his being was God Himself —a fact of which we are not always conscious. He had his life rooted in Divinity. He felt always that the Lord was underlying his whole existence. And, therefore, without equivocation, and with all the boldness and candour of conscious simplicity he proclaimed unto the world the fact that he was one with God. The world wondered and marvelled, as it saw this strange man, and heard this strange doctrine. Men comprehended him not, and repeatedly exclaimed,—What manner of man is this?

You are no doubt aware that this mysterious man had no distinct individuality, no property on earth—no, not even a penny that he could claim or reckon as his own. Whatsoever distinguishes and demarcates human individuality was clearly wanting in his case. The son of Mary had not a distinctive earthly designation. He had no home to dwell in. He had no endearing family tie to fascinate or fasten him. When the message came to him one day that his mother and brethren wanted to speak to him, he said,—"Who is my mother, and who are my brethren? Whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister and mother." Ah! Christ, the poorest of the poor, had no self, no home, no family, nothing on earth, yet he had a home in the Lord; and he had a vast family and countless children on all sides; he was bound by the sweetest ties which can bind one soul to another. Christ having nothing yet had everything. The world was his inheritance. But he had not this one thing; he had not this self, which is, in us all, the prolific source of all temptations and evils. This corrupt self, which estranges us from God, and is the root of all iniquity, is indeed the great danger against which we should all guard ourselves. Christ saw this, and therefore from the beginning to the end his life was one continued protest against self. By his teachings as well as example he declared emphatically that man shall live in God, and not in self. To manifest this divine life in humanity was his mission, and the unvarying burden of his exhortations. That was the object for which he came down from heaven to dwell on earth, and nobly did he accomplish this mission. He manifested this divine life in man as no other man had ever done before. There is Christ before us as a transparent crystal reservoir in which are the waters of divine life. There is no opaque self to obstruct our vision. The medium is transparent, and we clearly see through Christ the God of truth and holiness dwelling in him. When Jesus was asked by one of his disciples to show the Father, he wondered and said: "you have seen me, and yet you venture to say you have not seen the Father!" He felt that the Father's spirit was gushing out in fresh and unceasing streams from his inmost soul through his words and actions. Those who saw him were therefore reminded that it was not his life, for he had no self, but the divine life in him that they saw. We see in Jesus perfect self-surrender and perfect asceticism. For if a man has renounced self what more will he renounce? Compared to Christ the poorest and humblest ascetic seems possessed of abundant wealth. The son of man verily had not where to lay his head, and, as regards provisions, his "morrow" was always uncertain. Therefore, I say this wonderful man had no thought whatever of self, and lived in God. This unique character of complete self-surrender is the most striking miracle in the world's history which I have seen, and which it is possible for the mind to conceive.

If, then, this is the fundamental principle of Christ's life and character, we now find why it is that he almost instinctively felt that he had a spiritual pre-existence. Pre-existence! Be not startled, gentlemen. I proclaim Christ to-day before this assembly as the Prince of Idealists, and his religion supreme Idealism. He believed in idealism, he loved idealism, he fed upon idealism. But the truest, the highest, the purest type of idealism was that of Christ, and not what generally passes under that name. He was all idealism. His disembodied spirit he saw resting in God's bosom long before its earthly existence. He dwelt with his Father and in Him before he came to dwell here. And to that dwelling place, he felt he would return after finishing his earthly career. The life of Christ is like a circular stream, whose rise and fall may be traced to the same sea. From it the stream rises, and into its broad expanse it finally discharges its waters. So the life of Christ springs from Divinity, and into Divinity it goes back. As his spirit rolled backward and forward, up and down this circular stream, he found himself, in the past, dwelling in God, even before creation, and in the future, rewarding believers and rebuking unbelievers assembled after death before the judgment seat. He saw himself abiding eternally in God, before creation and after death. His thoughts and sentiments, his wisdom and light, his energy and vitality, emanate from the Divine Spirit, and return to the Divine Spirit. He is born of the Father, and after his earthly sojourn is over to the Father he goes back. Thus it is that he existed in heaven before he had an earthly existence. Did not Christ say that he existed long before Abraham lived? Did he not say distinctly, "Before Abraham was, I am." How then and in what shape did he exist in heaven? As an Idea, as a plan of life, as a predetermined dispensation yet to be realized, as purity of character, not concrete but abstract, as light not yet manifested. That was the form in which Christ dwelt from all eternity in the bosom of the Father. Looking at himself in this light Christ could not but believe in his pre-existence. His earthly life had certainly a beginning, but the divine life in him could not possibly have had a beginning. Holiness assuredly has no beginning; wisdom has no beginning; love can have none; truth can never commence to exist. For these existed through all eternity in God Himself. Whatsoever is good and true is co-eternal with God. Though the human Christ was born, all that was divine in him existed eternally in God. In fact, Christ was nothing but a manifestation on earth, in human form, of certain ideas and sentiments which lay before in the Godhead. Let me explain this more fully in two or three words. Before the world was, the Eternal God existed, and in His bosom slept Jesus, or rather the Ideal Jesus. Yes, Christ was there, with all his disciples, and all his apostles and prophets were there—yea, the whole picture of the economy of Providence as was subsequently developed and realized in the Christian dispensation.

The future tree lies potentially in the small acorn. The small seed planted by the Almighty hand, out of which came forth this marvellous universe, with its varied forms of beauty and sublimity, contained the life and character of Jesus. In the fulness of time he was evolved out of that seed. Christ is but an evolution. He is only a manifestation. Manifestation of what? Of the Father? No. The Father existed already as the Infinite Creator, and was already manifest in creation. The universe had trumpeted forth in all ages the praise of the Almighty God, and revealed His wisdom and power and mercy. The heavens above declared His handiwork, and the earth below showed the riches of His love and wisdom. In His works the Father was manifest. Judaism had sung, with sweet and touching accents, the glory of the mighty Jehovah, as exhibited in the vast universe, and Hebrew prophets had chanted again and again the economy of the Father's Providence. There was, therefore, no need of manifesting the Father. The light already revealed needed no revelation. The Lord of the universe did not mean to come and dwell on earth among men, women and children. There was the necessity of some manifestation indeed. Manifestation of the son, and not of the Father. The world wanted to see the son. An example of true sonship was needed. The abstract principles of morality and religion and human duty had, it is true, been unfolded in various forms by teachers and prophets in ages gone by, but the world had not lived in conformity with them, and men had proved undutiful children of the Lord. There was disobedience on all sides. It was, therefore, urgently and absolutely necessary for the salvation of man that an example of filial obedience should be manifested. And, therefore, the Lord took away if I may use the expression, the lower half of His holy nature, that much of it which related to the position and character of the son, and He invested the same with flesh and bones and blood, and sent unto the world. Perfect holiness dwelt in the Father, the eternal fountain-head of all that is true, and good and beautiful. It comprehended all manner of holiness. It had in it the germs of all forms of virtue and righteousness. Purity of life dwelt in Him in its fulness and integrity. Out of this substance the Lord took out only one form of purity, that which applies to the son in his relations to the Father and his brethren, and comprises the whole round of human duties and virtues, and having given it a human shape, said,—Go and dwell thou in the world and show forth unto nations divine sonship. In the Old Testament of the world's history you see man's fall through disobedience; the New Testament shows the birth of the obedient child of God, who ever rejoices in doing his Father's will. And so came down Jesus in all his glory from heaven to teach us sonship, or true loyalty to the Father. He received his commission from the Father, and he took counsel from Him so to say. He was filled with the glory of God, and with as much of His power and wisdom and purity as the son needed for manifestation on earth. Thus was the son incarnated, and not the Father. The heavens and the earth rejoiced because a son was born and true manhood was revealed. It was not the Father that came to dwell amongst us, but his beloved son, who was one with Him becouse he was made of divine humanity. Not the Father was made flesh; but the "word" that was with Him, the life, the truth of the son that was in Him, was made flesh.

Thus it is that Christ existed in God before he was created. There is an uncreated Christ as also the created Christ, the idea of the son and the incarnate son drawing all his vitality and inspiration from the Father. This is the true doctrine of incarnation. Take away from Christ all that is divine, all that is God's, no Christ remains. The residuum is a volatile ethereal something which will not bear even the gentlest touch. Touch it and lo! it evaporates. Touch the human, bodily Christ, Christ as a self and a distinct individuality, and it vanishes, so unreal it is. The divine idea, the divine life, which is embodied in Christ, that is his substance, and that alone liveth and abideth for ever and that we love and revere. When he came forth from heaven into this world with his sacred commission, how did he live and preach? He lived and preached in this world as one whose life was God, whose wisdom was God, and to whom God was all in all. He did not go about teaching dry ethical rules. He taught only one doctrine—divinity in humanity. He preached the highest form of spirituality, the truest type of idealism, when he declared himself one with God. One in what sense? Did he say unto the world that he was himself the Father? He never said that. He always spoke of himself as the son of God, the son of man. He never aspired to be equal to the Father, for he only occupied the subordinate position of the son. The glory of the Father he never coveted, he never claimed. All honor and goodness he ascribed to the Father, and said: "There is none good but the Father."

I do not think the so-called doctrine of Trinity is properly understood or comprehended in Christendom, and there are doubtless imperfect and incorrect notions about the true position of the son of God. I do not pretend to understand that position fully. For I am not only intellectually but morally unfit to realize it. The subject of my discourse and the speaker differ as widely as heaven and earth, the one so exalted and pure, the other so low and vile. How can I understand Jesus? Two thousand years have not shed enough light upon the mysteries of his life and relation to God, and I certainly should not consider the world has waited too long if another two thousand years should fail to throw further light upon the subject. For centuries have men plied their understandings, and exercised their intellects to solve this great problem, but the nineteenth century, in spite of its boasted intelligence and wisdom, stands far, very far from the proper comprehension of the relation in which Christ stands to his God. Whatever the final solution may be, it seems to me to be beyond all doubt that Christ's religion was pure, natural, and perfect idealism. He was not a materialist, but a true idealist. He saw his own spirit and he saw the Divine Spirit also, and in deep communion he found the two identified. He felt he was but a drop lost altogether in the vast ocean of the Divinity. Never did he think of self. There was no life at all in him apart from Divinity. He dived deep into the Supreme Spirit, and there he lay immersed. So long as he was on earth, he taught this doctrine of idealistic communion, and went about saying that he continually dwelt in the Father, and the Father dwelt continually in him.

But if mysterious are Christ's relations to his Father, are not his relations to mankind equally mysterious? Here, too, we find evidence enough of that idealism of which I have spoken. He asserted the doctrine of spiritual oneness not only with reference to the Godhead, but also with regard to those around him. He was present not only in God, but also in the hearts of his disciples. What was his prayer to his Father regarding his people before he allowed himself to be crucified? Some time before that event occurred, Christ went to his Father and prayed,—"As Thou Father art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us." Thus in comprehensive unity he sought to include God, his own self and all mankind. This doctrine of spiritual identity is indeed grand and glorious. Addressing those around him Christ said,—"He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood dwelleth in me, and I in him." The language is strange indeed! Christ's body should enter into his disciples; his very flesh, and his very blood should be tasted by his chosen and beloved disciples! Those who loved him were called upon to partake of his flesh and blood! The thing seems absurd. How could men eat Christ and drink his blood! That was possible in one sense only. In the sense, already indicated, of spiritual identification. All those who accepted Jesus with thorough fidelity were identified with him in truth, in love, in wisdom, and in purity. As Christ was one with God, he wanted others to be one with him, and one with God, so that all might dwell together in the glory of Heaven, enjoying everlastingly a life of purity, and holiness, and joy in God Himself. That indeed was Christ's mission, that was the great object of his life. He did not seek to place himself before his followers as a dogma or a doctrine, or a theoretical truth. He wanted to *live* in them with all his ideas and feelings and principles, his piety and godliness, his life of mystic absorption into the Deity.

He wanted his followers to eat him and assimilate him to their hearts, and incorporate him into their very being. He did not mean that they should be gathered in this fold or that fold, under the banners of this sect or that denomination, in the name of this creed or that creed, but he wished simply to abide for ever in the consciousness of all his followers. There was no self-consciousness in him, for he himself was absorbed in God. He wanted to establish this principle in the hearts of all his disciples and of all mankind. It was his wish that men should enter into the highest communion with the Deity, and dwell with Him in the inmost recesses of their hearts; nay, dive into the depth of the Divine Essence, and there enjoy bliss, blessedness, and beatitude everlastingly. His thoughts and deeds, his life and teachings all point to this as his mission. He showed the world how he lived and rejoiced in this in-dwelling Lord; and this in-dwelling Spirit he wanted to communicate to others. And as self is the great enemy of communion, he always warned men against taking care of self. Never think of self, said he. Take no heed of what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink, or what ye shall put on, but seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. Surrender and resign yourselves completely to Him, and He will take care of you and feed you.

Men have put different interpretations upon this great doctrine, and the result is we have countless theories and sects before us. But the spirit of Christ remains ever the same. You may interpret it in your own way, and I may interpret it in my own way. Opinions may fluctuate and change; the sun and moon may be swept away from the firmament, yet this precious truth of unity preached by Christ shall remain and abide unchanged throughout all ages. Christ himself valued this central truth of his life so greatly that before leaving the world he not only offered his prayers unto God that all his disciples might continue to live in him, but he also instituted the sacramental ceremony, making it incumbent upon his followers to taste his flesh and blood, and be incorporated with him.

On the occasion of the Last Supper, Christ commended himself to his disciples and the world at large as mere bread and wine, to be assimilated to the soul, as mere leaven that would in time leaven the whole mass. As leaven he lives to-day. He is not dead. For two thousand years men have tried to find out the dead Christ under the stone. But the Spirit of God has marvellously rolled away the stone, and Christ is not there. Even for three days Christ would not consent to live on earth as a dead Christ buried under the stone. So the Lord took His Christ unto Himself, and has in all ages discomfited and disappointed those that have searched for a dead Christ on earth. Where then is Christ now? He is living in all Christian lives, and in all Christian influences at work around us. Of the dead Christ I speak not. Of what use is a dead Christ to us or to our nation? It is the living spirit of Christ which you should put into your hearts and affections, your daily life and character. Do you not see Christ spreading throughout Christendom, like all pervading leaven, mysteriously and imperceptibly leavening the lives of millions of men and women? You cannot resist his influence; you may deny his doctrines, you may even hate and repudiate his name, but he goes straight into your hearts and leavens your lives. He does not care to enquire what doctrine you believe or what dogma you accept, nor even what sort of a life you lead. You may be the basest of sinners. You may be intellectually opposed to many of his doctrines. Yet the truth that is in Christ will perforce overcome and penetrate your souls, in spite of your perverseness, and secretly influence your character. Truly the kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven. Now the question is—is all Christendom already leavened? In some measure, no doubt, Christ's spirit has leavened it. In Christian literature, laws, and institutions we see Christ's living influence as a reality. This living influence, which is advancing in all directions, has touched India, and hence the question she asks—Who is Christ? The genius of the nation has asked this question, and you are bound to answer it. As one of India's humble children, I have endeavoured to answer it according to the light which is in me. If you think my answer is not acceptable to you, try to answer it in your own way. In the interests of the country, in the interests of truth, the question must be answered in one way or another, now or hereafter. To India's solemn and thrilling cry, you must some day return a response.

Meanwhile, I must beg your acceptance of the truly national solution of the problem I have presented to you. You will find on reflection that the doctrine of divine humanity is essentially a Hindu doctrine, and the picture of Christ's life and character I have drawn is altogether a picture of ideal Hindu life. Surely, the idea of absorption and immersion in the Deity is one of those ideas of Vedantic Hinduism which prevail extensively in India. From the highest sage to the humblest peasant, millions of men in this land believe in the pantheistic doctrine of man's identity with the Godhead. The most illiterate man is heard to say he and the Lord are one! The doctrine of absorption in the Deity is India's creed, and through this idea, I believe, India will reach Christ. Will he not fulfil the Indian scripture? I am reminded of the passage in the Gospel in which he says,—"I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." The Mosaic dispensation only? Perhaps the Hindu dispensation also. In India he will fulfil the Hindu dispensation. The earliest scriptures of our nation are full of pantheism, and though there are errors therein, the truths of pantheism will be fulfilled and perfected in Christ. The religion of our ancestors was pantheism from the beginning to the end. But what is Hindu pantheism? Essentially, it is nothing but the identification of all things with God. I do not mean that you should adopt pantheism as it exists in Hindu books. Far from it. Oh! there are mischievous errors and absurd ideas mixed up with it, which you must eschew. Christ's pantheism is a pantheism of a loftier and more perfect type. It is the conscious union of the human with the Divine Spirit in truth, love and joy. The Hindu sage realizes this union only during meditation, and he seeks unconscious absorption in his God, with all his faults and shortcomings about him. His will is not at one with the will of God. But Christ's communion is active and righteous; it combines purity of character with devotion. Hindu pantheism in its worst form is proud, being based upon the belief that man is God; it is quietism and trance. Christ's pantheism is the active self-surrender of the will. It is the union of the obedient, humble and loving son with the Father. In the midst of activity, Christ was absorbed in God. Eating or drinking, preaching or going about doing good, his spirit always enjoyed serene communion. There was no pride in him, for he was dead to self. There was no dreamy mysticism in him, for he was ever engaged in doing the will of his Father. In Christ you see true pantheism. And as the basis of early Hinduism is pantheism, you, my countrymen, cannot help accepting Christ in the spirit of your national scriptures. You have already seen how in his outward form and appearance, with his flowing garment, he is acceptable to you. Now, you find that even the spirit of Christ draws you through your national instincts. You have a national affinity to the invisible as well as to the visible Christ. Can you deny it?

Behold Christ cometh to us as an Asiatic in race, as a Hindu in faith, as a kinsman and a brother, and he demands your heart's affection. Will you not give him your affection? He comes to fulfil and perfect that religion of communion for which India has been panting, as the hart panteth after the waterbrooks. Yes, after long centuries shall this communion be perfected through Christ. For Christ is a true Yogi, and he will surely help us to realize our national ideal of a Yogi. India must, therefore, honor him. You have learnt to give the homage of your hearts to dear Chaitanya, the prophet of Nuddea, and you have also learnt to give honor unto Guru Nanuk, the prophet of the Punjab. These are your national prophets, and you do well to love and revere them. And if you look upon Asia as your home, you cannot but regard Christ, too, as one of your Eastern prophets, entitled to your loyalty and attachment. He comes to you after all as a Yogi, full of Hindu devotion and communion. How he often went to the mountains to offer solitary prayers to his Father, how the Father listened to and answered his prayers, and how the son rejoiced in loving communion,—all this deeply touches and interests the Hindu mind. The devout Christ, like your Yogis and Rishis, lived a life of sweet-devotion, and loved to dwell always in the Supreme Spirit. He lived too in purity, in the obedience of the will, which unfortunately is undeveloped in this country of ours, and is not always associated with devotion. He gave his Father not only his soul but also his will. In accepting him, therefore, you accept the spirit of a devout Yogi, and a loving Bhakta,—the fulfilment of your national scriptures and prophets.

Let all people in this country who bear the Christian name remember that it is not by presenting a Western Christ to our countrymen that they will be able to regenerate India. If you like, present the English side of Christ's many-sided character to the English nation. If you wish, present a German Christ to the Germans, and an American Christ to the American people. But if you wish to regenerate us Hindus, present Christ to us in his Hindu character. When you bring Christ to us, bring him to us, not as a civilized European, but as an Asiatic ascetic, whose wealth is communion, and whose riches prayers. That horrid form of asceticism, which prevails in this country and which consists only in self-mortification, is indeed most harmful and pernicious. True asceticism, as inculcated by Christ, means simply this—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you." Go forth, my Christian friends, from one district to another, from one province to another, dispensing the riches of Christ's asceticism. Go forth as apostolical missionaries, as did those of olden times, full of inspiration and the ascetic spirit of your Master, and you may be sure you shall go forth conquering and to conquer.

One word more, and I have done. The time is coming, and now is, when India shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth. The time has come when you can no longer be inimical or indifferent to Christ. Say unto Christ, as unto your best friend,—Welcome! I say emphatically, and I say before you all, that Christ is already present in you. He is in you, even when you are unconscious of his presence. Even if your lips deny Christ, your hearts have secretly accepted him.

For Christ is "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." If you have in you the spirit of truth, and filial devotion and self-sacrifice, that is Christ. What is in a name? My Christ, my sweet Christ, the brightest jewel of my heart, the necklace of my soul,—for twenty years have I cherished him in this my miserable heart. Though often defiled and persecuted by the world, I have found sweetness and joy unutterable in my master Jesus. Jesus is to me not a hard doctrine. He never was to me a hard doctrine. I am thankful to say I never read anti-Christian books with delight, and never had to wage war with my Christ. The mighty artillery of his love he levelled against me, and I was vanquished, and I fell at his feet, saying,—Blessed child of God, when shall others see the light that is in thee? Therefore, I say, countrymen, be not as the unbelievers are, do not throw yourselves into the vortex of materialism and scepticism. Christ, your friend, is walking through the streets of this country, carrying the banners of God, the Most High. He exhorts you to renounce self. My countrymen, bravely throw off the scabbard, unsheath the sword, and cut down this abominable self, and establish the kingdom of heaven in your lives. When you have achieved the triumph ye shall rejoice, for the bridegroom cometh. Young men of India, who are so zealous in the cause of reformation and enlightenment, turn your attention to this point. Believe and remember what Christ has said, and be ready to receive him. He is coming, and in the fulness of time he will come to you. He will come to you as self-surrender, as asceticism, as Yoga, as the life of God in man, as obedient and humble sonship. For Christ is nothing else. The bridegroom cometh. Do not, like the foolish virgins, fall asleep. But trim your lamps, put on your best apparel, and go forth with the enthusiasm and joy which all oriental nations display upon such occasions, to receive the bridegroom. Oh! the bridegroom is coming; there is no knowing when he cometh. Let India, beloved India, be decked in all her jewellery,—those "sparkling orient gems," for which this land is famous, so that at the time of the wedding we may find her a really happy and glorious bride. The bridegroom is coming. Let India be ready in due season. And you, my friends, rest assured that if there is any truth in Christ, it will overtake and conquer you. In your own hearts ye shall find testimony, the testimony of the Lord. For has not Christ himself said, "the Father which hath sent me hath borne witness of me?" The Father will reveal unto you His dear son. And who can be a better witness and guide, who can teach you better the mystery of the son's nature than the Father who sent him? In response to your anxious inquiry and earnest prayer the Lord will manifest unto you, in your individual and national consciousness, what truth there is in Christ. Seek then the true light of heaven humbly and prayerfully, and the Lord will vouchsafe it unto you in the fulness of time.

# GOD-VISION IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

I AM here to-day to tell you the marvellous secrets of God-vision. I purpose to answer the pressing question of the age,—Is it possible in these days of outward refinement and growing materialism to see the very Living God of the universe?

And while I try to unravel this sacred mystery, do Thou, O Light of ages, O Eternal Reason, enlighten my heart and strengthen my soul, that I my bear witness unto Thy truth, and faint not.

Gentlemen, it is a matter of universal rejoicing that the dark age of dreams and visions has gone by. How grim and dismal was the time when the world was enveloped in superstition, and men readily swallowed the most absurd theories and doctrines which the imagination could invent and carnal interests suggest? As in the history of individuals so in the history of nations, night is the time to sleep. "To sleep, perchance to dream!" Yes, night is the time for strange dreams. The world has slept for many long ages, dreaming dreams and seeing visions. Night is the time when the magician waves his mysterious wand, and fascinates and enthralls the senses with fantastic tricks. Night is the time when interested priests and hierophants hold the human soul in hopeless intellectual bondage and spiritual servitude. But that night of darkness, that dismal and hideous night of superstition and priestcraft has gone by, never to return. The world of thought seems to have just awakened to the stern and sacred realities of truth. Behold the great luminary of the day appears in the East, riding in his chariot of light, drawn by two splendid milk-white horses—the science of mind and the science of matter! Verily this age is eminently an age of science. Everywhere science flourishes; it flourishes most luxuriantly Not one science alone, but all sciences are growing rapidly and steadily on all sides. The physical sciences, especially those which admit of proof and demonstration, are striking their roots deeper in men's minds, never to be eradicated. The greatest thinkers of the day are absorbed in science. It is their meat and drink, their study during the day, their joy at night. Nothing interests the mind so much now-a-days as science. The spirit of the age will not take things upon trust. Let them come hallowed by antiquity or sanctified by sacred associations of names and places, they are sure to be rejected and eschewed, if they cannot be proved. Prove all things and hold fast that which is true,—this is the principle which is being fearlessly and fully carried out in all departments of thought and speculation. But it is not merely in the field of theory but in the field of practice too that we see the successful cultivation of science. Who does not rejoice to see the wonderful application of science to the varied wants and necessities of our daily life? In short, the signs of the times give unmistakeable evidence of the fact that the present age is thoroughly scientific and philosophical, and none is accounted wise in these days but the man of science. In an age so eminently scientific, why talk of God-vision? Is it not an anomaly and an anachronism in the nineteenth century? Has not enlightenment closed for ever the age of dreams and visions? Why drag out from their graves the grotesque visions and the wild and delirious reveries of diseased brains, which have perished for ever? Why resuscitate and revive the dead bones of decayed mysticism? Why call forth apparitions from the grave? Gentlemen, I mean to do no such thing. I am not going to indulge in dreamy speculations regarding the Godhead. I am going to present to you not a painted divinity, but the Real and Living God, as seen in sober philosophic vision. I will not soar into the ethereal regions of fairy dreams, nor spin out romantic fables and myths under the influence of morbid sentimentalism. By vision I mean not delusion, but perception, the perception of the stern realities of the spirit-world, the direct apprehension of God and Heaven in consciousness. Is such a vision possible in these days? I emphatically and readily say, yes, it *is* possible. It is surely possible for many in the nineteenth century to see the Living God with the naked eye. How this is so will appear to you when I tell you briefly the philosophy of spiritual perception. You will then be convinced that what I speak of is not the visionary's vision of God, but the philosopher's perception of God? Yes, perception. The task which devolves upon the modern priest in the Temple of Science is not to interpret Nebuchadnezzar's dream, nor to decipher the mysterious hand-writing upon the walls of Belshazzar's palace. No, it is a much easier task, and yet more marvellous, more philosophical, more sober and more scientific. Every believer in these days feels called upon, in the interests of truth and science, to read and decipher the handwriting of God upon the walls of His vast tabernacle, upon every object in the heavens above and the earth below. As apostles of nature and votaries of science, we are commissioned to interpret the soul's vision of Heaven, and explain and vindicate its perception in broad day-light of the True and Invisible

God. Perception, I say again, as opposed to, and contradistinguished from, Imagination on the one hand, and Abstraction on the other. I am not going to deal with imaginary deities. You know the world in all ages has imagined and adored false gods and goddesses by the thousand and by the million. With these I have no concern. My object is not to conjure up before your eyes that strange and fantastic group of deities which man's imagination has chiselled and painted in the course of ages. I am not going to revive the vast pantheon of Egyptian, Grecian and Roman gods. Rest assured, my friends, I am not going to draw upon my imagination. The world has had enough experience in that direction. Imaginary deities, deities of all shapes, sizes and colors, angels, saints, monsters, birds, beasts, and creeping things, hills, rivers and trees, have all had their day. The imagination, albeit so fertile, seems to have exhausted its resources. And woe to him who ventures in these days to add the already overcrowded pantheon of the world's fabled gods! Far be it, therefore, from my heart to revive the worship of imaginary deities. Even their very memories I will dismiss from this assembly as most unwelcome. But if I warn you against imagination, against the worship of unreal gods and goddesses, I must at the same time guard you against being carried away by imagination in the opposite direction. For, believe me, man can by imagination create things which are not; and by imagination too he can dismiss and banish, ignore and deny things which really exist. By imagination the mind brings in that which is not; by imagination it sends away that which is. We may imagine false deities, and we may, on the other hand, imagine away the true Deity from among us. I would remind you of the man in the fable, who accidentally stumbled and fell down on the ground, but would not allow his neighbours to help him to rise, for he said he considered their efforts to restore him futile, as he was made altogether of fine crystal, and having fallen down he had unfortunately broken himself into pieces. I may also call to your mind that other Indian story, in which a man is represented as having persuaded himself to believe that somehow his eyes had left their proper place and got transferred to the posterior part of the head, and when this man's friends came to see him, he seriously asked them to go behind, as he could not see things which were before him! Now this man's imagination doubtless deceived him. To imagine that things really before us are not before us, argues indeed a dangerous species of idiotic imagination, and a lamentable type of mental derangement, from which every sane man ought to be free. Can you for one moment believe that your God is not present here? Can you banish Him from the mere fiat of the will? You can no more banish God from your minds than you can banish the pillars of the Town Hall from the field of your vision. Verily, the Lord your God is an omnipresent and immanent Spirit, Whom it is impossible to imagine away. Neither shall ye imagine into the mind unreal deities, nor shall ye imagine away the True God. How many, alas! turn away from His presence! Man seems unwilling to see God face to face. Whether it is because of his worldly habits and carnal propensities, which shun the very presence of the Lord, or in consequence of a sense of inability to realise Infinity, I will not undertake to determine. But so it is, and thousands and tens of thousands of men to-day, seem content to believe that the Lord is a hidden reality, and never reveals Himself, and that no man however devout, can at all see Him. They look within and without, and see nothing but an extensive void, in the midst of which they prefer to adore an unknown and absent Thou. They admit that the Lord is omnipresent, but do not care to feel or realise Him as such. Seers and prophets may have seen Him, but they think they are for ever debarred from His presence. What then does omnipresence mean? Shall humanity imagine away the Present and the Real into the regions of the shadowy and unreal? And shall I flatter such dreaminess, and humour such fancies? God forbid. Gentlemen, if I do not blindly serve Imagination, neither do I idolize Abstraction. My Divinity is equally removed from either. Neither the painted fiction of ancient mythology nor the polished abstraction of modern metaphysics finds a place in my philosophy of vision. I abjure both as false. If you wish to see God, you should take care that in giving up the creations of gross imagination, you do not plunge into idealism, the worship of pure abstraction. Are you going to accept as your God the mere idea of Divine power, the idea of infinite Wisdom, the idea of Love, or the idea of immaculate Holiness? Is an idea God? Is thought Deity? It is one thing to think of attributes, and cognise separate and abstract qualities, and quite another thing to perceive an object. Your knowledge of Divine attributes may be thoroughly correct. But in thought you abstract those qualities and take them piece meal. What are these Divine attributes, wisdom and power, love and holiness, but broken lights? They are the results of a severe and crucial analysis—the fragments of a divided substance. You have broken the nature of the True

God into small bits for the sake of convenient apprehension. Not being able to take in the whole, you divided it by sharp analysis, and try to think of separate attributes and qualities one after another. This, indeed, is no vision. Synthesis is essential to perception. In order that you may see God face to face, you must concentrate in a focus all these scattered and broken lights, and apprehend them in synthetic unity. Not fragments of abstract notions flitting before the student of philosophy, but the perception of the Living God, the Personal One, Centre and Substance of the highest conceivable attributes, that is God-vision. In it humanity sees the indivisible and undivided Deity as a whole. In all acts of perception, there is an immediate and direct realisation of a real entity, an object or a being viewed not as multiform phenomena, but as a substantial unity. When we see outward objects, we do not deal with abstractions. When I see you, ladies and gentlemen, I see not ideas, I see not fancies ; I see realities present before me. I am surrounded on all sides by real persons, not ideas of persons. It is not a sheet of canvas spread before me, upon which are painted in life-like colors figures of men and women. It is not an ideal projection of my own consciousness that I see before me. I am sure I am not addressing so many ideas and notions seated before me. No. These are all stern external realities, which meet me at every turn, and leave an image upon my eye and upon my mind. I cannot believe that these are so many notions and ideas drawn out of my own mind. In perception we do not deal with the thoughts of our inner consciousness ; but we directly and immediately apprehend and seize outward objects and realities. It is true that the senses take cognizance and can take cognizance only of phenomena and qualities, But these are intuitively and immediately referred to an abiding substance, and viewed as a totality. There is a substratum or substance beneath all these phenomena to which these phenomena belong. There is something to which these qualities and properties appertain, something in which they reside. Whenever we speak of things we have seen, we speak not of mere color and shape and other properties, but of objects possessed of these qualities. In perception we apprehend a unity of substance under a multiplicity of phenomena. This is true of God-vision. When I talk of the perception of God, I do not mean abstract attributes, but I speak of the Divine Person as He is ; not multiplicity of attributes, wisdom and holiness and power and love ; but the aggregate of all these attributes in the unity of the Godhead. He is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever, the same immutable and unchangeable God, in whom there is no variableness, no vicissitude or change, a permanent substance, a Personal God in the midst of an endless variety of phenomena and attributes. Gentlemen, I do not mean to decry or depreciate abstraction. It is good in its own way. Doubtless it is essential to science. It is an indispensable and valued instrument of thought. But it falls within the province of logic. Its uses are in the domain of metaphysics. Whoever wishes to philosophize concerning the attributes of God must deal in abstraction. Our present concern is not philosophy or reflection, but perception. We desire not to think of particular attributes of the Deity, but to behold Him as a complete unity comprising all His attributes. Shun, then, both imagination and abstraction. If ye wish, my brethren, to enter the haven of beatific vision, let the mind steer clear of the Scylla and Charybdis of unreality and abstraction. Let synthesis, not analysis, be your watchword Do not break, but unite. Unite in a personal unity the. various fragments of a divided Deity scattered broadcast over the world, and adored separately in different ages by different schools of religion and philosophy. Bring all these broken units into one focus, and you will see in this beautiful synthesis a perfect and harmonious whole, the very Living God of the universe, neither imagination nor abstraction, neither the one thing nor the other, neither fetish nor idol, neither man nor angel, neither superstition, nor metaphysics, but the true God of heaven and earth. Not the pantheist's God, not the idolator's God, not the visionary's God, not the metaphysician's God; but the true, personal God, full of wisdom and love, full of power and holiness, and perfect. This is the God of all eternity, the God of the entire universe. Now, in order that we may realize in vision this personal unity, we must keep clear of all fancies and delusions, and proceed directly to His tabernacle and there behold the light of His face. We must run straight to this Divine Person, and see Him as He is, without any medium. For in God-vision we see with the naked eye, and not through colored glasses. Assuming nought, imagining nothing, we shall in plain perception seize a plain reality with the aid of the naked eye. This is all that I propose to do. I have only to invoke optics. May the science of vision enable us to see the True God in the light of day!

Between God-vision and the spirit of science in the nineteenth century, there is no discord, but rather concord. The scientists of the present day ardently love unity. Their very vocation is to evolve unity out of variety, method and order out of confusion and disorder. In fact, science is nothing but a striving after unity, the reduction of multiplicity of phenomena into unity, the unity of law or force or whatever else it might be. What is it that you see in modern times but the evolution of unity in all departments of science physical, mental and moral ? What are Astronomy, Geology, Botany, Chemistry, Anatomy and Physiology, but the observation of certain classes of phenomena and their reduction to unity and order ? Place a mass of plants or fossils, or bones, or metals before the scientist of modern times, and he will say—" Science abhors multiplicity, and must evolve unity out of it. I can have no rest till I have succeeded in reducing this confused and ill-assorted variety to order and method. This is my sacred mission." The scientific man goes through the laborious processes of induction, generalization, and classification, and goes on till he has discovered one law, one force beneath a multitude of phenomena. One, not many—is his guiding principle. Like true religion, science too abhors plurality, and will have unity at the root of all things. Both rejoice in the creed of unity. The cry all over the world of modern science is unity of force. The Darwins and Huxleys, the Tyndalls and Spencers of modern times are all engaged in the work of unification. They find many species, many forces, and they try to reduce them to one. Whatever the merits of their theories may be, they challenge admiration and merit sympathy as unconscious laborers in God's vineyard, and lay ministers in Nature's tabernacle, in so far as they are mightily endeavouring to evolve unity and advance the cause of science. How many apparent anomalies and conflicts in nature have been explained and harmonized, how many seemingly discordant phenomena traced to identical principles ! Year after year we see complexity is giving way to simplicity, plurality to unity. The number of forces in nature is being gradually reduced, and there is a strong desire to reduce all to one simple and ultimate force. It may be that two thousand varieties of phenomena have been reduced to half-a-dozen forces; yet the true scientists of modern times are not content, and they anxiously hope that in the course of time all these forces will be reduced to one only. Whether in the human mind, or in outward nature, there is but one force they say, to which all nature is subordinate. All physical, mental and moral energies are traceable to one primitive force. What that is, men are trying to determine. The problem is yet far from being solved. Nay the strife of opinion is still most bitter and the antagonism inveterate. Nevertheless all are working hard to bring about the harmony and unity of forces, and hopefully looking forward to the day of fruition. All the grand discoveries of the age are but precursors of that much desired consummation. Whenever anything like unity of force is discovered in the chaos and confusion of phenomenal irregularities, the man of science is sure to shout forth in joy, "Eureka, I have found it." And every time minor forces are traced to a higher force he enthusiastically exclaims that the reign of unity is drawing near. Even the master minds of the age, the most enlightened thinkers are wholly in the dark as to what the character of the ultimate force is to be, material or spiritual. Of course, the materialistic philosopher would materialise it, and seek in a primitive physical force an explanation of the whole universe. Some even go so far as to predict that all phenomena in the universe, physical and mental, will hereafter be referred to electricity as the one ultimate force. Let it be electricity or any other force. Let it be any thing. So long as there is no positive light, no absolute demonstration, let us not quarrel in the midst of shadows and uncertainties. I only contend for the fact that all scientific men are agreed as to the possibility and desirability of evolving unity of force. All are seeking that one force. All hearts are set upon the anticipated unity. There is a general consensus of opinion that the whole universe is upheld and sustained by a single force and not a plurality of forces. Upon one single pillar rests all creation. From one primary source, called by whatever name, flows all the vitality and all the activity in creation. The circle of the universe is vast, but one is its centre, only one. What is that one ? What is that single force to which both mind and matter may be ultimately referred, and which will fulfil the desire of ages, and the hope of the scientific world ? In these walls and in these pillars, in the men and women assembled in this hall ; in the earth below and the heavens above, in the light and the air, in the sea and the ocean, in the hill and the mountain, in the world without and the world within, in history and in biography, what is the single force which pervades all and guides all, supports all and quickens all, and which gives to both mind and matter all their vitality and energy ? What is it that lies at the root of all the movements of matter and thought in the world ? Is it electricity ? So be it. Does electricity keep up this vast multitude of forces, this vast multitude of objects and persons and living beings in their endless varieties of form ? One force there is beneath all and behind all, even beneath electricity, which gives to it its peculiar force. What occult force is that which nourishes and quickens all the known and undiscovered forces in nature, the light of light, the electricity of electricity ? This mysterious primary force, underlying all secondary forces, I unhesitatingly call God-force. A personal creative force, an intelligent will-force at once furnishes the long-desired key, and unravels and explains the whole mystery. Behold a transfiguration all around ! The earth and heavens are unveiled, and their hidden glory bursts upon our view. The *Sanctum sanctorum*, the holy of holies, clearly reveals itself to our eyes, and we see how Divinity, far away in the solemn stillness and solitude of that inmost sanctuary, is secretly working out His wise and benevolent purposes, and moving the vast machinery of the universe. It is no longer the old world, with its endless diversities of phenomena, small creeping things here and gigantic beasts there, dead inorganic matter here, and life and vivacity there,—a world which perplexed us by its hopeless complexity, its hideous mass of anomalies. Lo ! how the heavens and the earth are now changed ! How bright, how sublime this spectacle of a transformed universe ! What do we now see before us ? A Living Deity in everything. A sacred halo encircles the face of creation. A heavenly hand upholds all things. Do you not see that Divine hand in all things below and in the heavens above ? Behold sparks of fire on all sides, little forces lit up by the touch of Divinity ! All nature ablaze and aglow ! Everywhere shines the same celestial fire, God-force acting and interacting through the various forces in the world. Grasp this pervading and immanent force in every active force in creation. O thou, my right arm ! I feel within thee the measured beat of the pulse. What a mystery !

What is it that lies concealed within the fold of thine arteries, that causes this strange thing called pulsation? Is it a dead physical force, and nothing more? I feel within thee a living force emanating from God, and keeping up and sustaining the entire body. Here it is, I feel it, I see it. I accept it as a fact and an undeniable reality. O heart of mine, as I lay my hand on thee I feel a mysterious throbbing and excitement within thee. What causes this upheaving and this strange sound? Whence this fresh stream of vital fluid incessantly passing from thee through the arteries to the remotest parts of the body? In this forcible propulsion of blood through its natural channels, which I feel most distinctly in thee, do I see only blood-force? No; beneath that force I feel, as distinctly, the hand of the Living God plying the machinery of the blood system in the human body. And now my lungs, whence comes this breath, so essential to life? Who moves this curious respiratory apparatus within? What makes you breathe? Is it your own force that makes you inhale and exhale air? Can matter breathe? O lungs, it is given to you to breathe. Not in your own strength, but with a higher power do ye give out noxious air and take in such air as brings life and vitality. You do not move. You are moved. Beneath your respiratory agency, your muscular force, is the living force of God, that supports the ceaseless activity of ever-recurring inhalation and exhalation.. Gentlemen, do you now see what the body is? Though dead and dark, it becomes, when lighted with the light of God-force, the very Temple of the Living God. It does not creep on earth, but it stands erect, and moves and speaks, and works in the strength of heaven. The whole body is the sanctuary of the Living God, who is seated on His throne of glory in the centre, and is dispensing from the inexhaustible store-house of His will-force all the quickening and strengthening influences, all the muscular and nervous forces that keep up the bodily organism. Verily He is the heart of heart, the life of life, "the eye of the eye." It is only when you peep within and look into your inmost consciousness that you see the resolution of all your dead human forces into the ultimate Living Force. In clear vision you apprehend the Force of Forces. Lo! what was veiled has been revealed. What was concealed has been laid bare. You have removed the dial, and the beautiful machinery within, which was so long concealed before the atheistic eye, reveals itself in Theistic God-vision. So with regard to the whole universe, all that you are required to do is to take off the huge dial from its face. Then you wlll see the secret springs of the machinery which keep the universe in working order. Each wheel is in its place, and the primary force quickens and regulates the movements of all the wheels, and gives them law and method, force and harmony. Put the dial on again. You see only outside nature. The hour-hand and the minute-hand move with the strictest regularity. Beyond this you see nothing. You perceive movements and phenomena only, but you do not comprehend them. You have no access to the hidden secret. The force is there, but you see it not. Take off the dial again. Lo! how beautifully those wheels work! You rejoice as you see those wheels revolving. What is the motive power, the primary agent? There is a force behind, a hand inside moving the hands outside, a mainspring moving the whole machinery. It is only by moving the dial that you see within, and all things reveal themselves unto you. You see a huge tree. It grows; the branches and leaves grow, spread and multiply month after month, year after year,—a gigantic tree which has lasted for hundreds of years. Men have been wondering how the thing grows. Fresh foliage and fruits in abundance! Now the tree seems to be dead; it pines and sinks in winter; but lo! with the return of spring it is again clothed with life and beauty. Why is this I wish to know. I at once unearth the roots. There I see the secret causation. There is the working of the hidden cause, that keeps the branches, the leaves and the fruits in freshness and continued growth. Here is the secret of the inexplicable vitality of the tree. Oh roots! you have explained the uprising and growth of the splendid tree. You send up the vital juice into the branches and the leaves of the tree, and you transmit nourishment to its remotest parts. Is not the universe a mighty tree, the wonder of ages? Who supplies it with life? Uncover the root, and you at once see how it supplies sap and strength. The root explains the tree. The root-force upholds the universe, and explains it. Another illustration, gentlemen, another vision in which we directly realize God-force. You see little children clinging to the mother's breast. Who keeps them alive? Thou criest and weepest, O little child, thou castest about thy tiny fingers and thy little arms, and thou seemest to tell me that there is life within thee. Beloved child, sweet and lovely, how helpless art thou! Yet thou livest, O child! What a mystery! Ah! I see some one behind thee. It is thy mother. Thy mother explains thee. Thou art not able to explain thyself. Thou art a babe; thou canst do nothing of thine own power. It is thy mother, to whose breast thou art so tenacioully clinging, it is she who explains thee. She is thy philosophy, the reason of thy life and its nourishment; her tender arms thy home, her breast, thy food and drink. Who supplies the blood which sustains thee? Does not thy mother put into thy mouth this living nourishment? Yes, the mother's breast explains the little child. Reflect on these simple and homely illustrations, think of the picture I have drawn,—the dial thrown off the clock, the root nourishing the tree, the mother suckling the little infant,—and you will understand the true philosophy of God-vision, the science of life and force in the universe. Behold the universe held on the arms of the Supreme Mother, Who is incessantly pouring, through secondary forces, the milk of life and strength into all objects and beings! Are you not prepared to admit that this is a truly scientific vision, not the vision of a deluded idiot, but the modern philosopher's daylight vision? Every little child is nourished by its mother; every tree is sustained by the hidden root; the mainspring causes and sustains the movements of the wheels in every time-piece. Is not each of these truths most scientific? Believe me, I have no other God-vision than is implied in these simple truths, which none can controvert. View the universe as a vast machinery, the Lord is the mainspring. Regard it as a mighty tree, God is the root. Look upon it as a child, the Lord is the Mother. It is thus that science enables you to realize your God. Science, yes, science it is which teaches us how Divinity lives in us and everywhere as an immanent and in-dwelling Spirit-force. Surely man does not sustain himself; he does not nourish himself. The blood in your system cannot go forth without God's command; neither can your hand rise without His command. The Lord is in the muscles of your arms and in all the muscular forces of your body. Take off the outward veil which covers the universe, and then you will see the immanent and living God with your own eyes. Men who have neither faith nor science see nothing, but those of you who honor faith and science must see through the veil, impenetrable to others, and feel that the Lord is here and there and everywhere.

How grateful must we feel to science for what it has done in this age ! It has achieved wonders not only in secular matters but also in religion. It has brought heaven nearer to the earth, and shortened the distance. Formerly men used to ascend a long line of causation, inferring a cause from every effect, and from that cause a higher cause, and from that again a still higher cause. There was not one cause, but an interminable series of causes, and men had to go through the tedious logical process of hunting cause after cause till they reached the First Cause. The journey was really most tedious, slow and irksome, and many there were among the pilgrims who stopped half way in sheer disgust, and failed to reach the destination. They stopped at some intermediate seventh cause, and had neither the patience nor the good sense to proceed further. But in these days science has killed distance,—in the physical world, by steam and electricity, and in the spiritual world by introspection and immediate vision. The true Benares with its shrine of Mahadeo, Supreme God, is now within easy reach of us all. A long ladder of many steps led to God's sanctuary in days gone by. Science has cut it short. Instead of many steps there is but one step from earth to heaven. One step from mind and matter to God ; one step now from the muscles and the nerves, from the eye and the ear to God. From the summit of the Himalayas and from the bottom of the vast deep, there is but one step to heaven. In whatever part of creation we may be, whatever force, material and spiritual, we may arrive at, from there one solitary step leads us into the very presence of the First Cause. We are no longer required to climb up the long ladder of sequence and causation, but move only one step in advance to reach the Godhead. He is so near to us, we can almost touch Divinity. Look with eyes wide open, and you will see beneath every secondary force that immanent Divine force; that living force, the source of light and heat, of wisdom and power, sustaining all things and keeping up this vast universe. You see a thousand earthly forces; immediately beneath them and directly connected with them is the central causative power or God-force. So there is one link alone in the chain which binds creation to God. In God-vision we see not a long causal chain, connecting objects and beings with a distant Divinity through a series of causes, but a circle in which everything in creation is directly and immediately connected with the central force. Thus it is that we see our God here and there and everywhere. What a glorious and beautiful transformation! The world is full of God, full of the fire of Divine Force. I cannot act, I cannot talk, I cannot move, I cannot think except with the power of God, directly and immediately received from Him. Take away the central force, in a moment creation disappears. A mighty and universal deluge sweeps off the length and breadth of the universe. The glory and beauty of all created works vanish for ever into that primeval nothingness from which they came, because God has pushed away His right arm. Eliminate God-force, and there is an end of all things. Talk of idealism and pantheism? What you see is neither idealism nor pantheism, but the very Living God sustaining the whole world of matter and mind by His Almighty hand. Oh! that was a fancy, a delusion of ancient time,—I mean the popular story of creation. A mere creative power does not explain the universe. An enduring, all-pervading power, that keeps up this vast creation must be recognised. Where is that power? Verily creation and preservation are essentially one. He who creates also preserves. The very force that created the universe upholds it. He who said to the sun, "Rise," says the same thing every morning. He who created the planets, still says to them,—"Turn neither to the right nor to the left, but keep to your respective orbits." The Lord commandeth, and all objects, from the largest to the smallest, obey the command, for the Lord is mighty above all, and who can defy His authority? His force rules all things, His Omnipotence governs the universe. Behold the fishes, how joyfully they play and move about in the sea! And those fowls, how they sing and soar in the sky! So do the sons of men. The Lord says,—Go and play your parts in the theatre of the world, and play your parts well and honorably, for they that do so shall be richly rewarded. Hence is it that men and women run in diverse ways, each going about his or her business. This is all you do in the world. The power of your intellect and the power of your arm are both Divine, and all the work you do under the normal instincts and impulses of the heart is the Lord's, whether you admit it or not. Why, then, boast of your strength and resources? Know ye not that every moment ye are at the [illegible]ercy of that primary force that created you, and that [illegible] can do nothing of yourselves? Tell me not that an unknown Divinity, after creating the universe, left it to itself and went to sleep behind the clouds. Tell me not that mind and matter work with independent force, and have no connection whatever with the Creator. An absent deity is a fiction. A self-moving universe is a dream of sceptical minds. There is not an object, not a single creature, not an inch of space in creation which is godless. Nothing is unhallowed, nothing profane in nature. The whole universe is the tabernacle of the Living God, and everywhere you behold His bright face. Neither is matter God nor is man God, but the Lord as the Personal First Cause dwelleth in all, animating the myriad forces in nature, and brightening its whole face with a heavenly beauty, such as no man can fully conceive, no poet can fitly describe.

But stop. I have said enough concerning the Living God, who reveals Himself unto us in all the ruling and active forces in nature, as the transparent source of their vitality and energy, as the Parent of the universe, suckling and nourishing it. But does this Living God manifest Himself alone? God Almighty, art Thou alone? I have ventured to take the dial off this universe, and the wondrous things that lay concealed therein have been revealed. Now I ask Thee, O Spirit Supreme, is there any one else with Thee, or art Thou alone, sitting in solitary glory? Methinks I see another being there. It is my Christ. Yes, it is my Christ who is there. There! Where? On the right hand side of God? No, God has neither a right hand nor a left hand. When I say, Christ is there, do I mean the bodily Christ? No. Science tells me that the body is altogether decomposed in a few day after death. Surely the body cannot rise up; yet I Christ is there. Ah! it is the Spirit of Christ who is there, reclining on the bosom of the Lord. But the man Christ, they say, was cruelly and ignominiously persecuted and crucified unto death by his enemies, and then he was buried and heaps of stones were placed upon his body. But there was such a thing as Resurrection subsequently. So we are told in the Gospel narrative. Are you sure of it? Are you sure that Christ, after he was buried soared up to the high heavens? Where is the testimony? Who are the witnesses? I am proud to be one of them, for I do verily believe, and am prepared to testify, that Christ has risen from his earthly grave. Do I speak with the authority of an eye-witness? Yes, I do. If you think Christ is in the grave you are certainly dreaming. For where is he to be found on earth? Nowhere. Christ dead and decayed is a deception. Christ risen is Christ indeed. The Spirit of Christ has risen and returned to the Father. Search the place where Christ's body was laid. He is not there. But he is somewhere. In heaven, sitting with his Father or rather in Him. If he is not in Heaven where is he? Is he dead and gone? My sweet Jesus; art thou really no more? Art thou dead? Oh Jesus, Jesus, is thy sweet soul for ever lost to us after only three year's ministration? Child of God, short chapter of thy noble life and teachings, is this all that is left of thee? Is the great history of thy life a passing dream, a shooting star? O Christ, it is hard to believe thou art no more. Surely thou livest. Thou art in heaven with thy Father, clinging to His bosom. Thy spirit is in thy Father's Spirit, O Jesus! I again say, Christ has risen. It is no delusion, no dream, but a reality, a reality which you can all behold and see. Try and test it for yourselves, every one for himself. Christ is no longer on earth, but he is where he ought to be. Christ is with his Father, indissolubly united. That glorious fact, the resurrection of Christ, every true believer can feel and realize within himself even to-day, aye at this very moment. Whoever has the spirit of Christ in him must feel a heavenward and Godward tendency. It is Christ drawing the believer's soul towards himself and the heaven where he is. There is a desire to soar upward, to jump up to the heaven above where Christ is living with his God. Who is there that does not feel this? Whenever our hearts are drawn by Christ-force, we are drawn towards heaven, for Christ is not buried but risen. Not only has he risen, but every one can rise with him and in his spirit to the highest heaven. Christ has justly been regarded as a typical man. Every prophet who came down from heaven, as an emanation of spirit-force from the Almighty, went back to him, as Christ did, after fulfilling his mission. Where is Moses? Dead and gone! The evangelists record a very strange and wonderful scene in the life of Christ. I mean his Transfiguration. Marvellous vision indeed! Moses and Elias on either side of Jesus, as he stood on a high mountain, and they were talking with him! "His raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow." The soul is lost in amazement as it looks upon this picture. It is said that eye-witnesses saw the event. What does all this mean? Are we to believe that Moses, after so many centuries, returned to this world? Did the prophet of the old dispensation come all the way from his mansion in heaven to do honor to Christ Jesus, the prophet of the new dispensation? Did he really talk with Jesus? Is it a picture that we see before us with the eye of imagination,—two prophets greeting and honoring their elder in the middle? No. It is a reality. No flesh, no bones do I see, but three spirits, side by side, three noble souls holding communion with each other. The incident happened on this earth of ours. Strange, very strange indeed! On earth came Moses,—the true Moses, the veritable Moses, and he talked with Jesus! Behold a trinity of spirits, and among them a deep spiritual affinity! Do you not believe that all true spirits have a mutual affinity, a close kinship towards each other, and that they always abide together in the Lord, and together they eat the bread of life and drink the nectar of joy in heaven? What wonder then that where Christ's soul was, Moses and Elias were also present, and that in deep communion he saw them and heard them and conversed with them? It was altogether a spiritual interview, a meeting of three great spirits in the spirit-world. Behold a whole family of saints and prophets, all united with each other and united in the Lord! Not only is Christ there, but there are also Moses and Elias, and all the Jewish prophets of olden times, and Paul and all the apostles. And Chaitanya, too, the blessed prophet of India, and the immortal Sakya Muni, and Confucius and Zoroaster too. All our masters are there assembled. Seated on smaller thrones they surround the throne of the Great Spirit, whose glory is in them and in whose glory they dwell. Oh blessed confraternity of disembodied souls! How they all shine in the light of the Central Sun and reflect His glory! Celestial spirit-forces animated by the Supreme Spirit! None lives apart, none can live apart from God. In Him they live and move and have their being. The son has no life apart from the Father. As here all terrestrial and material forces, so above, all celestial and moral forces we call prophets, are vivified by the Primary Moral Force. This is no delusion. The picture of this saintly family is a reality. If these saints have departed from this world, they must have been translated to the regions above, where they surround the throne of God Almighty. The venerated founders of all the systems of religion which prevail in the world are assembled in heaven. There they do not disagree, there they do not contend with each other, but they are all as one in their God. Whatever differences there may be among their followers here, they know no contention above, but are as one united family in heaven. Christ-force and Moses-force are indissolubly connected with the root-force in God. Thus it is that heaven, the dwelling place of departed saints and prophets, is included in God-vision. In true vision we do not see an abstract solitary Deity, wholly separated from the universe, but a Living Force in which all great moral forces are held together. All the prophets dwell in God, and draw their spiritual nourishment and inspiration from Him. Jesus cannot be dissociated from the spirit of truth in the Father, from the spirit of love and wisdom in the Father, for Jesus' purity was God's purity, his wisdom was God's wisdom. The son of man had no power of his own. Try to separate God and Christ if you can. O ye rationalists of the present day, prove if you can that Christ-force was independent of God-force. There can be no Christ apart from God. Verily, verily the son liveth in the Parent, the second force in the First Force, the two united in one.

This is the philosophy of God-vision in modern times. It is a vision in which Divinity and heaven are realized together. As you open the spiritual eye, the glory of heaven bursts upon the view, and you see all the blessed martyrs and saints clinging to the Lord their God as so many secondary spirit-forces clustering round the primary force. As on earth, men and women, beasts, birds and creeping things and myriads of inanimate objects are kept up and constantly quickened by Divine force, so in heaven all departed spirits are sustained by God's animating force, the source of all things here and above, the fountain of all life and vitality. He is heaven itself, for in His living force is held the entire confraternity of blessed saints and martyrs of ancient and modern times. It is impossible to conceive any prophet-spirit apart from God. He has gathered unto Himself every prophet's soul, and whoso sees Him may see in Him Christ shining in all his glory, and the smaller saints and martyrs according to the respective measure of their merits. Whenever the Father presses you to His bosom, do you not feel that there are others also in His bosom? Whenever He appears in the temple of the devotee's hearts, He comes with His children. Such is the vision of God and heaven, which men in these days are privileged and permitted to see. The heaven I hold up before your eyes is not the fabled heaven we used to hear of from the lips of our old grandmothers, a fairy palace hid above the clouds, but a heaven near to us all, a present reality, a city of enfranchised spirits, a family of loved saints in the inmost recesses of the soul, dwelling in the loved Father. This is no dream; the whole thing is as palpable and clear before your eyes as anything can be. Lo! the God of heaven and earth is before you with all the martyrs and prophets and saints reposing and reclining on His bosom. He is resplendent in every prophet you honor, every saint you love, and every martyr you revere. As truly, though less brightly, does He dwell in all living beings and in all inanimate things. He is in that object and in this. He is in all space ; here and everywhere. Remember, I have told you, He is a Person—our Father and Mother,—present in all things, suckling all martyrs, saints and prophets in heaven, and suckling all men, young and old, poor and rich, humble and great, feeding even sinners,—the very nourishment and vitality, the strength and energy of the universe. There is not one drop of blood in you, but it cometh from the Lord ; not one breath you draw but the Lord is in it. Thus you see a burning God everywhere, a devouring fire in heaven above and on earth below.

How erroneous are the popular conceptions of Deity which prevail here and in other countries! They deal with separate attributes of God, which are personified and made into separate deities. In the East as well as in the West, different attributes of Divinity, different forms of goodness and purity have been embodied in symbols, and have formed the subjects of exclusive adoration and worship among different sects. But there is no unity. There you see multiplicity ; in vision, unity. There men lose themselves in an endless maze of phenomenal multiplicity ; here we have a complete personal unity apprehended in perception. There fancy paints many gods, each representing a particular attribute ; here you have One God, One Person, in whom all ancient gods and goddesses seem to have melted away and crystallized in a Supreme Person. Here you have no prophet-god, no incarnate deity, no polytheistic pantheon, no pantheistic absorption, but all the root ideas of these are seen personified and unified in the Living God. Men of all religions see their conceptions realized in Him, the sum and substance, the complete personification of their varied ideas. Let me say emphatically that the true and scientific vision of the Supreme God, excludes no attribute, no force, but realizes the unity of all creation in the Creator.

Is such vision possible ? We have heard of prophets and seers of ancient times who saw the Lord, often and often. Let us believe that we too can see Him in these days. But there is this difference. The measure of vision is unequal. Even the best among us cannot be likened to the master minds of antiquity, to such men as Abraham and Moses, Ezekiel, Daniel and Paul. These great names have no parallel in these days. We have no prophets, no apostles like them now. The least among them has no equal in our age. Instead of greatness we have mediocrity. This is true both of the intellectual and the religious world. Whatever the conceited might say, there is no Homer, no Socrates in our midst. Nor is it possible to reproduce in modern history such exalted characters as Jesus or Moses. How many Shakespeares, how many Miltons are there among you ? Alas ! towering genius is rare in modern times. In these days of levelling and leavening, education has spread over a wider area, and we have a greater number of enlightened men and women now than in any former period of the world's history. But extraordinary greatness is hardly to be found among a multitude of wise men. Thousands of stars shine in the firmament, but no great luminary like Jesus shines now. In our days there are men who see their God, and hold communion with Him. But is there any one among us who can venture to say, I have seen God, as they in ançient times did ? No one can say so. Yet I believe there are thousands who can see God to-day, and who do see Him. It is indeed a privilege for minds and souls like ours to hold communion with God, and see Him as we see each other, with all the immediacy and vividness of direct vision. Unto the least among us Heaven has mercifully vouchsafed the joys and benefits of such vision. I say without the least hesitation we can see God face to face. We do not make any pretence. There is no conceit, there is no arrogance in the assertion, though it may seem very bold. We do not see as the prophets saw, we see in a much smaller measure. Our vision, sinful and unworthy as we are, is nothing compared to their beatific vision. Yet I say we see God. We may not be Homers or Shakespeares ; we may not be great geniuses. Yet we may put forth reasonable claims to be ranked among educated men. For we know a little of the literature and grammar, arithmetic and philosophy comprised in the standard of popular education, and we may fairly claim to be ranked above the masses of uneducated and illiterate men and women in the world. The very little that we possess in the shape of knowledge we cannot despise. Rather do we rejoice. So we may not be able to see God as Moses and Jesus saw. We may not have the eyes of prophets. Yet not the less true and real is our God-vision. Because God does not manifest Himself to us as vividly as He did to ancient prophets, does it, therefore, follow that we do not see Him at all ? No. To every humble believer, to every man and woman who believes in the Living God, He reveals Himself in these days. Whoever can with the force of faith remove the mantle from the face of creation, and apprehend God-force, immanent in himself and in all surrounding objects, as a Real Person, may be said to see Him. We may not be able to see a great deal, but the little that we see is real. The vision I speak of, and which the humblest believer is privileged to enjoy, is eminently scientific and philosophical, and at the same time most sanctifying and gladdening. Therefore, let us rejoice, let all the scientific and enlightened men of the age rejoice that such wonderful God-vision is not only possible in these days, but is a veritable fact.

Now I will tell you how we see God every day. Every morning the believer sees and hears God when He knocks at the door, and says "Rise up, slumbering child." It is no uncertain sound. It is the voice of science. It is well known to you all that science commands us, in the interests of our health, to rise early every morning. The voice of science is the voice of God. If you hear attentively, you will find that it is Heaven that speaks, and no fantastic creation of our own brains. It is not man but God that commands us in all matters concerning health and life. The law of health you dare not defy or disregard. It is not human, but Divine law. It is engraven upon the tablet of the heart. Who can ignore it ? Dare you say, O sluggard, "A little more sleep and a little more slumber ?" Would you roll about your bed longer ? Lo ! there is the Lord before you. He speaks imperiously, and says, "Rise immediately ; no more sleep." You can sleep no longer, but must wake, and go about your business. Later on in the day when the body feels hunger, you are apt to say, "I feel hungry." You see nothing Divine in hunger. You say it is all carnal, and indicates merely a certain condition of the human body, of corruptible matter. The body craves and longs for food. The bodily organism, weakened and exhausted, yearns for food, and man eats. This is the popular theory of hunger. But what is the real truth ? The Lord, Who lives always in the human body as in His living tabernacle, reveals Himself, and speaks through the empty stomach,—" Go and satisfy your hunger, O my child. Go and take those things I have gathered for you, and put them into your stomach." A man of faith is sure to see the vision and hear the voice. He would see the Living God in his system exciting his appetite and demanding food. No deception, but here too as in the case of early rising, it is science that commands us, and urges on us the necessity of filling the stomach, whenever it is empty, with nourishing food. Nature becomes desperate and frantic through excessive hunger, and runs wild after food to escape the horrors of starvation. And what is nature but the voice of God in nature ? Verily, it is God who makes us feel the force of hunger, and it is He who feeds us. Suppose a man gets Rs. 200 per mensem. How complacently he thinks that his own energy fetches the money, and that he himself uses it for his own subsistence ! He sends his servant to the municipal market, to purchase things for his dinner. His own servant cooks the dinner, and places the dishes upon the table. As the man eats the delicious viands, how heartily does he congratulate himself upon his success, arrogating to himself the credit and glory of the enterprise ! He can never be persuaded to question his assumed independence or rebuke his own pride. Disdainfully he scouts the idea of sharing the credit even with God Himself. " Shall I," says he, " unwisely, foolishly, and in an unmanly spirit ascribe to God, whom no eye hath seen, the things which have been achieved by myself with the aid of my own servant and with my own money ? This I never will," How untruthful and impious are such notions! Let us believe that no man has ever cooked a dinner, and no man can ever do so with his own unaided human energy. The hand of man can do nothing without Divine force. It has no power of its own wherewith to transact business, acquire money or use it for purposes of subsistence. Unto the Lord belongs all power. You talk of the power of wealth. But what is this force? Do you not see the Lord's force in it? If you say your money does every thing for you, I say it is the Lord who does all things for you with His money. There is not a rupee in your possession but it appertains to the Lord. Your money, your energy, your daily bread, these are not yours, but the Lord's; even the blood in your system is His gift. Who provides you with rice and bread? Who converts these into blood? He. You cannot. There is no assimilation, there is no digestion unless the Lord God goes down into the stomach, and changes the food you eat into the vital fluid, the source of all your power and energy. Unless He does so, all that we eat would produce only disease and death. I never saw a man convert food into chyle or chyme by his own authority or power. Does gastric juice obey you? Who works the digestive apparatus within you? Who quickens the forces which digest and assimilate? Behold the Heavenly Father seated in you, nourishing you with food, and by a mysterious process transforming it into life-blood. Proud man, how very little *you* do! Your Father, your Guardian, does all things for you. Not a single hair grows on your head but the Lord makes it grow. You eat not, but the Lord feeds you. Not through your power but through God-force do you become rich and healthy. Realize this fact fully, and you will see before you in all His glory your Father and Protector, giving you money and food, health and strength, comfort and happiness. Thus you can see the Living God throughout the day, every time you eat and drink and drive your trade. Then again when you retire into your bedroom after the day's work, do you not see your God? The eyelids become heavy and leaden and droop. It is time they should go to sleep. Can you resist them? You try to read with a view to keep off drowsiness; but they will not submit. The more you persecute them the more hopelessly do they hang down. The head bends forward and backward, and reels continually. You cannot keep it up. The whole body fast sinks into unconsciousness. Do you see the Hand that stretches your body upon the bed, closes your eyelids and lulls you too sleep? It is the God of Providence. He assuredly it is who says, "Dear child, if you have no sleep, you will be unable to do your appointed work to-morrow. The weary limbs require rest. Therefore, let them have at least seven hours' rest. Child, do you hear? It is your Father that tells you to go to bed." Thus you see from morning till night the Lord our God is with us, in our uprising and downsitting, feeding and nourishing us, and leading us by the hand through the path of life. Our God is an indwelling, encompassing reality, present in every force and illumining all space. Not only in contemplation and prayer, but in all the secular details of our daily life, in all our social and domestic duties, yea in our eating and drinking, there is God always speaking to us and showing Himself to us. But unbelievers have ever ascribed to human agency things which belong to God. They rob the Eternal King of His sceptre and crown, and use them as if they were their own. In God-force they live; yet they boast of their own independence, and their self-sufficiency makes them blind. It is not these unbelievers that see God. Those that have eyes see. The man of faith, the man of science, the man whose heart is true to nature, perpetually lives in God-vision, and sees and hears God ever and anon. Nay more. He touches Divinity. When I try to do something wrong, some one touches me on the back. I turn round to see who it is that touched me. Who can it be? Is it an earthly friend that came up quietly and touched me on the back to warn me against evil? No. I see nothing with the outward eye. But the eye of faith sees the hand of God. The All-Holy saw me harbouring and hatching a foul and nefarious design, and instantly touched me and warned me, saying,—"What are you about to do?" I was frightened by the mysterious touch, which electrified the whole body and mind. Prophets in olden times, we are told, were touched by the fingers of God's angels. Say rather the unseen fingers of God Almighty. There are times when we feel not only the gentle contact, but the violent pressure of the Divine hand. We are caught by the hairs of the head. We are in the clutches of the Almighty hand, from which there is no possibility of escape. The Lord has taken firm possession of my head; He has taken firm possession of my heart. I cannot wrest them from Him. Always my sustaining force, He is at times an overpowering and pressing force, that holds me bound hand and foot in firm possession. Held fast in His encircling arms, I cannot move, but am moved; I cannot speak, but I am made to speak. This is heaven's electricity. Those who have felt it know how utterly impossible it is to quench it. Shake off this encompassing Divine touch! You cannot. Put down this mysterious influence! No, you cannot. Say unto this Pervading Presence,—roll back; it will not obey your voice. An irresistible force has gone deep into your whole system. You cannot pull it out. I would fain disentangle my muscles and nerves, my arteries and veins from this intertwining and pervading presence, but I cannot. In vain do I say to my lungs and heart, my eyes and ears and lips—be ye separate from this Unseen Hand. No such separation is possible. I may as well try to tear away my heart from myself, as well separate the tree from the root, the colck from the mainspring, the infant from the mother's breast. Right and left, everywhere is this omnipresent spirit, to which my life tenaciously clings and from which nothing can separate it. What is this spirit? A Mother's spirit. Yes, our beloved Mother is here present. Behold a huge breast, the infinite breast of the Mother, overflowing with the milk of life! O Mother, Mother! Universal Parent! present everywhere, present here before me, Thou art encircling us with Thine arms and suckling us all. Thine unseen face, beloved Mother, so sweet, so beautiful to the eye of faith! How Thy breast is pouring into us nourishing milk! Charming vision! My Mother have I seen. See how the Lord of heaven and earth is revealing Himself. He reveals Himself unto us to-day as He revealed Himself three thousand years ago to Moses. For forty days and nights, we are told he enjoyed communion with Jehovah. He saw a "devouring fire." Yes, in those days of rigid monotheism, when idolatry was regarded as an abomination, and Israel looked up to One God, that great prophet, Moses, actually saw a burning bush, and the invisible Divinity spoke to him through it. Fire was it? Yes, resplendent spirit burning in the bush, yet not consuming it! And as Moses saw we see too, though less brightly, yet as truly, a burning bush everywhere, yea all creation ablaze. The Living God is, indeed, a burning fire in every home, not only in the Parsi's temple, but in the Hindu's home too. Put it out you cannot. The fire burns from day to day. It is an everlasting fire which fills all space and time. It is no supernatural fire, but simply the glory of the Ruling Will-Force, the effulgence of the Holy King, the light of the Divine Mother Who reigns everywhere. We are going to enter into the domain of a new dispensation, that of science and faith harmonized. Under its banners we too shall have our inspiration, though only according to the small measure of our faith. The Lord will surely vouchsafe unto us the light and power of His inspiration. In the light of true science the Lord our God will reveal Himself to all His children, and unite us in God-vision in one blessed family. How desperately, you my brethren, Christians and Hindus, are fighting with each other! What awful wranglings and jealousies separate you! Know ye not that your leading representatives are united above in the Father's home? We are incessantly quarrelling here, but the founders and elders of our sects and churches are joyfully united in the Father's inmost sanctuary. There they are all drawing the milk of life and vitality out of the breast of the Infinite Mother, merging all their differences in heavenly beatitude. There they are all united as one family. What a blessed sight! Children of God, be of one heart. See how the holy prophets and saints above are sitting around the Father's throne, the Queen Mother's throne, and enjoying the bliss of communion in the blessed synthesis of Divine Force. Blessed are they, a holy family in which all disputes and conflicts are lost, and broken lights commingled in the unity of a Central Personality! Why should you then differ, little men, when your revered elders differ not in heaven, but rejoice in unity? Ah! my friends, you do not care to see this living God-vision, but you boast of your theology and care more for your endless dogmatic differences. Your analytical conceptions, your abstract notions, your broken fragments of Deity must cause differences. In the God-vision I have presented to you there is not theology, but religion, pure and real. No analysis, but a beautiful synthesis, in which all souls on earth and in heaven are, in spite of their separate individuality, recognised as one in the Parent. In this holy synthesis of Divine unity, as revealed in God-vision, all the gods and goddesses of the many churches of the East and the West are gathered and unified. The various Divine. attributes which India has from age to age personified and worshipped are fused into One Living Personality, even that which we realize to-day in scientific God-vision. Abandon the controversies of dead theology, and accept the fire of living and burning faith. Leave the battle-field of dogma, where superstitious and priest-ridden men fight blind-folded, and accept the banners of the True God, Whom we can see and hear in real vision, and Who says in every force in nature I AM. Accept Him, my countrymen; and all India, now disintegrated and dismembered, will become one in the Lord. Yea the whole world will be one in Him. Rejoice and sing, O Zion, for I am coming, saith the Lord. Sing then all India the glory of the Lord. Sing, oceans and seas, hills and mountains, the glory of God. He has come, and is coming to all of us on the wings of living inspiration, and India shall see her God in a marvellous vision, and drink the waters of salvation from the Living Fountain. Ye sons and daughters of India, let faith and hope fill your souls and hearts. Rejoice, for the good and golden age of beatific vision is coming. Yes, the time is coming when not only will the Living God reveal Himself to man's immediate vision in all parts of the world, but the disembodied saints and prophets in heaven will hold communion with men in their hearts. All mankind shall then sit at the feet of Christ and other masters, and every Christian and every Hindu shall draw fresh inspiration from the Living God, and gather life and wisdom from the examples of those saints and martyrs, those Rishis and Yogis who were the glory of primitive Christian Europe and ancient India. Then shall there be a joyful and festive union of heaven and earth, and they shall talk with each other, and dance together before the throne of God Almighty. The Lord our God shall reconcile all our differences, and make this very earth of ours a heaven, a heaven indeed. The reign of the Supreme Mother shall be proclaimed and established throughout the world amid universal rejoicings, and many nations with myriad voices and diverse instruments shall sing that sweet name, Mother, which bringeth comfort to the sinner's heart and salvation to every trusting child. Let the trumpet proclaim the advent of the true God, at once the light and joy of the world, in whom both science and faith rejoice. And as his Holy light dawns upon our beloved country, may millions in one united chorus sing His love! The Lord cometh. Therefore rejoice, O Zion!

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# WE APOSTLES OF THE NEW DISPENSATION.

ONCE more has the orient sun roused and gladdened a slumbering world, and rolled away the thick folds of darkness in which it lay enveloped. Once more has the East spoken words of peace and hope to benighted nations. How dismal the night we have just passed! How bright the morning we now behold! Let us recall to mind the appalling spectacle we witnessed last night. Verily it was Ezekiel's vision over again. We stood in the midst of the Valley of Dry Bones. On all sides, as far as the eye could reach, there were scattered heaps of dry bones. And what were these? Exhausted systems of theology, lifeless dogmas denuded of flesh and blood, creeds and characters which had once lived and moved but were now mere dry bones. Alas! how distressing the sight! It seemed to tell the sad tale of the havoc which sectarianism had perpetrated in the religious world, slaying truth and love, and filling the valley of the earth with dead and dry bones. And lo, they were very dry, and they said, "Our bones are dried and our hope is lost" But no, their hope was not lost for ever. For the morning star soon heralded the dawn of day. And anon the great luminary shone forth, and its myriad rays scattered joy and light in all directions. The exhilarating morning breeze—the very breath of the Living God, entered into those bones; and "behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone, and they lived and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army." Scriptures and dispensations, prophets, saints and martyrs of all ages and climes stood revivified, danced in joy, and blessed the light that had made them live again. And thus the valley of death was converted into a new world of life and light. Yes, we have seen the light of a New Dispensation. Asia, mother of many dispensations, has given birth to another child, and its birth-festival shall be celebrated amid great rejoicing. Sweet angel of the East! Heaven's evangelist! sent from above with a New Gospel, thou hast come to us clad in the most gorgeous and shining raiment, and decked in the most magnificent jewellery, which the East alone can boast. Thou comest amid the ringing of bells and the sound of the conch shell. Holy light! we hail thee, we kiss thee. Lord of the New Dispensation! I desire humbly to proclaim to-day among my assembled brethren the glad tidings which Thou hast sent to us from heaven. Touch my lips with the live coal of inspiration, that I may boldly set forth the new light Thou hast revealed unto us. Glory, glory glory be unto Thee, Great Spirit!

But why should I of all others be selected as the spokesman of the New Dispensation? Yet it is not I that speak, but we. Behind the visible 'I' there is an invisible 'We.' It is my Church that speaks through me. There are others who are working with me in God's vineyard. Behind and around me are brother-apostles, who think and feel and live as I do, united with me in spirit, whose only vocation on earth is to preach the New Dispensation. Yes, there is a Church—a body whereof I am but a limb. Can I alone represent that Church? I am but a part of it. I can no more constitute the Church of God than can a single soldier compose an entire regiment. Accept me then as one among many. Do you see an individual before you? You are sadly mistaken. Behold a band of apostles entrusted with the New Dispensation. As I speak, their voices speak through me. For we are an undivided and organized Church. Here everything is in its proper place, and all the requisites of apostolical faith and fellowship are to be found here. Here you see God's special Providence working out the redemption of the land, through the instrumentality of a complete dispensation, with its full complement of apostles, scriptures and inspiration. Rest assured, my friends, when we are dead and gone, all the events that are transpiring around us in these days shall be written and embodied in history, and shall be unto future generations a new Gospel of God's saving grace. The Lord is in our midst, not as a dead deity, but as the Living God of Providence. He has gathered around Him, not a handful of men, but a vast army of believing souls from every corner of India, from Sind and Burmah, from Lahore and Madras. And these are all marching under His guidance to the promised land. In the forefront are the ordained few, the delegates of Heaven, a complete band of apostles, with diverse gifts and talents suited to their respective vocation. Who feeds these men? The Lord. Who leads them? The Lord. Know ye not, brethren, that there are a number of souls in India who, under Divine command, have come out of the world, and whom the world disowns, who feed not upon earthly food, but upon the food supplied by heaven? Look at these helpless souls with their families—men, women and children, living from day to day upon mere alms and precarious contributions. They have no certain means of subsistence whereby to support themselves. They have taken the vow of poverty, which interdicts money-making and self-support. They take no thought for the morrow, what they shall eat or what they shall put on. The Lord gives to each his daily bread. Each day bringeth the bare necessaries of life. The morrow is entirely dark. Indeed it is a mystery and a marvel how so many mouths are fed daily. And yet for fifteen years we have managed to go on, not stumbling, not starving. He who feedeth the sparrow gives unto this band of apostolic brothers their daily food and raiment. The spirit of Moses leads modern Israel through the wilderness of the world. And when they are hungry the Lord showers manna from above, and when they feel thirsty the barren rocks send forth gushing streams of water. Verily it is the Living Jehovah who feeds us, His poor but trusting apostles, with the bread of life. He sustains the body ; He inspires the soul. Our strength is He the Lord, and our light too. Neither wealth nor wisdom belongs to us, and in an humble and apostolical spirit we rely solely upon Providence.

Is this new gospel a Dispensation, or is it simply a new system of religion, which human understanding has evolved ? I say it stands upon the same level with the Jewish dispensation, the Christian dispensation, and the Vaishnava dispensation through Chaitanya. It is a divine Dispensation, fully entitled to a place among the various dispensations and revelations of the world. But is it equally divine, equally authoritative ? Christ's Dispensation is said to be divine. I say that this Dispensation is equally divine. Assuredly it is the Lord of Heaven who has sent this new gospel unto the world. The same Living God, who at sundry times and in diverse manners spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days vouchsafed unto us this new gospel. But does it not argue conceit and vain-gloriousness thus to extol the New Dispensation? Surely people would say that in including our new creed in the category of the world's dispensations we are trying to arrogate to ourselves honors which only Moses and Jesus can claim. Is it not the very height of presumption—they would say—that a number of striplings on the banks of the Ganges should venture to stand on the same level with Jesus, and rob him of his pre-eminence? What! are we to accept these men as Heaven-sent prophets? Shall we compare the short-lived glory which man gives to man to the eternal glory which the Lord gave to His beloved son Jesus? But who, I ask, covets prophetic honor and authority? They say I do. I say I do not. Again and again have I said I seek not the prophet's glory. I contend not for prophetic honors. Yet am I not ashamed of what I have said regarding my exalted office as an apostle of the New Dispensation. In spite of reiterated remonstrances, it has been whispered already that we are trying not to glorify the Dispensation, but to glorify ourselves. If Christ was the centre of his Dispensation, am I not the centre of this? Ungenerous and untruthful critics have insinuated that as Jesus claimed to be the King of the Jews, so am I ambitious of being honored as the king of the Indians,—of the Bengalis, at any rate. It is certainly not fair or kind of our critics to say so. Shall a sinner vie with Christ for honors? God forbid. Jesus was a born saint, and I a great sinner. Blessed Jesus! I am thine. I give myself, body and soul, to thee. If India will revile and persecute me, and take my life-blood out of me, drop by drop, still Jesus, thou shalt continue to have my homage. I have taken the vow of loyalty before thee, and I will not swerve from it,—God help me! These lips are thine for praise, and these hands are thine in service. Son of God, I love thee truly. And, though scorned and hated for thy sake, I will love thee always, and remain an humble servant at thy blessed feet. Yet, I must tell you, gentlemen, that I am connected with Jesus' Gospel, and occupy a prominent place in it. I am the prodigal son of whom Christ spoke, and I am trying to return to my Father in a penitent spirit. Nay, I will say more for the satisfaction and edification of my opponents. I am not Jesus, but I am Judas, that vile man who betrayed Jesus into the hands of his infuriated persecutors. That man's spirit is in me. The veritable Judas, who sinned against truth and Jesus, lodges in my heart. If I honor Jesus, and claim a place among his disciples, is there not another side of my life which is carnal and worldly and sinful? I am Judas-like so far as I love sin. Then tell me not I am trying to exalt myself. No. A prophet's crown sits not on my head. My place is at Jesus' feet. Fear not then, my friends, that a man of conscious sin, one so vile in his own estimation, will covet high prophetic honors. I can assure you that I have done, and will do, all in my power to suppress this hideous lie which would rank me with Jesus and other prophets. If I really meant to be a prophet, I would try another Dispensation where I would find scope for my ambition, another Church where I could establish my mediatorial position and authority. Believe me, every inch of this man is real, tremendously real. If I wanted honor I would say so at once, without the least reservation. There is nothing so good as outspokenness and candour. Whatever my shortcomings might be, I have within me that fearless honesty, which regardless of opprobrium, would tell the public what I really felt. Be assured then that my heart doth not delight in vaingloriousness, but seeks the humble position of a servant at the feet of Jesus and other masters. I may be rhetorical, a little too metaphorical in what I say. You may accuse me of indulging freely in the poetry of religion. Perhaps it is the Asiatic's fault. The east is the land of poetry. Our literature is all imagery, our language allegory. Almost instinctively these oriental nations talk in parables. And did not Christ Jesus speak in parables? If I use metaphor, surely you have no right to construe it in its literal sense. You are bound to take my words in the exact sense in which I employ them. But the fact is otherwise. If I say, "I have seen God," you would rush to the inference that I saw a shining light in the heavens with my outward eyes, and you characterize my God-vision as mere imagination! And when I say "I sat with Moses and Jesus," behold, you run and proclaim unto the world I have seen two human figures or rather their ghosts! You would misconstrue a plain piece of poetry, and then ridicule it as a fact of life. Ah! it is the Eastern passion for metaphor, the vein of poetry so characteristic of oriental nations that has caused such misapprehension. Let not poetry mislead you. Ye unimaginative critics, do not confound the spirit with the letter. Show that you are intelligent and honest enough to call a metaphor a metaphor. Do not say I soar into the sky and work miracles in the spirit-world! I make no pretension to supernaturalism. Take me, gentlemen, at my worth. It would be a scandal and a lie to hold me up as the Prophet of the New Dispensation. My individuality is lost in the community that forms my Church. This dispensation will not tolerate any form of egotism. It hides me in my brother-apostles. It conceals and absorbs the singular in the plural. We are lost in each other, and all distinctive personality is merged in the unity of the common Church. If I speak now, it must be in the name of my Church, the united fraternity of the Apostles of the new gospel. It will probably be said that each dispensation has a central personality, and that, therefore, willingly or unwillingly, I must permit myself to be treated as a Moses or a Chaitanya. Let me tell you that this seems impossible. For we represent a new dispensation. Its distinguishing feature is its immediacy, its denial of a mediator. While other dispensations have their special mediatorial agencies between God and a sinful world, here we have no such thing, no intercessor, no mediator. None of my fellow-believers takes God at second-hand, but would go direct to Him for light and salvation thinking it wrong to rely upon me or any one else for intercession. The humblest sinner bases his supplication for Divine mercy upon the merits of no saint or martyr, but upon the merits of the Lord alone. In the immediate presence of the Deity, the least among us daily seeks eternal life. Upon every Theist the new gospel imposes the inviolable vow of direct worship. This is the peculiarity of the present dispensation, and in this more perhaps than in anything else, it differs from all other dispensations. There is indeed no place for a prophet-mediator in this dispensation. Why shall I then be accused of harbouring in my mind the mean ambition which the new dispensation so thoroughly interdicts? Then no more. Enough. We have had enough of this accusation and impeachment. My infatuated critics and cruel persecutors will, however, still perhaps go on, and would not stop. Already they have broken my bones and caused my heart to bleed, and often and often, at their hands, have I suffered deep and unutterable agony. For nearly a quarter of a century have I suffered persecution and calumny, and who can deny the shades in the picture of my life are awfully dark and very dismal? Quietly have I endured life's numerous trials, and, thank God, they have greatly contributed to my education and discipline. Do not tell me the honor which the world has given me has turned my head. If honor has turned my head one way, my sorrows and trials have turned it the other way; so that somehow Providence has managed to keep my head in equilibrium. I have shared honor and dishonor, popularity and unpopularity, exaltation and humiliation, and amid these ups and downs of life, I am firm and steady in the safe-keeping of Providence. Be not afraid. God is with us. Some time ago, in Northern India, I was conversing with one of the most pious Christian officials in the land, now an ex-Lieutenant-Governor. In the course of the conversation he looked at me seriously and calmly for some moments, and said—What is it that makes you look so healthy and cheerful? Is it because you have a contented soul? The question took me by surprise, and somewhat confounded me, and I think I was not able to answer it quite satisfactorily. I have since thought over the incident, and the question has recurred to me again and again. There is evidently something in me which suggests this question, and I thank God for it. There is a native buoyancy in my soul which prevents its sinking in the sea of trial, and enables it with called fellow-feeling which helps us to determine what is right. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that sympathy plays a most important part in the moral economy of the world. It is this noble sentiment which makes us go out of ourselves, and enter into the feelings and wants, into the difficulties and sufferings of others, with a view to afford the needed relief. Our selfishness keeps us in chains within ourselves. Sympathy breaks these iron chains, and drags us into the bosom of the sorrowing brother, so as to make us feel as he feels. We all know what this is. Whenever we see an object of pity, a man dying of starvation, a bleeding soldier, a poor disconsolate orphan, or a bed-ridden patient smarting under painful maladies, we unconsciously transfer ourselves in imagination to his position, and so closely identify ourselves with him as to feel at the time the very agony which he is suffering from. If it is a limb burning in fire that we see, we feel as if the same limb in us has caught fire. Do we see a neighbour benumbed with cold? We immediately feel the numbness in ourselves. Is he suffering from penury and want of food? Though rich ourselves, we are sure to feel in his presence the pangs of poverty and care. Call it sympathy, or charity or love, there is assuredly something in our nature which, though we ourselves may be happy and healthy, makes us feel and realize the wretchedness and disease and sorrow of our neighbours. It makes us one with others. It imperceptibly steals self out of its own tenement, and gives it a temporary lodgment in the neighbour's breast that it may suffer and serve there. How beautiful, how real is this picture of one man living in others, of the loving soul identified in love with suffering humanity! How all mankind with its sorrow and suffering passes into our consciousness, and is absorbed in the susceptible heart! Of Jesus it has been truly said that he took upon himself the sins and sufferings of the world. Well may the doubter ask,—why should his innocent and happy soul suffer for the world? Why should the pure-minded Jesus undergo the misery and wretchedness of this wicked world? Shall the saint suffer for the sinner? These questionings of the doubter the philosopher can readily silence by an appeal to the wondrous mystery of the law of sympathy. Jesus saw the miserable condition of the world; he saw how men and women were groaning under the weight of accumulated sin and sorrow. And as he saw their dark and dejected faces and the depth of their degradation, the lamb in him was moved. As he went about mixing with the unclean and the fallen, and seeking the lost and the spoilt, he saw the height and depth of evil in the world, and as he saw he wept. The world in agony cried, and the entire load of its agony pressed upon Jesus' bosom, and he too cried in bitterness. It was the bitterness of transferred sorrow. It was the agony of the world in him. He was not unhappy. The joy of heaven was in him. But the world grieved his spirit. Amid scenes of heart-rending sin and sorrow the very impersonation of Divine charity could not stand unmoved. He so loved the world that he made its sorrow his own; and though he himself was happy in conscious purity, he suffered for the sorrows of others. How? By a mysterious transposition they were in him and he was in them. By sympathy he made himself all mankind, and took into his own consciousness all their sorrows. Had Jesus been *a* man devoted to his little self alone, he would have lived and died for himself. But he was *man*, he was humanity. He lived and suffered and died for others. His heart was the sum total of all hearts. The heart that throbbed in him was not his, but the world's. The world's joy gladdened him ; its sorrow mortified him. Its prosperity was his prosperity. Its tears were his tears. So completely was my Jesus identified with the world in divine love and sympathy that the world lived always in his capacious bosom. The objective world he absorbed in his subjective consciousness. And are you not doing the same thing in a small measure, ye ambassadors of Christ in India ? What is it that has brought you to this distant and foreign country ? Is it duty, or is it love, the same love that your Lord Jesus felt for the whole world ? India's pitiable condition has excited in your hearts the deepest sympathy, and you have felt drawn towards us as only the true philanthropist can feel drawn. The more you have thought of the evils in the land, its ignorance and superstition, its moral and spiritual destitution, the tyranny of caste, the reign of grim idolatry,—the more you have reflected on these and other evils, the more you have felt sympathy and compassion for the miseries of our people, and the more devoutly you have implored Divine blessing for the redemption of the country. India's sorrows you have made your own sorrows. By placing yourselves in our position, you have realized in your own minds our wants and sufferings ; and with the whole weight of our national sufferings pressing upon your hearts, you have approached God, and said,—" Lord of the weak and helpless, send unto this land copious showers of Thy grace, that its teeming millions may have eternal life." You would never had left your homes to do your master's work in foreign fields had you not made India's heart yours. We have gone into you, and you have identified yourselves with us in spirit. This is what I mean by the philosophy of subjectivity. It underlies that blessed institution in the Christian Church, known as the Sacrament. The idea of the Lord's Supper many are apt to ridicule. Is it really ridiculous ? Is it not rather an eminently philosophical idea ? The difference between objectivity and subjectivity in religion and the superior importance of the latter none comprehended so thoroughly as Jesus. Or he would not have instituted the sacramental rite. The disciples and apostles believed in him as their Lord and Master, and they had assured him of their loyalty and devotion. Why then did he demand of them further allegiance ? Why did he impose upon them the obligation of eating his flesh and drinking his blood, saying—" This do in remembrance of me ?" Why was this ceremony at all necessary ? Because the prophet saw, with the eye of a prophet, that his people would continue to hold him up as an objective impersonation of truth and purity, and he wished to prevent it. Despite the unbounded reverence and love which they tendered to him, he felt he was only an outward object of devoted loyalty. His burning words, " Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father," are a standing rebuke to those who thus render him only objective homage. He preferred subjective allegiance, the loyalty which, while it intellectually accepted him, absorbed him spiritually in the inner consciousness. Nothing short of internal assimilation and absorption could satisfy Jesus. And this beautiful idea he embodied symbolically in the eucharist. He asked his disciples to eat his flesh and drink his wine. In other words, he wished to be accepted by the world subjectively, and not objectively. Let us be satisfied that every bit of flesh and every drop of blood in you and me is Christ before we proclaim ourselves his followers. Christianity refuses to be tested by outward criteria. Faith in Christ means life in Christ. If you simply profess Christianity what reward have ye ? Not belief, but conversion is what Christ requires of you. Show that your flesh is Christ's flesh, and your blood is his blood. Show that your life is his life and your character his character. Otherwise you are not a Christian according to Christ. If I have eaten and assimilated him, then this hand you see is no longer my flesh, earthly and carnal, but Christ's flesh, effulgent and spiritual ; and if I kiss it, I am sure I kiss Christ Jesus, and not my hand. This assimilation must be real, and not imaginary or sentimental. For verily we have to deal with the Christ of history, and not a mythical character whose interest is purely romantic, and whose beauty is all but poetical. The Christ of history is a real stern fact, a stately figure towering above all. With your eye upon that majestic person, rigidly scrutinize your character, and say, have you so absorbed his spirit as to be able to declare that you are one with him in forgiveness, lamb-like meekness and self-sacrifice. If upon severe self-examination you find that you are not like Jesus in these things, then confess you are not a Christian, whatever your dogmas and doctrines might be. Is Christ a problem of mathematics which you must solve intellectually ? Is he a logical proposition, which you can only believe with the understanding ? Far from it. He is a person, a character that hates lip-loyalty and dogmatic assent, and demands absorption in your flesh and my flesh. He wishes to live in you perpetually, incarnate in your being, embodied in your character, flesh of your flesh, blood of your blood, and breath of your breath. Will you not allow him thus to abide in you? Apply the same argument, my friends, to all the other prophets and saints, ancient and modern, Eastern and Western. You may talk of your devotion to these masters, but if you have not assimilated their character your devotion cannot be real. If your lives belie them, you must be classed among Pharisees and hypocrites. Let your flesh and blood bear living testimony to your fidelity to Christ and Paul, Moses and Isaiah, and all the saints of modern and ancient times. And in this assimilation of many characters behold a wonderful harmony and unity. The plurality of objects is lost and absorbed in the unity of the subject. You take in the divinity that dwelleth in each, and make it your own. In God are the sons of God united. If you take the differe phases of truth and character in different indi duals, you are lost in vision and schism. But accept them in their divine source, and you have unity. The New Dispensation never preaches goodness; it preaches godliness. Goodness is human; godliness is divine. Christ rejected the former and put on the latter. His will was the Divine will. His word was God's. His work was the Father's. It was not he that spoke, but the Lord spoke through him. In the depths of his consciousness he felt so thoroughly identified with the spirit and nature of God that he boldly and frankly said, "I and my Father are one." The son did not proclaim himself the Father, but he claimed to be one with Him. What Christ claimed and revealed in his own character was only subjective divinity, not objective Deity. He was God-consciousness, not God. He was a partaker of the Divine nature. And what are we? Partakers of Christ and of God in Christ. Paul, who had really put on Christ, and than whom perhaps none in ancient or modern times hath proved a truer disciple, often used this significant expression in his epistles. Nothing could be clearer or more appropriate than this expression. It indicates the deep spirituality and subjectivity of the relation in which Paul stood to his master. In fact, this idea of spiritual assimilation is altogether a Christian idea. Christ's teachings and Paul's epistles are full of it. The New Testament abounds with such passages as,—" Abide in me and I in you;" " Put ye on the Lord Jesus;" " I live; yet not I but Christ liveth in me;" " To be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man." The world may not comprehend the height and depth of this great doctrine. But if you deny this doctrine, you deny philosophy and you deny Christ. The foolish Jews may wonder " how can this man give us his flesh to eat," yet the voice of Christ shall go forth rolling through centuries and ages, " he that eateth me even he shall live by me:" " he that eateth of this bread shall live for ever." Though ridiculed and laughed at, this eminently philosophical and Christian principle of mutual absorption challenges universal assent. You may wonder, you may smile; the fact, however, is indisputable that in all ages devout and godly men have eaten the flesh of saints and been in turn eaten by others. Divinity went into the flesh of Christ. Then Christ was eaten by Paul and Peter. They were eaten by the fathers and the martyrs and all the saints in Christendom, and all these have we of modern times eaten, assimilated and absorbed, making their ideas and character our own. Thus one nation may swallow another, and be identified with it. Thus one generation may draw into itself the character and faith of another generation. And we too may enter into each other and dwell in each other. We Hindus are specially endowed with, and distinguished for, the yoga faculty, which is nothing but this power of spiritual communion and absorption. This faculty, which we have inherited from our forefathers, enables us to annihilate space and time, and bring home to our minds an external Deity and an external humanity. Waving the magic wand of yoga, we say to the Ural mountains and the river Ural, vanish, and lo! they disappear. And we command Europe to enter into the heart of Asia, and Asia to enter into the mind of Europe, and they obey us, and we instantly realize within ourselves an European Asia and an Asiatic Europe, a commingling of oriental and occidental ideas and principles. We say to the Pacific, pour thy waters into the Atlantic; and we say to the West, roll back to the East. We summon ancient India to come into modern India with all her rishis and saints, her asceticism and communion and simplicity of character, and behold a transfiguration! The educated modern Hindu cast in Vedic mould! How by yoga one nation becomes another! How Asia eats the flesh and drinks the blood of Europe! How the Hindu absorbs the Christian; how the Christian assimilates the Hindu! Cultivate this communion, my brethren, and continually absorb all that is good and noble in each other. Do not hate, do not exclude others, as the sectarians do, but include and absorb all humanity and all truth. Let there be no antagonism, no exclusion. Let the embankment which each sect, each nation, has raised, be swept away by the flood of cosmopolitan truth, and let all the barriers and partitions which separate man from man be pulled down, so that truth and love and purity may flow freely through millions of hearts and through hundreds of successive generations, from country to country, from age to age. Thus shall the deficiencies of individual and national character be complemented, and humanity shall attain a fuller and more perfect standard of religious and moral life. There is no reason, my European friends, why you should move eternally in your narrow groove, rejecting every thing which is Eastern and Asiatic. Why should you not add to your national virtues those of the East? Why should you not add to your philosophy and science and civilization the transcendental faith and poetry of Asia? The grammar of modern theology must be condemned by every scientific man as bad grammar. It makes no mention of the copulative conjunction. The disjunctive *Or* reigns supreme; the copulative *And* finds no place. The European seems to argue that he is justified in accepting one or other of the many possible phases of goodness and truth as represented by different nations, and that he is, therefore, right in choosing only the Western type of character and excluding the Eastern. He treats the various ideas and principles of religion as optional subjects of study and culture, and he prefers those only which suit his convenience and chime in with his tastes and traditions. He will insist upon disjoining, and protest against conjoining the different elements of character. The problem of salvation which he thinks he has to deal with is,—Shall I have knowledge *or* faith, science *or* yoga, dogmatism *or* devotion, prudence *or* asceticism, philosophy *or* poetry,—the one *or* the other? Say rather we shall have both the one *and* the other. You have in you what is good and great in European character. Now must ye superadd the excellencies of oriental nations. In your hearts Asia's deep spiritual life has yet to be subjectified. To you, my Hindu countrymen, allow me to administer the same warning and the same counsel. Will you rest content with your nationality and your Hinduism, repudiating Christianity as yavana, and European civilization as a mass of lies and impurity? Will you remain shut up in your small homes, and say that the sun of truth shines not on the outside world? Is godliness the Hindu's monopoly? Will you have only the small and mutilated and one-sided creed of your country, and refuse to enter into fellowship with the great nations of the West? Shun jealousy and narrow-minded bigotry, and so enlarge and distend your hearts that not only Asia but all Europe and America may find place therein. India! absorb England. Asia! assimilate Christian Europe. A vast world of objective truth yet lies before you, brethren, and the Lord God summons you to convert it into your flesh and blood, into your life and character. When all nations and countries will thus eat and absorb each other's goodness and purity, then shall the inward kingdom of heaven be realized on earth, which ancient prophets sang and predicted. All truth shall then be harmonized and reduced to a beautiful subjective synthesis in the life of humanity. No longer do you see jealousies and enmities dividing the world. The battle-cry is hushed, and the sword of sectarian hate has found rest in the sheath. No longer do we see scriptures arrayed against scriptures, churches against churches, sects against sects,—endless groups of fighting zealots. It is one undivided spirit-world, in which there is neither caste nor sect nor nationality. Leaving the earth and all that is earthy below, we soar on the pinions of oriental transcendentalism into the purer atmosphere of yoga, and from there we see a vast sea of spirituality rolling below, in which Europe and Asia, the Atlantic and the Pacific are all swallowed and lost, and the whole world of sectarianism is drowned in the illimitable ocean of eternal truth. How grand, yet how real is this subjective heaven! This is heaven indeed. Do not identify yourselves with any small sect, but embrace all humanity. Honor Christ, but never be "Christian" in the popular acceptation of the term. Christ is not Christianity. In accepting the former take care you do not accept the latter. Let it be your ambition to outgrow the popular types of narrow Christian faith, and merge in the vastness of Christ. Neither should you become "Christian," nor should you simply aspire to be "Christ-like," for then you would represent the lower strata of spiritual life. Advance to a higher ideal, my friends. Be Christ. Do not rest satisfied with anything short of this. I say again, be Christ. Incorporate him into your being; import him bodily into your own consciousness. Make him your flesh and blood. Let us all be so many Christs, each a small Christ in his own humble way. We shall have no outward Christ, however pure. For what is Christ? Not a doctrine, but the eternal and universal spirit of sonship. He is the light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world. As such, he lived long before he was born, and he still lives, though dead. As such, he shines in the Christian as well as the non-Christian world, and he excludes no saint, no scripture, no light vouchsafed by God before or after him. The "light" that is in every man cannot be exclusive. I cannot imagine a fictitious Christ. The Christ of the Gospel, the son of God, who embodies in himself the Father's will, and who by obedience has recovered the divinity in man lost by Adam, that is to me—and may he be unto you !—the true Jesus. I have no other Christ. I will accept no other Christ. It is in him and through him that we are reconciled to God and to all truth, and therefore to all dispensations and prophets. If Christ means, as every true Christian alleges, the reconciliation of human with Divine will, then let there be no war or discord in his name, but " peace on earth and goodwill among men." If you have the true Christ in you, all truth, whether Jew or Gentile, Hindu or Christian, will pour into you through him, and you will be able to assimilate the wisdom and righteouness of each sect and denomination. Accept the prince of prophets, and you will find in him and with him all prophets, Eastern and Western. If you are Christians, you will quarrel and fight ; but if you are so many little Christs, the harmony of heaven will reign among you, and there shall be no sectarian division. Fling away the sectarian's small Christ, and let us be one in the large Christ of all ages and creeds.

Such is the New Dispensation. It is the harmony of all scriptures and prophets and dispensations. It is not an isolated creed, but the science which binds and explains and harmonizes all religions. It gives to history a meaning, to the action of Providence a consistency, to quarrelling churches a common bond, and to successive dispensations a continuity. It shows by marvellous synthesis how the different rainbow colours are one in the light of heaven. The New Dispensation is the sweet music of diverse instruments. It is the precious necklace in which are strung together the rubies and pearls of all ages and climes. It is the celestial court where around enthroned Divinity shine the lights of all heavenly saints and prophets. It is the wonderful solvent, which fuses all dispensations into a new chemical compound. It is the mighty absorbent, which absorbs all that is true and good and beautiful in the objective world. Before the flag of the New Dispensation bow ye nations and proclaim the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. In blessed eucharist let us eat and assimilate all the saints and prophets of the world. Thus shall we put on the new man, and each of us will say, the Lord Jesus is my will, Socrates my head, Chaitanya my heart, the Hindu Rishi my soul, and the philanthropic Howard my right hand. And thus transformed we shall bear witness unto the New Gospel. Let many-sided truth, incarnate in saints and prophets, come down from heaven and dwell in you, that you may have that blessed harmony of character, in which is eternal life and salvation.

Brother-Apostles, before I conclude I must say a word to you. I charge you to stand forward boldly with the flag of the New Dispensation. March under the Divine Captain's command, and let victory and glory be yours. Let your faith and character so shine before men that you may be reckoned worthy of the flag you bear. Heed not the voice of evil counsellors, but seek wisdom in inspiration. Let Heaven's light be your guide. Realize the tremendous responsibilities which stand upon your shoulders, as the chosen apostles of the present dispensation, and in the discharge of your sacred duties turn neither to the right nor to the left. In these days of scepticism a whole army of infidels will attack you and persecute you. The light which the Lord has vouchsafed unto you is darkness unto all those who have no faith, and they shall laugh at you. Stand firm. Small is our number now, but many will come and swell your ranks in the fulness of time. With the living blood of all the saints and all the prophets in you, ye shall know no discomfiture, but shall fill the land with light and love and life. Shrink not from trial, but let all who choose come and test your doctrines. Let the impostor tremble, for he deals in lies and unrealities. But my beloved brother-apostles, ours is real truth, and by the grace of our blessed Lord we will prove it. Gentlemen, whether you give us honor or not, give us your prayers, and we shall go on conquering and rejoicing, and glorifying the Lord of the New Dispensation.

# THAT MARVELLOUS MYSTERY—THE TRINITY.

MARVELLOUS, indeed, is the mystery of the Trinity. These eighteen centuries philosophers and theologians have tried to penetrate its arcana, and yet it is a marvel to-day. Who can fathom the profound secrets of the holy Trinity? Who can sound the depths of God's triune nature? Yet the theme is inviting, albeit transcendental. The Trinity is the treasury in which lies the accumulated wealth of the world's sacred literature,—all that is precious in philosophy, theology and poetry, which has ever enriched saints and prophets, and exalted individuals and nations in the East and the West, in ancient and modern times. It is the loftiest expression of the world's religious consciousness. It is an unexhausted and inexhaustible mine of wisdom, which still attracts, and will ever continue to attract, fresh explorers. So sublime, so marvellous is this idea of the Trinity that the most gifted divine and the most learned sage in utter amazement exclaim,—"What manner of doctrine is this—the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost—Three in One, One in Three!" Verily the Trinity is a precious jewel-box. Fain would I draw out of it that valued necklace which the Lord hath reserved for India, that she may put it on, and appear as a beautiful "bride adorned for her husband," when the time of her redemption draweth nigh. But my conscious unworthiness arrests my eager arm, and I stand back in recoil. These mortal lips, black as sin, dare not touch a theme so sacred. Its vastness overpowers me. Before its height and depth my feeble intellect sinks, Shall I then dismiss the heavenly theme before me? A voice within seems to say,—Proceed. For why shall I forbear and hesitate when I profess neither scholarship nor research? I have an apology for my presumption which, I am sure, will commend itself to you. I am not going to discuss or criticize the recondite philosophy of the many schools of divinity in the West. Learning and metaphysics I bring not to the subject before me, but only the simplicity of faith and trust. There is a cheering assurance in the Gospel that the truth of God which is hid from the sage is revealed unto babes. Verily to the vision of childlike faith Heaven has always vouchsafed the light to which the wise have no access. That light do I humbly claim, and that will I testify. If I am candid and frank, if I unfold in a spirit of sincerity and simplicity, and in their natural freshness, the lessons and experiences which faith has gathered in the fresh fields of life, will not the world listen to me? It is not the bones of a dead doctrine, gathered from dead books, nor the antiquated and lifeless Trinity fossilized in Western theology,—a theological cant, a dark enigma—that I am going to present to you; but the living Trinity the infant soul has seen in the light of faith. In the Trinity School of Asia have I learnt this doctrine of the blessed Trinity. Upon Indian soil have I, like other Hindu souls, lived and grown into this doctrine. With mother's milk we have imbibed it. For surely this theory is as Asiatic as it is European, nay more Asiatic than European, more Indian than English. It is an oriental conception, sublime and beautiful. Though it comes to us as a hard and solid principle of Western thought, massive and colossal, we readily recognise in it the gorgeous colors of the East and the sweet called fellow-feeling which helps us to determine what is right. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that sympathy plays a most important part in the moral economy of the world. It is this noble sentiment which makes us go out of ourselves, and enter into the feelings and wants, into the difficulties and sufferings of others, with a view to afford the needed relief. Our selfishness keeps us in chains within ourselves. Sympathy breaks these iron chains, and drags us into the bosom of the sorrowing brother, so as to make us feel as he feels. We all know what this is. Whenever we see an object of pity, a man dying of starvation, a bleeding soldier, a poor disconsolate orphan, or a bed-ridden patient smarting under painful maladies, we unconsciously transfer ourselves in imagination to his position, and so closely identify ourselves with him as to feel at the time the very agony which he is suffering from. If it is a limb burning in fire that we see, we feel as if the same limb in us has caught fire. Do we see a neighbour benumbed with cold? We immediately feel the numbness in ourselves. Is he suffering from penury and want of food? Though rich ourselves, we are sure to feel in his presence the pangs of poverty and care. Call it sympathy, or charity or love, there is assuredly something in our nature which, though we ourselves may be happy and healthy, makes us feel and realize the wretchedness and disease and sorrow of our neighbours. It makes us one with others. It imperceptibly steals self out of its own tenement, and gives it a temporary lodgment in the neighbour's breast that it may suffer and serve there. How beautiful, how real is this picture of one man living in others, of the loving soul identified in love with suffering humanity! How all mankind with its sorrow and suffering passes into our consciousness, and is absorbed in the susceptible heart! Of Jesus it has been truly said that he took upon himself the sins and sufferings of the world. Well may the doubter ask,—why should his innocent and happy soul suffer for the world? Why should the pure-minded Jesus undergo the misery and wretchedness of this wicked world? Shall the saint suffer for the sinner? These questionings of the doubter the philosopher can readily silence by an appeal to the wondrous mystery of the law of sympathy. Jesus saw the miserable condition of the world; he saw how men and women were groaning under the weight of accumulated sin and sorrow. And as he saw their dark and dejected faces and the depth of their degradation, the lamb in him was moved. As he went about mixing with the unclean and the fallen, and seeking the lost and the spoilt, he saw the height and depth of evil in the world, and as he saw h wept. The world in agony cried, and the entire load of its agony pressed upon Jesus' bosom, and he too cried in bitterness. It was the bitterness of transferred sorrow. It was the agony of the world in him. He was not unhappy. The joy of heaven was in him. But the world grieved his spirit. Amid scenes of heart-rending sin and sorrow the very impersonation of Divine charity could not stand unmoved. He so loved the world that he made its sorrow his own; and though he himself was happy in conscious purity, he suffered for the sorrows of others. How? By a mysterious transposition they were in him and he was in them. By sympathy he made himself all mankind, and took into his own consciousness all their sorrows. Had Jesus been *a* man devoted to his little self alone, he would have lived and died for himself. But he was *man*, he was humanity. He lived and suffered and died for others. His heart was the sum total of all hearts. The heart that throbbed in him was not his, but the world's. The world's joy gladdened him ; its sorrow mortified him. Its prosperity was his prosperity. Its tears were his tears. So completely was my Jesus identified with the world in divine love and sympathy that the world lived always in his capacious bosom. The objective world he absorbed in his subjective consciousness. And are you not doing the same thing in a small measure, ye ambassadors of Christ in India ? What is it that has brought you to this distant and foreign country ? Is it duty, or is it love, the same love that your Lord Jesus felt for the whole world ? India's pitiable condition has excited in your hearts the deepest sympathy, and you have felt drawn towards us as only the true philanthropist can feel drawn. The more you have thought of the evils in the land, its ignorance and superstition, its moral and spiritual destitution, the tyranny of caste, the reign of grim idolatry,—the more you have reflected on these and other evils, the more you have felt sympathy and compassion for the miseries of our people, and the more devoutly you have implored Divine blessing for the redemption of the country. India's sorrows you have made your own sorrows. By placing yourselves in our position, you have realized in your own minds our wants and sufferings ; and with the whole weight of our national sufferings pressing upon your hearts, you have approached God, and said,—" Lord of the weak and helpless, send unto this land copious showers of Thy grace, that its teeming millions may have eternal life." You would never had left your homes to do your master's work in foreign fields had you not made India's heart yours. We have gone into you, and you have identified yourselves with us in spirit. This is what I mean by the philosophy of subjectivity. It underlies that blessed institution in the Christian Church, known as the Sacrament. The idea of the Lord's Supper many are apt to ridicule. Is it really ridiculous ? Is it not rather an eminently philosophical idea ? The difference between objectivity and subjectivity in religion and the superior importance of the latter none comprehended so thoroughly as Jesus. Or he would not have instituted the sacramental rite. The disciples and apostles believed in him as their Lord and Master, and they had assured him of their loyalty and devotion. Why then did he demand of them further allegiance ? Why did he impose upon them the obligation of eating his flesh and drinking his blood, saying—" This do in remembrance of me ?" Why was this ceremony at all necessary ? Because the prophet saw, with the eye of a prophet, that his people would continue to hold him up as an objective impersonation of truth and purity, and he wished to prevent it. Despite the unbounded reverence and love which they tendered to him, he felt he was only an outward object of devoted loyalty. His burning words, " Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father," are a standing rebuke to those who thus render him only objective homage. He preferred subjective allegiance, the loyalty which, while it intellectually accepted him, absorbed him spiritually in the inner consciousness. Nothing short of internal assimilation and absorption could satisfy Jesus. And this beautiful idea he embodied symbolically in the eucharist. He asked his disciples to eat his flesh and drink his wine. In other words, he wished to be accepted by the world subjectively, and not objectively. Let us be satisfied that every bit of flesh and every drop of blood in you and me is Christ before we proclaim ourselves his followers. Christianity refuses to be tested by outward criteria. Faith in Christ means life in Christ. If you simply profess Christianity what reward have ye ? Not belief, but conversion is what Christ requires of you. Show that your flesh is Christ's flesh, and your blood is his blood. Show that your life is his life and your character his character. Otherwise you are not a Christian according to Christ. If I have eaten and assimilated him, then this hand you see is no longer my flesh, earthly and carnal, but Christ's flesh, effulgent and spiritual ; and if I kiss it, I am sure I kiss Christ Jesus, and not my hand. This assimilation must be real, and not imaginary or sentimental. For verily we have to deal with the Christ of history, and not a mythical character whose interest is purely romantic, and whose beauty is all but poetical. The Christ of history is a real stern fact, a stately figure towering above all. With your eye upon that majestic person, rigidly scrutinize your character, and say, have you so absorbed his spirit as to be able to declare that you are one with him in forgiveness, lamb-like meekness and self-sacrifice. If upon severe self-examination you find that you are not like Jesus in these things, then confess you are not a Christian, whatever your dogmas and doctrines might be. Is Christ a problem of mathematics which you must solve intellectually ? Is he a logical proposition, which you an only believe with the understanding ? Far from it. He is a person, a character that hates lip-loyalty and dogmatic assent, and demands absorption in your flesh and my flesh. He wishes to live in you perpetually, incarnate in your being, embodied in your character, flesh of your flesh, blood of your blood, and breath of your breath. Will you not allow him thus to abide in you ? Apply the same argument, my friends, to all the other prophets and saints, ancient and modern, Eastern and Western. You may talk of your devotion to these masters, but if you have not assimilated their character your devotion cannot be real. If your lives belie them, you must be classed among Pharisees and hypocrites. Let your flesh and blood bear living testimony to your fidelity to Christ and Paul, Moses and Isaiah, and all the saints of modern and ancient times. And in this assimilation of many characters behold a wonderful harmony and unity. The plurality of objects is lost and absorbed in the unity of the subject. You take in the divinity that dwelleth in each, and make it your own. In God are the sons of God united. If you take the different phases of truth and character in different individuals, you are lost in vision and schism. But accept them in their divine source, and you have unity. The New Dispensation never preaches goodness ; it preaches godliness. Goodness is human ; godliness is divine. Christ rejected the former and put on the latter. His will was the Divine will. His word was God's. His work was the Father's. It was not he that spoke, but the Lord spoke through him. In the depths of his consciousness he felt so thoroughly identified with the spirit and nature of God that he boldly and frankly said, " I and my Father are one." The son did not proclaim himself the Father, but he claimed to be one with Him. What Christ claimed and revealed in his own character was only subjective divinity, not objective Deity. He was God-consciousness, not God. He was a partaker of the Divine nature. And what are we? Partakers of Christ and of God in Christ. Paul, who had really put on Christ, and than whom perhaps none in ancient or modern times hath proved a truer disciple, often used this significant expression in his epistles. Nothing could be clearer or more appropriate than this expression. It indicates the deep spirituality and subjectivity of the relation in which Paul stood to his master. In fact, this idea of spiritual assimilation is altogether a Christian idea. Christ's teachings and Paul's epistles are full of it. The New Testament abounds with such passages as,—" Abide in me and I in you;" " Put ye on the Lord Jesus;" " I live; yet not I but Christ liveth in me;" " To be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man." The world may not comprehend the height and depth of this great doctrine. But if you deny this doctrine, you deny philosophy and you deny Christ. The foolish Jews may wonder " how can this man give us his flesh to eat," yet the voice of Christ shall go forth rolling through centuries and ages, " he that eateth me even he shall live by me:" " he that eateth of this bread shall live for ever." Though ridiculed and laughed at, this eminently philosophical and Christian principle of mutual absorption challenges universal assent. You may wonder, you may smile; the fact, however, is indisputable that in all ages devout and godly men have eaten the flesh of saints and been in turn eaten by others. Divinity went into the flesh of Christ. Then Christ was eaten by Paul and Peter. They were eaten by the fathers and the martyrs and all the saints in Christendom, and all these have we of modern times eaten, assimilated and absorbed, making their ideas and character our own. Thus one nation may swallow another, and be identified with it. Thus one generation may draw into itself the character and faith of another generation. And we too may enter into each other and dwell in each other. We Hindus are specially endowed with, and distinguished for, the yoga faculty, which is nothing but this power of spiritual communion and absorption. This faculty, which we have inherited from our forefathers, enables us to annihilate space and time, and bring home to our minds an external Deity and an external humanity. Waving the magic wand of yoga, we say to the Ural mountains and the river Ural, vanish, and lo! they disappear. And we command Europe to enter into the heart of Asia, and Asia to enter into the mind of Europe, and they obey us, and we instantly realize within ourselves an European Asia and an Asiatic Europe, a commingling of oriental and occidental ideas and principles. We say to the Pacific, pour thy waters into the Atlantic; and we say to the West, roll back to the East. We summon ancient India to come into modern India with all her rishis and saints, her asceticism and communion and simplicity of character, and behold a transfiguration! The educated modern Hindu cast in Vedic mould! How by yoga one nation becomes another! How Asia eats the flesh and drinks the blood of Europe! How the Hindu absorbs the Christian; how the Christian assimilates the Hindu! Cultivate this communion, my brethren, and continually absorb all that is good and noble in each other. Do not hate, do not exclude others, as the sectarians do, but include and absorb all humanity and all truth. Let there be no antagonism, no exclusion. Let the embankment which each sect, each nation, has raised, be swept away by the flood of cosmopolitan truth, and let all the barriers and partitions which separate man from man be pulled down, so that truth and love and purity may flow freely through millions of hearts and through hundreds of successive generations, from country to country, from age to age. Thus shall the deficiencies of individual and national character be complemented, and humanity shall attain a fuller and more perfect standard of religious and moral life. There is no reason, my European friends, why you should move eternally in your narrow groove, rejecting every thing which is Eastern and Asiatic. Why should you not add to your national virtues those of the East? Why should you not add to your philosophy and science and civilization the transcendental faith and poetry of Asia? The grammar of modern theology must be condemned by every scientific man as bad grammar. It makes no mention of the copulative conjunction. The disjunctive *Or* reigns supreme; the copulative *And* finds no place. The European seems to argue that he is justified in accepting one or other of the many possible phases of goodness and truth as represented by different nations, and that he is, therefore, right in choosing only the Western type of character and excluding the Eastern. He treats the various ideas and principles of religion as optional subjects of study and culture, and he prefers those only which suit his convenience and chime in with his tastes and traditions. He will insist upon disjoining, and protest against conjoining the different elements of character. The problem of salvation which he thinks he has to deal with is,—Shall I have knowledge *or* faith, science *or* yoga, dogmatism *or* devotion, prudence *or* asceticism, philosophy *or* poetry,—the one *or* the other? Say rather we shall have both the one *and* the other. You have in you what is good and great in European character. Now must ye superadd the excellencies of oriental nations. In your hearts Asia's deep spiritual life has yet to be subjectified. To you, my Hindu countrymen, allow me to administer the same warning and the same counsel. Will you rest content with your nationality and your Hinduism, repudiating Christianity as yavana, and European civilization as a mass of lies and impurity? Will you remain shut up in your small homes, and say that the sun of truth shines not on the outside world? Is godliness the Hindu's monopoly? Will you have only the small and mutilated and one-sided creed of your country, and refuse to enter into fellowship with the great nations of the West? Shun jealousy and narrow-minded bigotry, and so enlarge and distend your hearts that not only Asia but all Europe and America may find place therein. India! absorb England. Asia! assimilate Christian Europe. A vast world of objective truth yet lies before you, brethren, and the Lord God summons you to convert it into your flesh and blood, into your life and character. When all nations and countries will thus eat and absorb each other's goodness and purity, then shall the inward kingdom of heaven be realized on earth, which ancient prophets sang and predicted. All truth shall then be harmonized and reduced to a beautiful subjective synthesis in the life of humanity. No longer do you see jealousies and enmities dividing the world. The battle-cry is hushed, and the sword of sectarian hate has found rest in the sheath. No longer do we see scriptures arrayed against scriptures, churches against churches, sects against sects,—endless groups of fighting zealots. It is one undivided spirit-world, in which there is neither caste nor sect nor nationality. Leaving the earth and all that is earthy below, we soar on the pinions of oriental transcendentalism into the purer atmosphere of yoga, and from there we see a vast sea of spirituality rolling below, in which Europe and Asia, the Atlantic and the Pacific are all swallowed and lost, and the whole world of sectarianism is drowned in the illimitable ocean of eternal truth. How grand, yet how real is this subjective heaven ! This is heaven indeed. Do not identify yourselves with any small sect, but embrace all humanity. Honor Christ, but never be " Christian" in the popular acceptation of the term. Christ is not Christianity. In accepting the former take care you do not accept the latter. Let it be your ambition to outgrow the popular types of narrow Christian faith, and merge in the vastness of Christ. Neither should you become " Christian," nor should you simply aspire to be " Christ-like," for then you would represent the lower strata of spiritual life. Advance to a higher ideal, my friends. Be Christ. Do not rest satisfied with anything short of this. I say again, be Christ. Incorporate him into your being ; import him bodily into your own consciousness. Make him your flesh and blood. Let us all be so many Christs, each a small Christ in his own humble way. We shall have no outward Christ, however pure. For what is Christ ? Not a doctrine, but the eternal and universal spirit of sonship. He is the light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world. As such, he lived long before he was born, and he still lives, though dead. As such, he shines in the Christian as well as the non-Christian world, and he excludes no saint, no scripture, no light vouchsafed by God before or after him. The " light" that is in every man cannot be exclusive. I cannot imagine a fictitious Christ. 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I am not going to discuss or criticize the recondite philosophy of the many schools of divinity in the West. Learning and metaphysics I bring not to the subject before me, but only the simplicity of faith and trust. There is a cheering assurance in the Gospel that the truth of God which is hid from the sage is revealed unto babes. Verily to the vision of childlike faith Heaven has always vouchsafed the light to which the wise have no access. That light do I humbly claim, and that will I testify. If I am candid and frank, if I unfold in a spirit of sincerity and simplicity, and in their natural freshness, the lessons and experiences which faith has gathered in the fresh fields of life, will not the world listen to me? It is not the bones of a dead doctrine, gathered from dead books, nor the antiquated and lifeless Trinity fossilized in Western theology,—a theological cant, a dark enigma—that I am going to present to you; but the living Trinity the infant soul has seen in the light of faith. In the Trinity School of Asia have I learnt this doctrine of the blessed Trinity. Upon Indian soil have I, like other Hindu souls, lived and grown into this doctrine. With mother's milk we have imbibed it. For surely this theory is as Asiatic as it is European, nay more Asiatic than European, more Indian than English. It is an oriental conception, sublime and beautiful. Though it comes to us as a hard and solid principle of Western thought, massive and colossal, we readily recognise in it the gorgeous colors of the East and the sweet poetry of Oriental devotion. It went from the East to the West, and after centuries it returns to the East, bringing with it a fresh halo of beauty from the domain of thought. Indeed the Trinity is a doctrine of natural and universal theology, and is not the monopoly of any single age or nation. Though apparently and admittedly a Christian doctrine, it must find ready faith in every unsophisticated human heart, and every Hindu who is true to nature and loyal to his instincts and traditions must bow with the profoundest reverence before the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. If, therefore, I dwell upon this important theme, you can only expect from me the light which Heaven has given to an Asiatic seeker of truth in answer to his daily devotions and prayers. What I know of my Father and His threefold nature I have acquired in my humble sanctuary beside the family altar. In prayer have I studied and inquired ; in prayer have I received light. Christ has been my study for a quarter of a century. That God-Man—they say half God and half man—walks daily all over this vast peninsula, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, enlightening and sanctifying its teeming millions. He is a mighty reality in Indian history. He is to us a living and moving spirit. We see him and commune with him. He permeates society as a vital force, and imbues our daily life, and is mixed with our thoughts, speculations and pursuits. That grand man, the Christ of history, divinity in humanity, is not far from any of us. Behold him. Behold the Father and the Son living and moving in us through the Holy Spirit, and daily quickening our lives, and by spirit-movements acting and interacting through each other, making a very heaven within us. We in India are singularly fortunate at the present moment We are nearer the secrets of heaven, and such heavenly mysteries as the Trinity shine more clearly upon us. This may appear to be a delusion ; but it is not, I can assure you, a visionary's dream ; it is science. The Indian world is near the holy kingdom of heaven. Know ye not, votaries of science, that this small globe of ours revolves round the sun, freighted with millions of beings that creep on its surface ? It whirls round in space with lightning speed. And yet, mark the orbit, the course of the earth is not a perfect circle. It is elliptical, and hence it is that the earth is at times nearer the sun than at other times. So admirably, with such wonderful mathemetical exactness has the Divine hand laid the orbit of this earth in infinite space, that while it seems to run round the sun as its centre, it actually follows an elliptical course, being nearer to the centre at certain times and drawn farther away at others. And as the world of matter, so the world of faith has its perihelion and its aphelion. The perihelion of the spirit-world is usually called the age of revivals, the age of special dispensations. What happens during these favored periods history has often told us. As the world of faith rolls nearer to the Sun of Righteousness, the hidden mysteries of heaven start into view and become more and more clear to the eye of the soul. Things which heretofore were unintelligible and dark become plain and comprehensible. Sable night turns into bright dawn and sunny morn. The inner court of the Lord's Sanctuary, the Holy of Holies, gradually falls within the range of our mental vision. Those bright mansions above where saints hold eternal festival, hitherto hid behind masses of clouds, greet our eyes. Standing upon this rolling orb we not only catch glimpses of heavenly sights, but heavenly sounds too,—sweet symphonies of saint-voices—steal into our ear. With rapt attention and hearts entranced we drink the solemn and joyous music which comes upon the wings of the winds from the distant corridors of heaven. There, near Jehovah Most High, shines Jesus in all his celestial glory, with the Prince's crown on his head; there is Moses, there is Paul too, and all the martyrs and saints and prophets are there. What a clear vision of heaven! I say vision advisedly. It is not wild imagination nor morbid sentiment that conjures up a romantic fairy land above. It is the eye of intelligent faith and sober reason that sees these wondrous sights and hears these strange sounds. It is only the man of science who realizes these facts in his own inner consciousness. For if he has come nearer to heaven shall he not see more clearly? The earth's proximity to the realms above explains the whole mystery. The dark regions where men indulge in dreamy speculations about God and futurity under the clouds of doubt we have left behind, and we have risen to that higher plane of faith where knowledge means perception. Yes, there are periods in the history of nations as well as individuals when cognitions grow into convictions and reason develops into faith, when the Unknowable is as "the fruit in the clutches of the hand," when science takes the place of vacillating surmises, and speaks with indisputable authority of invisible things seen and intangible essences touched. It is then that truths which lie far beyond the limitations of human thought, and are therefore inconceivable and incomprehensible, become yet apprehensible. What we cannot conceive in reflective consciousness we realize in intuitive consciousness, In the dark age of aphelion conjectures we doubt and dream and despond, and Divinity is at best but an unknown and absent, though admitted Something. But in the golden age of perihelion faith the unclouded soul hails the Unknowable as its Father and Friend, and holds Him in sweet embrace as One near and dear. Gentlemen, through one such favored period is India passing at the present moment. The God of Heaven has in the plenitude of His mercy vouchsafed unto us, Indians, an altogether New Dispensation, which makes our hearts rejoice exceedingly. In the streets of this holy city, and here and there in different parts of this vast country, hundreds are seen running to and fro as messengers, eager to tell some strange tidings they have received. They say they have seen God, they have listened to the voice of God. They have been heard to say,—Behold our God reigneth in all the objects of creation. And in all the whispers of that inner monitor, Conscience, they say, lo! our God speaketh. They are not mad, for even in politics and social economy, in trade and commerce, in the minute details of daily life these men profess to hear the sovereign voice of the Most High. They have been questioned and examined, and they have stood their trials bravely. Where are your credentials?—they have often been asked. They answer,—Our truths come from God, and their evidence is in themselves. They are self-evident truths. They speak with authority. Their conception of God is a perception of the Infinite. To them the very earth is heaven, and departed saints present companions. Their preachers are messengers and apostles. Their consciousness is scripture, and there they read God's legible handwriting. The very God of Heaven is to them a sweet Mother beheld in beatific vision. Of the kingdom of heaven they always say, lo here! Even mysteries shine clearly before their eye of reason. They talk enthusiastically of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost as a blessed Unity. The Trinity is not among these men a mere logical idea or a transcendental mystery, but a reality in consciousness. Why and whence all this extraordinary upheaval of spiritual life? Why this outburst of Heaven's light in India? Verily India is at present privileged to speak with authority concerning the things of the spirit-world, which none can gainsay. She has peculiar prerogatives conceded by Providence for the interpretation of the triune nature of the Deity. Her nearness to the heavenly sphere gives her facilities for intuitive apperception and revivalistic communion, which are vouchsafed to nations only in favored epochs and after long intervals. While surrounding nations think and surmise, India, blessed India, sees and hears. Let India then speak, and let the world for a moment listen. Europe! be silent, while an humble Asiatic discourses upon the doctrine of the Trinity. Christian Europe! thou hast spoken long, from the pulpit and from the press, regarding this great doctrine, its philosophy and its theology. Listen to the humble utterances of an uncultured Hindu, who makes no pretensions to Western scholarship or academic lore, but who, as a poor and humble way-farer, has with Heaven's light picked up a few precious thoughts in life's hard paths. You may question my scholarship and deny my literary merit; but that I have seen and felt my God in His triune nature, in my own consciousness, with the light of the New Dispensation, ye cannot deny.

Holy Spirit, I kiss Thy feet. Bless me that my soul may speak the truth as it is in Thee.

My friends, give your imagination wings, and let it soar higher and higher through by-gone epochs. Let it start on a long voyage, athwart the noisy ages of history and the crowded scenes of human activity. Let its pinions press on, swift as lightning, stopping nowhere, leaving behind nation after nation, epoch after epoch of the remotest antiquity, till it is ushered into the regions of eternal silence. Here the Supreme Brahma of the Veda and the Vedanta dwells hid in Himself. Here sleeps mighty Jehovah, with might yet unmanifested. Eternal and awful silence reigns on all sides. Not an event stirs the ocean of time; not an object is to be seen in the vast ocean of space. Not a breath ruffles the serene bosom of sleeping Infinity. Impenetrable darkness above and below, before and behind! In shoreless immensity is the mind lost. Here is naught that the eye can see or the ear hear. Yet here, they say, the Eternal Spirit dwelleth. Who can realize that Infinite Being? Who can comprehend that Mysterious One? Thought cannot approach Him. The mind understands not who or what He is. How sublime is that passage in the Rig Veda, in which the ancient Hindu Rishi speaks of this Unknowable One!—

Then there was neither Aught nor Naught, nor air nor sky beyond.
What covered all? Where rested all? In watery gulf profound?
Nor death was then, nor deathlessness, nor change of night and day.
That One breathed calmly, self-sustained; nought else beyond It lay.
Gloom hid in gloom existed first—one sea, eluding view.

So sang the ancient bard rapt in wonder. What more can the poet or the philosopher declare of the Strange Being that existed before creation began? It was neither aught nor naught, neither night nor day. What was it? Who can say? It seemed to be the dark reign of death. Power there was, but fettered in sleep. The tremendous activity of heaven—where was it? Hushed and enveloped in profound silence. If Divinity there was, it was the Divinity of darkness and silence. But anon the scene changes. Lo! a voice is heard,—it is terrible. Like the deafening peals of heavy artillery it shook the ancient city of silence to its very foundations. Creation sprang. The sun, the moon, and myriad stars in clusters were strewn round high heaven in profusion. And lo! beauty and symmetry, harmony and order, science and law, life and light and love, all came streaming from that one creative fiat—that Almighty Word. Yes it was the Word that created the universe. They call it *Logos*. Rightly they call it by that significant name. What was it but a sound, a word, a voice, a breath put forth by Infinite Power that created the mighty universe? What was creation but the wisdom of God going out of its secret chambers and taking a visible shape, His potential energy asserting itself in unending activities? The dormant Will stirred itself, and as it stirred itself there came forth world after world, leaping out of the bosom of God. Force there was, but it spake not, and was speechless. As it spake, and the solemn fiat wene forth, "Let there be light," instantly there was light. That voice, once uttered, has ever since rolled backward and forward through the amplitudes of space, creating fresh forms of life and light, east, west, north and south. Creation means not a single act, but a continued process. It began, but has gone on unceasingly through all ages ever since it began. It is nothing but a continued evolution of creative force, a ceaseless emanation of power and wisdom from the Divine Mind. The silent Divinity began to speak, and His speech, His word, a continued breathing of force is creation. What a grand metaphor is the Logos! The Hindu, too, like the Christian, believes in the continued evolution of the Logos, and its graduated development through ever-advancing stages of life. The Puranas speak of the different manifestations or incarnations of the Deity in different epochs of the world's history. Lo! the Hindu Avatar rises from the lowest scale of life through the fish, the tortoise, and the hog up to the perfection of humanity. Indian Avatarism is, indeed, a crude representation of the ascending scale of Divine creation. Such precisely is the modern theory of evolution. How from the lowes forms of gross matter is evolved the vitality of the vegetable world in all its fulness and luxuriance! And then from the most perfect and vital types of vegetable life springs the least in the animal kingdom, which again rises, through endless and growing varieties, to the very highest in intelligence and sagacity. But creation stops not here. From animal life it ascends to humanity, and finds its full development in man. In the evolution of man, however, creation is not exhausted. It goes farther and farther still, along the course of progressive humanity. In the earliest phase of his life, whether in the little infant or in the primitive barbarian, man, with all his highly finished organism, is but a creature of God. Through culture and education he rises in the scale of humanity till he becomes the son of God. You see how the Lord asserted His power and established His dominion in the material and the animal kingdom, and then in the lower world of humanity. When that was done the volume of the Old Testament was closed. The New Testament commenced with the birth of the Son of God. The Logos was the beginning of creation, and its perfection, too, was the Logos,—the culmination of humanity in the Divine Son. We have arrived at the last link in the series of created organisms. The last expression of creation, so far as we have been able to trace it, is Sonship. The last manifestation of Divinity is Divine humanity. Having exhibited itself in endless varieties of progressive existence, the primary creative Force at last took the form of the Son in Christ Jesus. But is the process of evolution really over? Have we reached the very last word in the volume of creation? Does the curtain drop so soon as the Son is born? Then is creation an inexplicable enigma, without meaning, without a purpose. Creation with all its beauty and harmony, its laws and systems, is only wild force run mad, if it has no ultimate object to achieve. It is nature's delirium. Can God create without a purpose? And if He had a purpose, it was not fully achieved in the creation of the Son. Merely supplying a pattern could not be the be-all and the end-all of creation. Where millions perished in disobedience and sin, of what avail was the appearance of a single instance of obedient sonship? All, all required to be saved. If sonship there was, it was bound to develop itself not in one solitary individual but in all humanity. Surely universal redemption is the purpose of creation. God sent His only begotten Son in order to make all His children, one and all, sons and heirs of God. Impoverished and degraded humanity needed not a solitary Prince, loaded with the riches and honors of heaven, but what was really needed was that all men should be as princes with crowns of glory on their heads. The problem of creation was not how to produce one Christ, but how to make every man Christ. Christ was only a means, not the end. He was the "way." The Lord of heaven and earth came into this world, and manifested Himself in the son, that He might go through the whole length and breadth of humanity, illumining and sanctifying all generations of mankind with the radiance of Divinity. Behold Christ, Christ, Christ, everywhere, in all ages and in all nations. Here you see the spread of Divine Sonship, like a sweeping flood of light and life, carrying all mankind heavenward. Do you know what this is? It is the Holy Spirit. Yes, after the Son comes the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost drags Christ-life into the hearts and souls of all men, breaking and annihilating the sins and iniquities of ages, and makes all mankind partakers of Divine life. So comes the spirit of the heavenly Dove, like a Pentecostal shower, upon us all, quenching the carnality of generations, and making a very heaven upon earth. And thus man after man is carried Christ-like into the Father's home in heaven; and herein is the grand and final purpose of creation fulfilled. Here you have the complete triangular figure of the Trinity, three profound truths—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—making up the harmonious whole of the economy of creation. Gentlemen, look at this clear triangular figure with the eye of faith, and study its deep mathematics. The apex is the very God Jehovah, the Supreme Brahma of the Vedas. Alone, in His own eternal glory, He dwells. From Him comes down the Son in a direct line, an emanation from Divinity. Thus

God descends and touches one end of the base of humanity, then running all along the base permeates the world, and then by the power of the Holy Ghost drags up regenerated humanity to Himself. Divinity coming down to humanity is the Son; Divinity carrying up humanity to heaven is the Holy Ghost. This is the whole philosophy of salvation. Such is the short story of human redemption. How beautiful, how soul-satisfying! The Father continually manifests His wisdom and mercy in creation, till they take the form of pure sonship in Christ, and then out of one little seed-Christ is evolved a whole harvest of endless and ever-multiplying Christs. God coming down and going up—this is creation, this is salvation. In this plain figure of three lines you have the solution of a vast problem. The Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost; the Creator, the Exemplar, and the Sanctifier; I am, I love, I save; the Still God, the Journeying God, the Returning God; Force, Wisdom, Holiness; the True, the Good, the Beautiful; *Sat*, *Chit*, *Ananda*; "Truth, Intelligence and Joy." Has not the Holy Ghost been described as the "Comforter"? Truly He is the heart's joy. Thus the Trinity of Christian theology corresponds strikingly with the *Sachchidánanda* of Hinduism. You have three conditions, three manifestations of Divinity. Yet there is one God, one Substance, amid three phenomena. Not three gods, but one God. Whether alone or manifest in the Son, or quickening humanity as the Holy Spirit, it is the same God, the same identical Deity, whose unity continues indivisible amid multiplicity of manifestations. Now He is, now He moves, now He returns; now in His own glory, now in the Son's glory, now in the glory of the converted sinner; but it is the same God throughout. Who can deny that there is an essential and undivided unity in this so-called Trinity? Let not man's corrupt imagination evolve the evils of polytheism and idolatry out of the blessed Trinity. Let not lying lips say that Christ came to teach three Gods. One was his God, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. How grand the conception of the Three in One! How beautiful and sublime the thought when realized in consciousness! Were I to contemplate the mystery of that marvel of Christianity, the Trinity, in solitary communion, I would close my eyes, and, lost in wonder, rapt in solemn silence, I would point my finger thus,—Above, Below, Within; the Father above, the Son below, the Holy Ghost within. They shine one into another, and anon they mingle in synthetic unity, and are lost in the dazzling radiance of the Supreme One. In God's bosom there never was discord. No hostilities in sacred heaven, no jarring personalities, no contradictory Divinities, no wars of gods and goddesses. Peace reigns above, harmony dwells in the land of the Trinity. You may conjure up three fighting Divinities, you may make three Gods and worship them as the idolators do. But remember the true Trinity is not three persons, but three functions of the same Person.

The identity of the Father and the Holy Ghost few will question, but the position of the Son is a subject of controversy. Let us look into this second person more closely. The Son of God has justly been called God-man. Verily, verily he is a God-man, but not a man-God. There is a great difference between the two. A man-God is not intelligible. It is untrue and absurd. It is a lie and a fiction. A God-man is quite intelligible, a possibility in the nature of things. We wonder at the idea, we bow before it with profound reverence. Here is no contradiction, no anomaly. Here man remains man, and God is only superadded to his nature. Humanity continues to be humanity, but Divinity is engrafted upon humanity. The doctrine of bodily Resurrection, which seems to be the corner-stone of popular Christianity, however untenable on scientific ground, suggests a very important idea. It suggests the continuity of Christ's humanity. Christ, they say, soared up and went back to the Father. What does this Resurrection mean? It means evidently that though Christ was immeasurably exalted on earth as the Son of God, and though he represented and manifested Divinity in his own character, yet when he went back to his Father, he returned with all his humanity, and he is still with his God as His human son. Is he God now? Was the Son at once metamorphosed upon his death into the Father? Has he since given up his humanity and merged completely into Divinity? Does Resurrection mean final absorption into the Divine nature, the soul of man plunging at last into the Buddhist's nirvana or the Hindu's Brahma? No. Christ went up as a human being. He rose exactly as he was, and though now in the high heavens, he retains his humanity in the fullest measure. He was intended and designed by Providence to be unto man a man, a pattern man, a God-man; and so he was, and so he is, and so he shall continue to be through endless ages. He is God in man. Dare you speak of Christ as man-God? By reversing the position of the two words, you create a hideous absurdity, you invent a monstrous lie. Does man ever become, can man ever become God? Will the Son of God ever become the Father? Never. The Father is Father everlastingly, and the Son is Son through all eternity. Christ is not, never was, never will be, God the Father. He is humanity pure and simple, in which Divinity dwells. In him we see human nature perfected by true affiliation to the Divine nature. And in this affiliation we see the fullest realization of the purpose of Christ's life and ministry. He shows us not how God can become man nor how man can become God, but how we can exalt our humanity by making it more and more Divine, how while retaining our humanity we may still partake more and more of the Divine character. It was for this purpose that Christ came into this world. To say that he was the Father or that he became the Father is to proclaim a heresy. The early Christian Fathers, Tertullian, Origen, Justin, in fact all the leading anti-Nicene Fathers, have strongly interdicted this delusion and heresy. Who will venture to revive this exploded heresy in the present age? Ye Christians of modern times, devoutly follow the footsteps of the early Fathers, and boldly condemn as a lie and an abomination any theory that gives Christ the position and character of the Father. Or you rebel against the King of Calvary, and an awful rebellion it is. Christ never wanted to be the Father of mankind. He was the Father's begotten Son, a child, a creature. He rejoiced in the title, "Son of God," and he claimed no higher honor. Ye disciples of the Lord Jesus, claim not for him what he never claimed for himself. Say joyfully he was the beloved Son of God, and glorify him as such. In this is true Sonship fulfilled and glorified. For is it not written that God so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son into this world of sin and sorrow to cleanse mankind by his blood? Though He loved His son with a Father's affection, He gave him up as a sacrifice for the redemption of the world. Almighty God might have spared the precious life of him whom He so truly loved. But He did not. In Christ's death more than in his life was the saving economy of Providence fulfilled. He gave his life, that we sinners may gain life eternal and get reconciled to God, our Father and Christ's Father, whom by our repeated transgressions we have so wantonly offended. Through sonship is universal reconciliation or atonement effected. Thus the Son has a distinct purpose in the Divine economy. The Logos has a deep and distinct meaning and a function quite its own. We want not two Gods. Jehovah again in the New Testament!—that would be a superfluity. The Jews had told us all about Jehovah, in olden times, and surely the world needed not a repetition of the old story. Moses beholds the Almighty in the burning bush, talks to Him and receives His commandments. David's harp sings the praises of the great Jehovah, and the Jewish prophets magnify Him. So in the Rig Veda and the Vedanta we see the venerable Rishis of ancient India glorifying the Supreme Brahma in fire, in water, and in the principal objects of creation, above and below. The older dispensations had revealed enough of the power and wisdom of the Supreme Father. The New Testament does not reproduce the Old, but only supplies its deficiencies. It reveals the Son, not the Father. Christ's mission was distinct from that of Moses. He supplemented the work of the Jewish lawgiver, and made Nature's God more fully manifest in the Revealed Logos. Thus in the New Testament the world had something more, a new illustration of Divine goodness and wisdom, a fresh manifestation of God, not as He is in Himself, but as He lives in the Son. Moses was a prophet, and a great prophet he was. He represented conscience. He was an incarnation of the law. He did not represent love. He was not Sonship incarnate. That was Christ. God wanted to satisfy His people that He was Love. He wanted the world to be reconciled to Him in love, in true filial love. Thus the Old Testament of fear was superseded by the New Gospel of love and sonship, and the Son took the place of the Lawgiver. No longer will the world consent to sit trembling at the feet of Moses, and hear mere edicts and commandments day after day. Disobedient humanity will no longer sigh and mourn, wonder and adore, but will return to obedience, loyalty and love. Then why talk of God coming down a second time and becoming man in Christ Jesus? Why talk of Christ as a second Deity? Who seeks a second God? We have had enough revelation in the older dispensations of the Great God. Moses and other prophets and the Rishis have told us enough of the Supreme. There was no further need of the Father revealing the Father. What was needed was a new revelation, a revelation of the Son by the Father. In the truly economical arrangements of Providence there is no room for two gods or two Old Testaments. Creation abominates idolatry, and always stands by the One. No dispensation reproduces itself. In God's work there is no repetition. Was not the world satisfied with the revelation of God's Fatherhood in the Old Testament? Why then seek Judaism again? Would you make the world Jew over again? You cannot. The Jews have done their work in history. They have seen and they have shown their Jehovah. The drama of the Mosaic dispensation is over. You cannot reproduce it in modern times. Let us not be Jews again. Unto the Jew was given the Jewish dispensation. Unto Christian men and women is vouchsafed the Christian dispensation. Unto the old world Jehovah manifested Himself; unto the new world He gave Himself and His Son. Unto you Christians the Lord has given His Son, that ye too may become, like him, His sons and heirs. You have the Father above and the Son before you. Great is your privilege, and blessed are ye if ye use this privilege. But if you say Christ is your God and Creator, a repetition of the Jew's Jehovah, the very Father in human form, there is no Son in your theology. You still require the Son. The promised Messiah is yet to come. The Father has yet to send His Son for the benefit of mankind. The true Christ is before, not behind. If your Christ says unto you, I am the very God, the Father Supreme, in human shape, he is a deceiver, a fiction of mythology, nothing more. What can such an imaginary Christ teach you? If he is the old God over again in a new form, he has nothing new to reveal or teach. Therefore away with this phantom, this forged 'Second God.' If this be your Christ, better it would have been had Heaven never manufactured this miserable facsimile to delude mankind. But such is not the real Christ of history. In the Christ of the Gospel we have true Sonship, an example and a blessing unto the world. Jehovah's Son teaches us not what Jehovah taught before, but what the Son alone can teach, and what Jehovah could not possibly teach except through His Son. The Father can teach us what He is. He can reveal His power and wisdom, His love and holiness, in nature and conscience. There natural revelation ends. The Father cannot be an example of sonship. Only the Son can show what the son ought to be. In vain do I go to the Vedas or to Judaism to learn sonship. That I learn at the feet of my sweet Christ, my Father's beloved Son. I go to my God to learn all about the Godhead. I go to my Christ to learn what a son ought to be. God teaches me Divinity. Christ teaches me humanity. What is Christianity but the Religion of Humanity? Or shall I say the Worship of Humanity? For it seems there is a deep-seated conviction in Christendom that though Christ was a man, he must nevertheless be worshipped as "Divine." Would you give homage to Christ? Would you bow before him as before Divine humanity? Yes, you may go even so far as that. Humanity when touched and inspired by Divinity is indeed worthy of the profoundest reverence. We instinctively bow before it, and give it spontaneous homage though it is human. And so the world bends its head in reverence akin to adoration, and glorifies that God-man, Christ. But this homage is not the worship of Divinity, but the worship of humanity. It is the worship not of our Father, but of our Brother. Brother-worship! A strange doctrine! Yet perfectly logical. If Christ is the Son of God, the Son of our Holy Father, he is unto us all a Brother, the sweetest, the purest, the brightest of our brothers. Is he an incarnation? He is an incarnation of Brotherhood, not Fatherhood. He is our holy Brother in flesh. The blessed gospel that gladdened Bethlehem eighteen centuries ago was that unto us a Brother was born. The spirit that came down from heaven and took a human form was the spirit of our Divine Brother. If you accept Christ as the Son of God, you are bound to carry the doctrine to its legitimate logical conclusion. You must boldly proclaim him your Brother. Christian brethren, shudder not, falter not, be not ashamed of Brother-Christ. It is the glory of Christianity that it is not only the religion of Divinity, but also and pre-eminently the religion of Humanity. It gives us the Father and the Brother both. The Father and the Brother have I said? Between the two there is an eternal distinction. The brother was born, he is called the "begotten Son;" but the Father is the unbegotten, unborn, uncreate God, the Creator of all, Himself uncreated. When, therefore, you glorify the Son, remember this eternal distinction, which no heresy can ignore, no sophistry can explain away. In exalting Christ you exalt your divine brother, in honoring him you only honor humanity. Come then, let us magnify our Father, and let us magnify our Brother also. Let heaven and earth sing the name of the Supreme Jehovah, One only without a second, and of His Son, Jesus Christ, through whom as through a brother's example, fallen humanity rises sanctified and regenerated.

But the worship of humanity is the worship of man as well as woman. If the worship of manhood is scriptural, that of womanhood too is scriptural. How can you render full homage to humanity if you lavish all honors upon man and neglect woman? Does man alone represent God on earth? Has Divinity no representative in the fair sex? Is woman altogether vile, carnal, and earthy? That cannot be. Sweet Mary, thou mother of Jesus Christ, thrice blessed woman, in thee dwells God's womanliness. In thee is embodied the feminine nature of the Holy God. Mother of Jesus! our mother, the world's mother, we honor thee.

Glory, glory unto thee, heavenly woman! Man is born of woman. Christ too, the blessed Son of God, was born of woman. Why, it may be asked, did Heaven so ordain that the son of God should be born of woman? Ah! there is deep meaning in this. For what was Christ but the union of manly and womanly excellence? Did he not show in his life and character the double nature of man and woman? How tenderly he felt for his people! How great his solicitude for the little ones entrusted to his care! Truly he felt for Jerusalem as a mother feels for her children. To the stern virtues of man he added the graces and charms of woman. Mary lived and moved in him, making him a very woman in tender and sweet love. Those who know him know him to be Mary's son. How Mary-like was Jesus! God made Mary a divine woman that His beloved son might inherit womanly divinity from her. If it was at all desirable to reveal Divinity in man, it was desirable and necessary that such revelation should be made both in man and woman. And so the Lord chose Jesus and his mother Mary, both of whom the world to-day adores with almost idolatrous homage. Do you understand the secret of this double worship in Christendom? It is God in man and God in woman. Wonderful woman, Mary! She has vastly influenced the character of individuals and the destinies of nations. O Mary! thou tellest me why woman is all powerful in the world. Thou hast blest thy race; thy name has sanctified all womankind. Let every woman rejoice and feel proud that she belongs to thy race. Let every daughter of God look up to thee for a pattern of womanly character. Out of thee came Jesus the Son of God. Yet not out of thy body, but out of thy soft, sweet, and serene heart was Christ evolved. If Christ was not an evolution of woman, how is it that the milk of maternal sympathy and forgiveness always flowed out of him towards sinful humanity? Unto the unclean woman in the face of her accusers, he offered free pardon. And when the thief implored mercy on the cross, how readily words of forgiveness went forth from his mouth! Even his vile persecutors and blood-thirsty foes drew out of his womanly and tender heart that famous prayer which history will not forget,—"Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Indeed his heart often melted away like woman's heart at the sorrows and weaknesses of others. You know Christ as a soldier of God, doing his Master's work with firmness, courage, and heroism far above the world. But Christ of woman born, a woman in man, you have yet to know. How touching those words, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings!" They show Christ's maternal tenderness. This tender-hearted weeping Christ is a true picture of Mary's child. Verily the mother explains the child. With Mary's milk Christ had sucked woman's attributes. Oh! that beautiful picture of the Madona! Mary with her sweet child on her arm!—the wonder of art, the perfection of poetry! Thou picture divine, thou teachest us what true Christianity is, and what it is eventually destined to be. That picture tells us in the language of prophetic poetry that as every man is evolved out of woman, so shall every man sit at the feet of woman and learn the tenderness and sweetness of divine love. Chastity, thy name is woman! Hallowed be woman's name! For in the school of womanhood will man be perfected.

Has the world come up to the highest point of man's moral development? If so, there will be yet another point of departure, another field of progress, and that is the development of the woman-side of humanity; for man must be man and woman both. I hold that woman is the perfection of man, inasmuch as love is the perfection of virtue. There is nothing on earth so divine as love; nothing so sweet, so enduring, so all-conquering as love. Infinitely higher than any virtue that man can boast, is the sweet feminine love in woman's breast. Truly man is made in the image of his Maker; more so is woman. Therefore after the divinity that is in man has been fully developed in us, the divinity that is in woman will undergo a complete development and expansion. Be sure Mary's name will not be obliterated from the pages of history, but will grow more and more powerful till it leavens all mankind. You talk of civilization in these days. What is it but a reverent recognition of God-in-man and God-in-woman? It is clear that greater honor shall be paid to woman than has yet been done. Woman's divinity shall be more fully vindicated, and earth shall exalt motherly love and forgiveness above all virtues, as is done in heaven. Woman's milk has suckled and fed the little infant. In the highest civilization womanly love will perfect and sweeten the character of man. Then will the picture of human progress and happiness be complete.

Can you conceive Christ without Mary? Whatsoever is in Mary is logically included in Sonship. Mark the length and breadth, the height and depth of the true Christ, the all-inclusive, the all-comprehending Christ. Large as the Logos, wide as the Word, deep as divine humanity, who can measure, who can fathom this Christ? In glorifying Christ we only glorify the eternal Logos. Let all nations vindicate and glorify the divine Logos. The more we exalt the Son, the more we exalt the Father. Therefore does pure Theism go to the fullest extent in glorifying the merits of the Son in the name of the Father. Even the co-eternity of the Son with the Father, it has fearlessly upheld and proclaimed. As the sleeping Logos, did Christ live potentially in the Father's bosom, long, long before he came into this world of ours. As the Lord spoke, the Logos or Reason came forth, and was lodged in creation, not in human beings alone, but even in animals. Wherever there is intelligence, in all stages of life, where there is the least spark of instinct, there dwells Christ, if Christ is the Logos. In this right and rational view do not the Fathers all agree? Do they not speak of an all-pervading Christ? Do they not bear unequivocal testimony to Christ in Socrates? Even in barbarian philosophy and in all Hellenic literature they saw and adored their Logos-Christ. In the midst of this large assembly I deny and repudiate the little Christ of popular theology, and stand up for a greater Christ, a fuller Christ, a more eternal Christ, a more universal Christ. I plead for the eternal Logos of the Fathers, and I challenge the world's assent. This is the Christ who was in Greece and Rome, in Egypt and India. In the bards and the poets of the Rig Veda was he. He dwelt in Confucius and in Sakya Muni. This is the true Christ whom I can see everywhere, in all lands and in all times, in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, in America, in ancient and modern times. He is not the monopoly of any nation or creed. All literature, all science, all philosophy, every doctrine that is true, every form of righteousness, every virtue that belongs to the Son, is the true subjective Christ whom all ages glorify. Begotten by the "volition" of Almighty God, as Tertullian says, the Spirit-Christ spread forth in the universe as an emanation from the Divine Reason, and you can see him with the eye of faith underlying the endless varieties of truth and goodness in ancient and modern times. He is the *Chit*-Christ, pure intelligence, the Word of God, mighty Logos. Scattered in all schools of philosophy and in all religious sects, scattered in all men and women of the East and the West, are multitudinous Christ-principles, and fragments of Christ-life,—one vast and identical Sonship diversely manifested. The one ideal Christ manifest in multiform concrete little Christs. Sum up all that is true and good and beautiful in the life of humanity, and you have the grand Logos of the early Christians, the Christ of Universal Theism. Thus all reason in man is Christ-reason, all love is Christ-love, all power is Christ-power. In this sense we are all Christ's, one and all. Let not India deny this. My countrymen, there is nothing in such a confession of which ye need be ashamed. I commend to you not the little Christ of little Christian sects, but the grand Christ of universal humanity, the perfect Man, the ideal Son, that was, is, and shall continue to be. Who is there in this assembly that can refuse to do homage to such a Christ? Already he is in you. In every true Brahmin, in every loyal votary of the Veda on the banks of the sacred Ganges, is Christ, the Son of God. The holy Word, the eternal Veda dwells in every one of us. Go into the depths of your own consciousness, and you will find this indwelling Logos, the son of God, woven, warp and woof, into your inmost soul. Whatsoever in you is good and holy is the Son. If an honest

Hindu denies this, surely he denies he knows not what. If a pious Hindu fights against Christ, as often alas! he does, he fights against a name, which accident has made bitter and offensive to him. But India, my beloved India, is not, never was, an enemy of the Word. Unto the eternal Logos every true Hindu has sworn fealty.

The real recognition of Christ has taken place in India. It is an accomplished fact. Only the nominal recognition remains. Like other nations India too will grow into a fuller acceptance of the doctrine and the spirit of the Logos. When the time cometh India will find out Christ, and Christ will find out India. If Christ is universal Sonship, then undoubtedly so far as ye are good and true ye are sons of God and partakers of Christ, and so far is your character "Christian," in the highest sense of the word. And if you believe in this indwelling Logos what is there to hinder your proclaiming him your mediator? Surely you cannot reach the Father except through the son. This necessary logical mediation none can ignore. It exists even where it is not professed. The deep philosophy of this doctrine reminds me of those curious little Benares boxes with which you are no doubt familiar. Anxious to know what the contents are, you open one of those boxes, and lo! a smaller box appears within it. Take off its lid, and lo! another, and then another, and then another again, till you come at last to something so small and so minute as almost to defy perception. This evolution of box after box is indeed a wonder and an amusement. To me it suggests important lessons. It is capable of a deep moral application. It tells us what we are.. Verily, the human body is a large Benares box

It is a strong material organism within which the animal man dwells. Take off the outer shell of this animal man, you find humanity. As you penetrate deeper you find Jesus encased in humanity. Lo! within Jesus is concealed the Holy Spirit, and as you go deep into the Holy Spirit you discover at last the Invisible Supreme Essence. Is not Christ then a mediating link between man and God? In the inmost recesses of every man's soul is the Supreme God. But there is no going into His secret sanctuary except through that pure sonship which environs and encloses it. None can reach Divinity except through the character and disposition of the son inherent in him. In this sense is Christ our mediator. He is the only way. There is no back-door to heaven. If you would go to God, go not as a thief and a robber, but straight through the appointed way. If you go not through the son you have no access to the Father. If you have wandered away in disobedience, return to obedient sonship, and you are reconciled to the Father. Through sonship alone are we accepted by the Father.

What did Christ come to teach? Did he come to preach the dogmas of a new theology or the principles of a new system of morality? No. Neither did he inculcate. He did not set his heart upon creed-making. He spurned the ambition of manufacturing new doctrines. He did not care to make man a moral man, as Socrates did. His mission was not the propounding of a scheme of purging man's sin and impurity. Christ came upon a different errand. He came to teach us Divine Humanity. His words were "Not I, but my Father in me." He came to reveal Divinity in man. His sole ambition was to make humanity divine. He sought in his brief career on earth, by words and example, to lead all mankind into Divinity. He was not a teacher of religion or morality. He was a teacher of Divine sonship. His only object on earth was to raise mankind upward, and make them share the light and glory of heaven. Yes, like so many birds he threw up the souls of men and women into the azure sky, there to bathe their wings in the translucent rays of heaven's sunbeams, and mingle their joyous notes with seraph voices above. That was Christ's mission. He found the earth earthy; he wanted to make it heavenly. He found man human; he wanted to make him divine. Believe this, ye who wish to be true and loyal to Jesus Christ. And to you, ambassadors of Christ in India, let me say a word of warning. India is sick of idolatry. Add not to the already overcrowded pantheon of Hindu gods and goddesses a fresh divinity in the name of Jesus. Never say Christ is the very God of the universe, the Father of all mankind. If you preach "him crucified" as your very Father, you preach idolatry and heresy. The early Fathers are against you. Holy Writ is against you. Christ too is against you. Therefore, shun this hideous lie of Christ the Father, and preach Christ the Son. Tell our people distinctly that Christ is not an incarnation like the myriad deities worshipped in this land. If you do not, you incur the tremendous risk of poisoning a whole nation with new forms of idolatry. Beware. Remember you accept a terrible responsibility in preaching to the Hindu people. Here is a nation that has, for ages, believed that the Father Himself becomes man, and is incarnated in saints and prophets, and that the incarnation or avatar is to be worshipped not as the Son of God, but as the Supreme Father Himself. If to this nation you offer

Christ as a new avatar, you plunge a country already darkened with superstition into an abyss of deeper darkness. England has saved the upper classes of our people from Hindu idolatry and superstition by giving them the benefits of English education, and will England hurl our educated young men into an enlightened and novel form of idolatry, the lie of Christian avatarism? God forbid! Here I stand, a sworn defender of the banner of Christ in India. I will see—God help me!—that the pure banner of the Son of God is not polluted by any form of idolatry, and that it does not fall into the hands of the enemy through any remissness on the part of those commissioned to guard it. Here I am, standing at the gate of India, with its key in my hand. And I say to all our enemies,—Away. India is locked up; ye shall have no entrance by force or stratagem. So long as I live, I will guard my country's gate, with all the zeal of a patriotic soldier, against the emissaries of idolatry. I say to the missionaries of Christ in India,—Do you bring unto us the Son? India gives you a hearty welcome, and falls at your feet to receive the glad tidings. But if you conceal the truth that Christ is the Son of God, our divine brother, and present him to our people as an incarnation of the Father, appearing on earth as the Father in human shape, like the avatars of Hinduism, we call upon you to quit the land forthwith, for ye are enemies of India, enemies of Christ, and enemies of God. Let it be known throughout the length and breadth of the land that he who directly or indirectly preaches Christ as God the Father in human shape, preaches not Christ but anti-Christ, and deserves therefore to be treated as our bitterest foe! Hail sweet Christ! Hail Son of God! Begone idolatry. Preachers of idol-worship, adieu!

We need only the Holy Spirit to complete the picture of the Trinity. You understand now the philosophy of the Father and the Son ; you will see presently how the Holy Ghost logically follows. He who has accepted the two is bound to accept the third. For we have only brought down heaven to this world of ours. We have seen the descent of Divinity on earth through humanity. Now all humanity must be raised up to heaven in order that the purpose of Providence, the redemption of mankind, may be fully achieved. Jesus Christ has shown us the way. But where is the power to follow ? The Son of God may set an example, but who is there among us that can imitate ? The Gospel reveals the light of heaven ; but alas ! the world is blind. Who will make the blind see ? Who will make the deaf hear ? If Christ's life is unto us a book of salvation, verily it is a sealed book, and none can read it save he into whose hands the Holy Ghost has delivered the key. There is no salvation without the Holy Ghost. Even Christ, prince of glory though he be, is absolutely powerless. Can Christ save the world ? Can he break the fetters of sin and iniquity ? Sanctification belongs to the Holy Spirit alone. The Son has other functions, great and important ; but to save the sinner is not one of these. He may teach, he may reveal, he may show the way, but he can never give us the power of overcoming sin. The way to do it,—that is Christ. The power to do it,—that is the Holy Ghost. In vain do you deluge India with copies of the Bible. In vain do hundreds of missionaries go about expounding its sacred texts. In vain does Christ with a thundering voice say unto us,—Rise and follow me. Nothing is possible unless the Holy

Spirit touches the heart. Would you kneel and weep at Christ's feet? You may weep for ages, your lamentations will be fruitless. Christ is but an example in history, an objective portraiture of faithful Sonship. To convert it into a subjective force something else is needed. Books, teachers, examples are indeed helpful agencies, but they help us only in a limited degree, beyond which they are of no avail. Even the most perfect pattern of purity in the outside world can only reach the surface of the human mind. It is only the Holy Spirit that can convert outward truth into inward purity. It is this Spirit that makes Christ, otherwise a mere historical character, a sanctifying power within us. Know ye not that millions say to Christ, Lord, Lord, and yet their hearts are not converted? But as soon as the Holy Ghost quickens the hearts, even the most degraded and wicked sinner accepts Christ and is saved. Let us give unto Christ what is Christ's, and unto the Holy Ghost what is the Holy Ghost's. Let us not exalt the Son at the expense of the Holy Ghost. Though there is a fundamental unity in the Trinity, we must recognise and demarcate functional differences. The Holy Ghost has a function peculiarly His own, and the glory of it belongs to Him alone. The Father manifests Himself first in creation and then in His beloved Son, Jesus; but in neither of these manifestations does He save sinners. It is when He works within us as the Holy Spirit, quickening and inspiring our dead souls, that we are converted and become altogether new creatures. Was not Christ himself baptized by the Holy Spirit? The dove was not born in him, but came down from above. If then we are to be baptized into new life, our baptism must come to us not from Christ, but from the Holy Ghost. Do you wish, my countrymen, to become sons and heirs of God? Then you must invoke the very same Spirit by whom the Son of God was baptized eighteen centuries ago, and draw your inspiration from the very same source from which Christ drew his. To the Holy Spirit belongs the glory of begetting and baptizing the Son of God, as scriptural history testifies; and to Him and Him alone belongs the power of converting all mankind into sons of God. Thus God sends down His Divinity into the world through the Son; that Divinity reproduced in millions is carried by the Holy Spirit back to its source in heaven. In one favored spot on earth is the Eternal Sun reflected; thence the concentrated rays of heaven's light are diffused by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit through the length and breadth of the world. Far away, in that obscure place, Nazareth, a mighty wave of light rears its head. Lo! it moves the sea of humanity, causing myriad waves of light to foam and sparkle on its surface, and stirring its waters from their deepest depths into a surging and glowing sea of divinity. Already the Holy Ghost has shaken the foundations of our carnal nature, and brought Christ into us as a living force. The storm-wave of inspiration has touched us, bringing Christ into us all. Christ is not lo! here, lo! there, but within. Truly the Holy Ghost has leavened us with Christ-leaven, and established the Logos within us as the divine Son subjectified. Christ! art thou within us or before us in the outside world? A voice answers from the depths of my heart and your hearts, "Here I am." Our own consciousness bears testimony to this indwelling Christ, a part of our very nature, a new life begotten of the Holy Spirit.

All three then have we, the three Sacred Names of the blessed Trinity, one within another, all beautifully interwoven into a perfect unity of texture. We worship the Father, we honour the Son, we are inspired and saved by the Spirit. Our Father is here, our Brother is here, our Saviour is here,—all dwelling in us, an indivisible and inseparable triune unity. Who can disunite the united Three? Who can rebel against one without rebelling against the others? The Old Testament has sung Jehovah's glory, the New Testament has sung the praise of Jesus, the Son of God. Where is the scripture that sings the name of the Holy Spirit? Seek it, my friends, in the Church of the New Dispensation, which is in India. Judaism has taught us the Father; Christianity has taught us the Son; the New Church will teach us the Holy Ghost. The Old Testament was the First Dispensation; the New Testament the Second; unto us in these days has been vouchsafed the Third Dispensation. Unite and amalgamate these three, and you have the Trinity Church of the world. If you take only the first and the second, and ignore the third, you are Dualists, not Trinitarians. Nay you give the lie to Christ if you believe that with him was closed the scripture of divine revelation. For did he not say in the course of his last words that he would send the Comforter to lead the world into all truth? Why then should you deny this Church of the Comforter, which India has raised in the present age? In this New Church you see the continuity and the completion of what began with Mosaic Monotheism. The Trinity is one logical whole, and the three dispensations must therefore be accepted as an integral and indivisible Church for all mankind. This Church of the New Dispensation, which you see in India, is altogether an institution of the Holy Spirit. Its morality is the command of the Spirit, its prayer is a direct address to the Spirit, its heaven is a tranquil abiding in the Spirit, its wisdom is the inspiration of the Spirit, its Church is brotherhood in the Spirit, its apostles are the ordained of the Spirit. Verily, verily ours is the Church of the Holy Ghost, and the Comforter acknowledges it as His own. And yet this Church harmonizes in beautiful synthetic unity the three elements of the Trinity. The New Dispensation is true to the Father, true to the Son, and true to the Holy Ghost. Sat Chit Ananda is our motto. It shall be India's motto. Sat Chit Ananda was, is, and shall for ever be India's God. She cannot therefore be disloyal to the Trinity. True to her instincts and traditions, she has been the first to welcome this New Church, the Church that harmonizes the three Dispensations, and she will hold a high place in the jubilee of nations, when this Church will establish her kingdom of love and joy throughout the world. Let India then put on her best robes, for lo ! " that great city, the holy Jerusalem is descending out of heaven from God." Yes, the New Jerusalem is coming, and the glorious vision of John will be fulfilled :—" And I saw a new heaven and a new earth ; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away ; and there was no more sea. And I, John, saw the holy city,—the new Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor cry, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new." Verily in the New Dispensation all things are new. Already we are breathing the fresh breeze of a new revelation, which gives us new inspiration, new ideas and aspirations, new thoughts and sentiments, and new joys. He who places the Three in their right positions in his own heart and thus realizes the sweet harmony of the New Dispensation, must see around him, now and here, a new heaven and a new earth opening before him. Glory to India! She has unfolded the new harmony of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, and struck the key-note of a new music. A fresh Testament was needed to supplement the Old Testament and the New Testament, and this has been given to us in the present Dispensation. We live then in a new world, and have cast off old and antiquated theologies. The world was going back to old Judaism, and the advanced thinkers of the age were fast becoming Jews or Jewish monotheists. The ancient forms of Deism and Nature-worship were about to be revived, and everywhere in the world of thought there was a tendency to run back from the complex dualism of the second Dispensation to the apparently simpler faith of the first. Providence has mercifully averted the dire catastrophe, and arrested this retrogressive infidelity. The New Dispensation catches the receding world, and drags it forward, onward and heavenward, into fresh paths of spiritual progress. It does not destroy the kingdom of the Father or that of the Son, but it only superadds the kingdom of the Holy Ghost, thereby completing the economy of human redemption, and renewing and spiritualizing all pre-existing forms of the world's earlier faith. Christ came not to destroy, but to fulfil the law and prophets. So the New Dispensation destroys not, but fulfils the theology of Christ. All discord ceases, all disharmony is over. The Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit kiss each other in the believer's heart, in the new kingdom. Shall we not thankfully rejoice that the vexed problem of a mysterious Trinity has at last been practically solved in this new Uni-Trinitarian Church? In this Universal Church shall be gathered the Theists of the East and the West, of the North and the South, and the accumulated jealousies and sectarian wranglings of ages shall be finally harmonized in the name of the Holy Trinity. March then, ye Hindus, with your Supreme Brahma; ye Jews, march with your Almighty Jehovah; come diverse sects of Christians who rejoice in the Second Name and the Second Dispensation; march also ye who in some form or other magnify the Holy Spirit; and having gathered in the bosom of this Church of love and peace, let us all with million voices shout, Peace, Peace, Peace! Carry on your triumphant banners the Great Name of the Father, the Sweet Name of the Son, and the Sanctifying Name of the Holy Ghost, and let all nations bow reverently before the Sacred Three. Farewell idolatry! Farewell sectarianism! The curse of narrow unbrotherliness shall not blight the New Jerusalem. One is our God in this our holy and happy City. Him alone shall we worship in spirit and in truth, and sanctified by His Holy Spirit we shall become His sons for ever and ever, thus realizing the harmonious union of the Three in One. And thus shall be fulfilled the prophecy concerning the New City, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

# ASIA'S MESSAGE TO EUROPE.

Whence this plaintive and mournful cry, which so profoundly distresses the patriot's breast? It seems that a whole continent is writhing in agony beneath the lash of oppression, and sending forth from the depths of its heart a deep wail of woe. And as these jeremiads and lamentations of many nations rise to the skies, the four winds of heaven, like trusted and sympathetic messengers, readily waft them in all directions, and as they deliver their doleful message, east, west, north and south, they appeal to every feeling heart for sympathy and justice. Who is it that weeps? Do ye hear? It is India that weeps. Nay, not India only; all Asia cries. Behold the sweet angel of the East, into whose beauty the very colors of heaven seem to have been woven,—the fair East, "in russet mantle clad," lies prostrate, a bleeding prisoner! Who can measure the length and breadth, the height and depth of Asia's sufferings? She has no peace; she knows no consolation. And what is the burden of her complaint? The desperate onslaughts of Europe's haughty civilization, she says, have brought sorrow into her heart, ignominy on her fair name, and death to her cherished institutions. Many there are in Europe who hold that all beyond the Ural, to the remotest shores of the Pacific, is afflicted with moral leprosy, that Eastern humanity is black as Ethiop's skin, that the soil of Asia yields nothing but wretchedness and iniquity, and that chaos and darkness, twin sisters, hold their grim sway over the whole land.

They say, Asia is a vile woman, full of impurity and uncleanness. Her scriptures tell lies ; her prophets are all impostors ; her people,—men, women and children,—are all untruthful and deceitful. There is neither light nor purity in Asia. The entire continent is given to ignorance and barbarism and heathenism ; and nothing good, it is said, can come out of this accursed land. Swayed by these considerations and actuated by these feelings, Europe has for many long years been fighting and warring with Asia, and, like a sworn foe, carrying on depredations into the uttermost parts of the East. Most sanguinary and deadly has this war been, and verily it has no parallel in the annals of the world. It has perpetrated frightful havoc among the nations of the East, sweeping off like a deluge their ancient glory and greatness. Even now the war rages with unabated fury. Europe, wh do thy eyes still roll in wild fury and insatiate antagonism, as if bent upon Asia's total annihilation ? The night is over, and light has dawned upon the horrors of the battle-field. Dost thou not see, O Europe, to what an appalling extent thou hast carried this work of national slaughter ? What a heart-rending spectacle of bloodshed and carnage, degradation and misery, is here opened to our view ! Alas ! Before the formidable artillery of Europe's aggressive civilization the scriptures and prophets, the language and literature of the East, nay her customs and manners, her social and domestic institutions, and her very industries have undergone a cruel slaughter. The rivers that flow eastward and the rivers that flow westward are crimson with Asiatic gore ; yes, with the best blood of oriental life. Enough. Stay, Europe, desist from this sanguinary strife. No more war. This flag of the New Dispensation I hold before thee is a flag of truce and reconciliation. There shall be no more war, but henceforth peace and amity, brotherhood and friendliness.

This voice of rebuke and remonstrance I raise before you is not the voice of base ingratitude. For all the good Europe has done, for all the material and moral benefits she has conferred, we in Asia feel profoundly grateful. Her science and literature, her commerce and trade, her politics and religion have saved us from ignorance and error, and given us light and liberty and joy, and have laid all Asia under lasting obligations. But Europe, thou holdest in one hand life and in another death. Thy civilization has proved a blessing, but inasmuch as it utterly exterminates our nationality, and seeks to destroy and Europeanize all that is in the East, it is a curse. Therefore will I vindicate Asia. Yes I, for I am a child of Asia ; her sorrows are my sorrows, her joys my joys. These lips shall plead for Asia. As a faithful devoted servant, as a loyal son I will serve my fatherland. When I was a child I spake as a child, and thought as a child. But when I became a man I at once put away all childish things. Time was when I served Calcutta as a little child ; my services and my sympathies were restricted within the bounds of this metropolis. Years rolled on, and the little infant gradually grew into a boy, and I began to serve Bengal with a heart distended and sympathies enlarged. And as boyhood entered upon adolescence I stood up for all India. Nothing short of India would satisfy my ambitious soul, and I found joyful service in so extended a mission-field. And now, in the prime of manhood, the Lord summons me to a still higher and larger stewardship. I am called to represent the interests and minister to the wants of a whole continent. In standing forward as Asia's servant and spokesman I feel proud of my exalted position. As an Asiatic, representing a vast constituency, I feel as I never did feel, never can feel as a mere Indian. From one end of Asia to the other, I boast of a vast home, a wide nationality, and an extended kinship. Nay I not only stand upon higher and larger ground, but I stand upon sacred ground. Is not Asia the birth-place of great prophets and saints ? Is it not pre-eminently a holy place of pilgrimage to the rest of the world ? Yes, upon Asia's soil have flourished and prospered those at whose feet the world lies prostrate. The great religions which have given life and salvation to millions of men owe their origin to Asia. To me the dust of Asia is far more precious than gold and silver. Surely, it is hallowed ground that we tread in Asia. The East is emphatically the Holy Land. But Asia is not only holy ground, but it is catholic ground also. In this one place you could count all the leading prophets and all the greatest religious geniuses of the world. No great prophet was born outside the boundaries of Asia. Is not this a noteworthy fact ? Asia is the home of all the recognised churches in the world. It is not the exclusive seat of any single system of faith. It is not the exclusive property of any particular sect. Jews, Christians and Mahomedans, Hindus, Buddhists and Parsis, all recognise in Asia their common home. The spirit of Asia is cosmopolitan, catholic, and comprehensive, not partial, one-sided or sectarian. Not even her worst enemies can predicate narrow exclusivism of Asia. She has cradled and nursed and suckled all the great Churches of the East and the West. How versatile her genius, how diverse her gifts, how wide her sympathies, how comprehensive her character! How large the breast that gave milk to so many and such widely-divergent creeds and Churches! Mother of Christianity and Hinduism, the world magnifies thee and honors thy matchless catholicity! Thou hast nursed Jesus and Buddha and Zoroaster. Verily in the spirit of Asia are all sects reconciled. Of Westminster Abbey in England it has justly been said, that it is the Temple of Silence and Reconciliation, in which the enmities of twenty generations lie buried and forgiven. Under its sacred vaults, amid the solemn silence of death, presides the Genius of Peace. True it is that there the illustrious and the eminent of all classes rest in peace, forgetful of their differences, and oblivious of their diversities of opinion and faith. There is a blessed unity among the souls that sleep in Westminster Abbey. But it is the unity of the burial-place, not the unity of the birth-place. It is the unity of death, not of life; the reconciliation of the dead, not the living. Asia boasts of a higher unity. It is the unity of kinship and brotherhood. It is the identity of a common home, the affinity of kindred spirits, the fellowship of national faith in all its diverse forms. Here, in Asia, we see not the lifeless harmony of dead men's bones but the active unity of living characters, not the fraternity of souls slumbering in the tomb, but the living fellowship and affinity of brothers born of the same mother. Asia is the fountain-head whence have gone forth streams of various creeds and diverse movements, religious, moral and social, east, west, north and south, to the uttermost parts of the world, producing varied results in different places and climes. They have gone in different directions, yet in their source they are all one. Asia is a vast stem from which have issued branches in all possible directions, perchance in opposite directions, but the roots which nourish them with sap are all in the same soil. All the principal religions of the world are like brothers that have journeyed far away from the same common home. Each is singular, yet in the whole group you trace a family likeness, a fraternal resemblance. Amid endless varieties there is an unmistakable national identity. All the great prophets of the East and the West, all the prominent leaders of the Eastern and Western Churches, we not only hail and honor as men of God, but they are unto us fellow-Asiatics and brothers in a special sense. In them we recognise not only the ornament of the human race but also the glory of our Asiatic home. Shall we not magnify our race by proclaiming Christ Jesus as a fellow-Asiatic? Surely, the fact, that Christ and other masters all belong to our nationality, and are all of Asiatic blood, causes a thrill of pride in every Eastern heart. How capacious is Asia's heart, how versatile her intellect, how comprehensive and many-sided her soul! It is indeed a marvel that such diverse characters and creeds have flourished upon the same soil. We cannot say the same thing of Europe, of Africa, or of America. There we see more uniformity and less variety. On the level of dull mediocrity you miss those towering personalities, shining in the richest variety of thought and faith, whom Asia delights to honor. In Asia's firmament we behold a brilliant galaxy of stars of the first magnitude, as we see nowhere else. What a wonderful and infinite diversity of spiritual harvests does Asia's soil yield! If this vast continent embraces all the various zones of the earth and all the variations of climate and vegetation that belong to each, it is equally remarkable that it claims all imaginable types of thought and temper, all possible latitudes of spiritual culture and growth. The world wonders at the inexhaustible productive resources and capacities of Asia's soil. How from one heart grew such great and glorious geniuses as Jesus and Buddha, Zoroaster and Confucius, must strike every thoughtful man with astonishment. How in the same land flourished pantheism, polytheism and monotheism; communion, asceticism, rationalism, ritualism, quietism and the most transcendental spiritualism; how on the same soil grew such divergent creeds as Hinduism and Buddhism, Judaism and Christianity, Mahometanism and Zoroastrianism, Confucianism and Sikhism, must remain an abiding marvel in all ages. All, all the great religions are mine, saith Asia, and their founders are all my children. Lo! on my lap are seated the prophet of Nazareth and the prophet of Nuddea. The mountain on which Moses saw Jehovah in the burning bush and received the Decalogue is mine, saith Asia. Mine too is the mountain on which Christ Jesus preached his famous sermon. Mine also are the Himalayas on which Aryan devotees lost themselves in contemplation. Mine likewise is the memorable Bo tree under whose shade the great Buddha attained final beatitude. Sinai is mine, saith Asia, and the Jordan is mine, and the sacred Ganges is mine. The Vedas and the Bible are mine, the cross and the crescent are mine. Verily, verily there is infinite diversity in Asia's creeds and her catholicity is immeasurably vast. How then can I, as an Asiatic, standing upon Asiatic ground, and with Asiatic blood coursing through my veins, prove disloyal to such wide catholicity, the birthright and glory of my race? Surely, I would be a traitor to my nationality if I did not assume a thoroughly catholic attitude. Can I be a sectarian? As a Bengalee I might; as an Indian I might; but as an Asiatic I cannot, I dare not be a sectarian. There are around me so many master minds that demand my reverential allegiance, so many types and aspects of faith and character which claim my sympathy, that I must take a broad and eclectic position, and disclaim even the semblance of narrow sectarianism.

Europe, I charge thee to be unsectarian. Asia's first message to Western nations is,—Put the sword of sectarianism adroitly into the sheath. Let there be no more sectarianism. Europe is bound to be unsectarian. For what is sectarianism? It is carnality. "Whereas there is among you envying and strife and divisions are ye not carnal and walk as men? For while one saith, I am of Paul and another I am of Apollo's; are ye not carnal?" Sectarianism indeed is carnality. It is an abomination in the sight of the Lord. It is made up of envy, jealousy, pride, anger, resentment and vindictiveness. It excites and inflames the worst passions of the heart. It makes a brother stand against a brother, a sister against a sister. It lacerates most remorselessly the sweet ties of brotherhood and of sisterhood. It is the demon of sectarianism that estranges individuals and nations, splits God's family, and in the name of God sows broadcast the seeds of enmity and war. It annihilates love, and crushes every holy instinct which draws men together. It records its infernal triumphs on the pages of history with human blood. Woe unto sectarianism! In the depths of carnality it has immersed the world. Look at your own hearts, and let them testify. Has not sectarianism blackened and embittered the heart every time it has held us in its deadly coil and poured into us its fatal venom? However virtuous and pious you may be, you are carnal if you cherish sectarian hate. You may boast of your firm faith and your exalted righteousness and your untiring philanthropy, and men may give you credit and glory for your virtues, but if there is sectarianism in your heart, Heaven's high tribunal will convict you of carnality and uncleanness. Your highest gifts are as nothing if you have no charity. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge ; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have no charity, I am nothing." Verily there is no salvation without love, no sanctification without charity. St. Paul is therefore fully justified in extolling charity above all things and fulminating the severest invectives against the iniquity of sectarianism and unbrotherliness. Sectarianism is not only carnal, it is also unscientific. Sectarianism means plurality, and plurality is inimical to science. Science loves unity. Its doctrine is "One only without a second." Where you have two, twenty or two hundred, there science is out of place. Multiplicity is the annihilation of science. The word 'Many' sounds the very death-knell of science. In science there cannot be sects or divisions, schisms or enmities. Is there one astronomy for the East and another for the West ? Are there different anatomies in different climes and ages ? Is there an Asiatic optics as distinguished from European optics ? Is there such a thing as Jewish zoology and Mahometan geometry ? Do you talk of twenty meteorologies and a hundred geologies ? Science is one ; it is one yesterday, to-day and for ever ; the same in the East and the West ; the same in the first and the nineteenth century. There can be but one science ; it recognises neither caste nor colour nor nationality. It is God's science, the eternal verity of things. So there can be but one Church ; a plurality of Churches is impossible in the nature of things. If God is one, His Church must be one. Apparently there are endless diversities of faith, and numberless sects, which are still multiplying; yet beneath all this mass of multiform phenomena science discovers and establishes a fundamental unity, at once philosophical and theological. Europe, the world has given thee credit for thy devotion to science. Thou hast unravelled the deepest mysteries of the physical world with the light of science; amidst hopeless confusion, perplexing contradictions and the gravest anomalies thou hast found unity, order and law Why wilt thou not then recognise and uphold the scientific unity and harmony which underlies the many systems of faith prevalent in the world? As a votary of science thou canst not surely revel in multiplicity. Thou art pledged to science, and therefore to unsectarian truth in all branches of knowledge, physical and spiritual. Both in the world of matter and in the world of mind thou art bound to vindicate the *one* against the *many*, unity against multiplicity. To thee belongs that new and infant science, Comparative Theology; and it was reserved for thy scholars to evolve and bring to light the Science of Religion. Proclaim then, O Europe, the scientific unity of theology. Say, only one creed is possible, one faith, one truth. There cannot be two creeds. Two? Impossible. That would be the very destruction of all science. The illiterate and the unscientific may indulge in sectarian wranglings, but among the wise and the students of science sectarianism must be treated as a falsehood and an abomination. Banish sectarianism then from the Temple of God and the Temple of Science. For the sake of Christianity, of Christ and of Paul, for the sake of science, the nations of Europe are morally bound to give up all manner of sectarianism. They do so forthwith. Asia demands this of her enlightened sister, Europe. Holding in her hands all the leading systems of religion in the world, she says to

Europe,—Come with thy science, and harmonize these discordant elements ; evolve order out of this chaotic and conflicting mass. Asia does not boast of science. She is innocent of the great discoveries and achievements of modern science, which have made Europe so great. Yet she has spontaneously and instinctively realized the synthesis of church unity. Without learning, without philosophy, without erudition, Asia jumped under a sort of natural impulse into the unsectarian eclecticism of faith. Instinct, not learning, has made her catholic in her faith. What Asia has done intuitively, Europe will do reflectively. The West will have to verify theologically what the East has realized in religious consciousness. The great scholars of Europe will be called upon to vindicate and verify, upon philosophical ground, the scientific unity of all the great religions which Asia has founded and shaped with all the simplicity and freshness of natural inspiration, and with all the wonderful versatility and the infinite resources of her inventive genius. Thus shall Europe and Asia be drawn towards each other in unsectarian fellowship, and thus shall they recognise, each in her own way, an essential unity and harmony amid the multiplicity of churches and sects. But perhaps it will be said that sectarianism may be opposed to science, but surely it is not opposed to nature. The objector may argue,—Behold endless varieties and diversities innumerable in the amplitudes of nature. There is no uniformity,but diversity everywhere. Why shall we then give up our differences, and reduce all sects to the dead level of uniformity? Let me assure you that by unity I do not mean uniformity. Uniformity is the death of nature ; it is the death of the soul. Where life is there must be variety. What nature proclaims, what Asia demands is unity in variety. Great is Europe, let her flourish. Great too is Asia, let her prosper. We want not their annihilation but unification. Let all sects retain their distinctive peculiarities, and yet let them unite in fraternal alliance. The unity I contend for is the unity of music. For in music, though there are hundreds of diverse shapes producing various sounds, yet there is sweet harmony among them. There are many voices, yet there is unity in their swelling chorus. There is concordance in the midst of apparent discordance. Each instrument has its own individuality, its own specific character; each voice retains its peculiar tone and is determined not to yield: yet out of the union of many voices and diverse instruments comes forth sweet and delicious music. We do not want any single instrument to supplant and supersede the rest; we do not wish that only one voice should sing and all the others annihilated or hushed in silence. True music is not all drum or all violin; it is the perfect agreement of all varieties of sound, instrumental and vocal. If then instruments and voices differ and yet agree, why should not churches and creeds, sects and denominations, do likewise? Another analogy suggests itself. As there are many limbs yet one body, so there may be diversities of thought and character, and yet one church. No one contends that the human body should be all nose, all hand, or all head. One limb, however perfect and graceful, to the absolute exclusion of all other limbs!—that would be monstrosity, not beauty. Each organ has its peculiar function, each limb has its distinctive work; and yet they all recognise each other and are so mutually adjusted as to form by their union one harmonious whole. There are many organs, but one organism; many muscles, many bones, many nerves, yet they form a healthy and strong and beautiful living unity.

Such is also the unity of the family. Look at the varied group of individuals that compose the family. There are men and there are women ; there are young men and old men ; there are parents and children ; there are brothers and sisters ; there are masters and there are servants. And yet in spite of these many relationships and their diversified tastes, inclinations and interests, what harmony prevails in "home, sweet home !" How different individualities sink in the interests of a common home, and are identified and unified in a joint family ! How the young and the old are as one man ? How men and women become as one heart. What a remarkable toleration of differing and even contrary views and predilections ! What a forgiving reconciliation of hostilities and enmities ! The whole family is linked together, though the tastes and sympathies of the members may run in opposite directions. There is an indissoluble unity in each household organisation which seems heavenly. A well-regulated family is indeed "heaven on earth." Its unity, a blessed unity ; its atmosphere hath the serenity of heaven. Why should not church-organization be like home-organization ? If there are sects that represent tender and feminine sentiments, and sects that represent manly virtues they should still unite. The younger and the older churches ought both to be accommodated in a vast and comprehensive church. And surely senior and junior prophets, and higher and lesser lights, and greater and smaller scriptures may all be so united and mutually adjusted as to form a beautiful family group, a happy and holy home. One more illustration. The metaphor of a home naturally leads us to the higher metaphor of political fellowship. In the State, more than in anything else, you see the perfection of that principle of unity which we contend for. In a free government, established upon constitutional principles, you see unity in the most perfect form of outward organization. How many individuals, how many races, tribes and nationalities are comprised in a State! Their habits and tastes and proclivities, how different and even antagonistic! We see a heterogeneous mass of ill-adjusted and ill-assorted individualities, ready at any moment to clash and knock each other into death and annihilation. An extended empire, a vast republic, with its million units, sleeps over a volcano, and danger is always imminent. What is it, I ask, that hold these units together, and prevents their inflammable antipathies from bursting into a catastrophe? A mysterious ruling power holds these millions of souls in its clutches, and the irresistible magic of law maintains order and discipline among them. We wonder how harmony prevails over this wide extent of territory, how peace reigns amid such endless varieties. What is law? What is government? At best an invisible power, almost shadowy and intangible. Yet tremendous is its authority, before which even mighty heroes bow and crowned heads offer ready obeisance. The State is a vast and complicated machinery, in which numberless wheels of various sizes and shapes are ever moving, each in its proper place, and working harmoniously towards a common end. This is the perfection of consolidated fellowship. Here is no sectarianism, no exclusiveness, no attempt to ignore or destroy each other. All classes of the community, from the highest to the lowest, recognize and respect each other. Judges and magistrates, merchants and traders, landholders and peasants, capitalists and laborers, the learned and the unlearned, the rich and the poor, all contribute to the welfare and progress of the State. The aristocracy and the working classes are alike essential to the life and comfort of the body politic. The exclusion of even the humblest section of the community would be the death of the State. And when many such Governments administer their respective affairs side by side, there springs up an international amity and harmony in which the life and growth of each find a mighty safeguard. What a wonderful thing is "balance of power" in the civilized world! This political equipoise, this equilibrium of national agencies and forces is indeed a marvel. How it protects the weakest and gives security to the least! Look at Europe. The nations differ, and their antipathies are unmistakable; and yet they live, move and have their being in mutual recognition, and in the subordination of their respective interests to common welfare. They may dislike each other in many things, but none can kill a disagreeable neighbour. Can England demolish Germany? Will Germany kill France? Is it possible that Russia will slay Turkey, and obliterate it from the map of Europe? Such things may be desired and even longed for, but they are not possible in the economy of Providence, so long as each nation has a particular mission to fulfil. Each nation may endeavour to swallow and absorb the rest, but Heaven sets its face against such monstrous and selfish ambition. England may wish that all Europe should be anglicised, France may wish to make all Europe French, and Germany, German; America may desire to see the whole world Americanized. But Providence favors not such fatal fancies and annihilating propensities of any single power. Heaven abhors monopoly and vouchsafes unto each individual and nation freedom of action and diversity of operation, so that each may grow with all the freshness and variety of natural growth. Among the advanced nations of the West the tendency of modern politics is not to exclude any but to include all ; not to destroy and ignore any section, but to represent the whole people. The highest form of Government is synonymous with the most thorough-going and comprehensive representation. You are ever extending the franchise. You take in thousands to-day, tens of thousands to-morrow, and millions the next day, till you include the very humblest and the lowest of the population, and give the dumb and the down-trodden a voice in parliament. If you have even the semblance of good government, if you care for real political prosperity, surely you cannot reject the humbler classes ; you cannot extinguish them because of their poverty, you cannot crush them into atoms because of their ignorance. There is everywhere a cry for justice, justice to the weak and powerless, justice to the working classes. Not to listen to that cry would be a disaster. And so in your House of Commons you include diverse conditions of life and diverse creeds ; you make the representatives of wealth and poverty, of princely fortune and humble labour, and even men of such opposite persuasions as Roman Catholics and Protestants sit together, and by mutual consultation and co-operation benefit their common country. What a variety of interests does your Parliament represent ! What infinitely diversified shades and grades of opinion, conservative, liberal and radical ! What a mixture of differing elements of character ! What a combination of parties and sects, political, religious and social ! Yet in that national assembly there is national harmony and a community of interests. What you do with reference to politics, I charge you, gentlemen, to do with reference to religion. I commend to you exactly the same principle, the same line of policy. Let all churches and sects be represented in a national House of Commons. Let each phase of religious life, each aspect of devotion and duty be fully represented. Let each dispensation have its voice, let each scripture have its advocate, and the result of this world-wide representation will be the most constitutional and the most perfect form of Theocracy, based upon unsectarian eclecticism. You must not demolish any church, you cannot destroy even the least among the churches so long as there is a particle of truth in it. Each sect represents an idea and has a distinctive mission to fulfil, which belongs to no other. Like the various sections of the political community, the different sects in the religious world have important purposes to subserve, and are destined in various ways to contribute to the general welfare of the race. Therefore none can be ignored, none can be crushed, but all must be represented and included in a comprehensive organization, a Kingdom of Heaven, which will meet the requirements and supply the wants of all classes, and promote universal fellowship, good-will and peace. The Kingdom of Heaven is not one sect to the exclusion of others, it is not Jew or Gentile, but Jew and Gentile, Asiatic and European, Eastern and Western, old and new, Moses and Jesus, Law and Grace, the harmonious union of all phases of faith and character. Humbly does Asia exhort you to upbuild such a kingdom, the Universal Church of love and peace.

Perhaps you will say, to be too broad is to be shallow ; to gain in breadth is to lose in depth. The opinion widely prevails among thoughtful and devout men that if one attempted to make his theology too broad it would necessarily become less and less deep, and gradually lose its solidity and strength. Take a glassful of water and pour it upon the ground ; as you extend the surface you diminish the depth. The logic is unexceptionable. But it is true only so far as earthly things are concerned, and only so far as we deal with limited resources and small things. Look at the vast deep sea. Can you measure its surface ? Can you sound its depth ? Who will not say of the ocean that it is both broad and deep ? But the ocean too has its limits, which the firmament hath not. Who can set boundaries to the sky above ? Its height and depth, its length and breadth none can measure. Even imagination cannot conceive any limits of the boundless heavens above. Why should you by becoming broad become less deep ? This surpasses my understanding. Let your devotion and love [illegible] as high and as vast as heaven. I invite all Europe to be Broad Church. The Broad Church reigns to-day, and is destined to be the future religion of Europe and America and Asia, of the whole world. Do not seek to deepen your Christian faith by curtailing its breadth and making it narrow. Will you contract your sympathies and love, and cherish intolerance, bigotry and sectarian hatred, in order that you may make yourselves thoroughly Evangelical ? Is it true that one must cease to be Broad Church if he wishes to be Low Church ? Do you believe that the High Church cannot possibly maintain her high standard of devotion and asceticism if she becomes broad and liberal ? The idea is ridiculous and most unscientific. It is contrary to the first principles of religion. True religion is at once high and deep and broad. The true Church is the union of the High Church, the Low Church and the Broad Church. Her devotion is high as heaven, her faith is deep as the sea, her love is broad as the starry firmament. A little faith must certainly run the risk of losing its depth if it entered into wide fellowship with other sects. It can only live and flourish upon narrow sectarian ground. But if you have firm faith, deep devotion and inexhaustible love, you may spread your sympathies upon the whole world and yet you shall not want. Let the man of slender means fear to give, let the man of little faith timidly shrink from liberal fellowship ; but the princely merchant who receives a perennial supply of treasure from heaven may give and spend and carry his liberality into the far country, and yet find his resources unexhausted. The more he gives, the more he gets. The broader his heart, the wider his sympathies, the loftier is his devotion and the purer his faith and character. Then pull down the barriers of sectarianism and stretch your hands across the limitations of nationality, creed and caste, and grasp truth even in the uttermost parts of the earth. Come out of the strait church, and breathe the free air of God's Broad Church, entering into fellowship with all truth and with all goodness. Let your devotion touch the vaults of heaven, while your faith reaches the depths of the sea, and your love extends over the whole length and breadth of the globe. Have ye not heard from Christ that ye should be as perfect even as God is perfect ? Then I say, be broad as God, lofty as God, deep as God. There is none broader than Divinity, none more Evangelical than He, none more High Church than He. Infinitely high, immeasureably deep and illimitably broad is the Lord. Let not your humanity then stop where it is, but let it rise to the perfection of Divinity, which has neither beginning nor end, whose breadth and height and depth none can measure. In divine eclecticism you will find faith, love and purity and life eternal.

Time was when the rude barbarian dwelt in his little dark den, avoiding the society of men and living as much as possible for his own self. He feared and hated society, and was intensely selfish. His life was wholly and completely self-centred. His plan of life recognised no neighbour, He said within himself,—" If I go out of this den and mix with the strange people outside, they will surely injure my interests, rob me of my property, and perhaps slay me, I am safe where I am. In solitude is my security and my happiness too." Thus he argued, and he remained master of his little citadel, hunting and toiling for his own self. Time rolled on, and he took to himself a wife, and he had family and children to look after. But his fears increased instead of being allayed. Nothing could induce him to stir out of this state of isolation. His was eminently the position of an unsocial animal and a selfish barbarian. But man's exodus from barbarism and the darkness of the den was inevitable, and time proved that his fears were unfounded. This savage, who jealously shunned the light of society, at last came out of his secluded retreat under the impulses of self-interest. He saw his neighbours, cultivated their acquaintance, made friends, and thus two, three, five and twenty gathered together and united in social fellowship, and thus there rose a small hamlet, and then a small village with something like a village community. And the men of the village said among themselves, —" We must confine our sympathies and energies within this small village, and must never think of mixing with the people of adjoining villages. To go abroad is to die. Our troubles begin as soon as we set foot upon foreign territory. In the company of foreigners surely there will be friction and irritation and endless conflict of interests. Let us live and thrive on our own soil." But time, which destroys all evils, pulled down the barriers which this timid community had raised for their own protection and security, and paved the way for international communication. The men and women of one village went into another, traded, bought and sold, and exchanged sympathies. Thus two villages were united, and then three and then a dozen, and thus they swelled into a large community, which grew larger and larger, and became as numerous as the area of intercourse became wide and the circle of sympathy became extensive. Towns were founded and cities sprang up. These flourished and developed in time into thriving districts, till whole countries were formed upon the basis of wide-extended national sympathies. Such increasing intercourse proved materially and morally profitable. There is no anarchy or confusion as had been apprehended, but increasing prosperity, growing strength and advancing civilization. Do the interests of the individual suffer because of his association with other individuals? Does the village community get impoverished in its resources and strength because it enters into fellowship with other villages? Do men forget themselves and disregard their own interests if they attend to the interests of others? Does extended social intercourse embitter domestic happiness and slacken family ties? To all these questions the history of civilization replies in the negative. The solitary barbarian feared that his fondest dreams of happiness would be dissipated and his home rudely torn by social invasion. But he flourishes to-day in society, a happy and a prosperous man. The husband feared his conjugal affections might grow colder, and the father fancied that his attachment and solicitude for his children would be impaired in the society of too many acquaintances. And so the village politician apprehended that his little village would die of sheer neglect if all its people attended to the interests of their neighbours, who belonged not to their own charmed circle. But civilization has proved that man does not become less affectionate to his own kinsfolk by extending his love to the outside world, that no nation made itself poor or unhappy by going out to serve other nations. Social sympathies never extinguished domestic love; large-hearted philanthropy never proved incompatible with the deepest devotion to one's own home or country. On the contrary, in the normal condition of human nature, all the better feelings and sentiments of the heart grow together, and the righteous man who loves himself feels that he must love his home, his country and the world as deeply and warmly, and with all the impulse of natural affection. There is a natural and an irresistible tendency in man's progressive nature towards social fellowship. Everywhere you see this unmistakable tendency on the part of individuals to form groups and settle in communities. In all ages and climes humanity is rushing, like an impetuous current, towards a community. Nature interdicts selfish solitary existence. She is always pulling the animal-man out of his den and educating him into true social manhood. In fact barbarism means life in the individual while civilization signifies life in the community. What is narrow and selfish belongs to barbarism, while civilization is identified with what is broad and world-wide. See how an over-ruling and all-merciful Providence is every day working out its high purposes, leading man through successive stages of material and moral improvement, from the ignorance, bondage and selfishness of the savage to the light, liberty and love of the citizen of the world. Our little individual units cannot stand before the advancing tide of social progress, and are carried along its resistless current into a vast federation. As the little rivulet flows ever onward till it is lost in the deep, so flows the little life of each individual man till it joins a vast community. In this marvellous formation of communities, which is going on everywhere, you see how unity and diversity, happily co-exist. Every individual retains his own distinctive individuality, and yet becomes a member of a community and is identified with it. Mark the etymology of the word 'community.' Community is unity indeed ; not individual unity, but the unity of fellowship and brotherhood. It is the unity of a united group of individuals. It is not one individual unity supplanting, excluding and superseding all other individual unities, not a single man destroying and surviving other men, but a harmonious interfusion of many individuals into a social aggregation. Here you see both plurality and unity, difference and agreement, diversity and identity. It is not the death of the many in one, but the living growth of the unity of the individual into the unity of the many. Where only one lives and works there may be unity, but there can be no community unless unity is realized in common fellowship. A community is not destructive, but constructive. It does not annihilate a race or a nation because of differences at the bidding of any single individual, but it constructs out of varied individualities and diverse races a united commonwealth. The history of civilization is the history of the construction of communities and the growth of nationalities in different parts of the world.

As the destiny of our earthly life is Community, so the destiny of our heavenly and spiritual life is Communion. On earth shall man and man be united in a well-regulated community ; in heaven shall man be united with God in profound communion. When children meet in brotherhood and become one there is a blessed community. When the Son and the Father meet and become one there is sweet communion. In the perfection of social and communistic fellowship is the perfection of earthly civilization and temporal happiness. So in the perfection of Yoga or communion is the perfection of our heavenly life and our spiritual felicity. Community and communion, unity and union,—they mean the same thing and have essentially the same significance. The same root-idea, the same fundamental principle underlies them. They are the same word with a difference in terminology, slight and immaterial. Usage only makes them different in their application, albeit identical in sense. The one applies to our earthly life, the other to our heavenly life. The one indicates unity in our relations with men, the other signifies union or fellowship with God. The one says, Be one with man ; the other says, Be one with God. In neither case is individuality destroyed or personality ignored, but individuals and persons are only united and identified in indissoluble and blessed fellowship. Talk of civilization, the highest goal of earthly ambition, the millenium to which all nations so anxiously look forward ? It is nothing but a community. Talk of salvation, the soul's highest heaven ? It is nothing but communion. Men and nations realize only these two, community and communion, fraternal fellowship and filial fellowship, and you have attained the perfection of happiness and holiness. Let us all march then into broader fields and larger intercourses, till we form a blessed and world-wide community of God's children, for that is indeed the destiny of our race. And who among us is so bold as to defy and defeat this iron destiny fixed by Providence? In vain does the animal man seek to confine himself within his den of selfish and isolated existence. The trumpet of civilization calls him out into the wide world of social life and joy, and he must obey the summons. Equally vain is the struggle of the animal sectarain to remain for ever shut up in his little den of sectarianism. He trembles and fears, he has a horror of other sects. He dares not confront other religions, other churches, other scriptures: to hold intercourse with them is sure death; to touch the heathen is perdition. He fancies he has no security beyond his narrow sect, and within its walls in nervous tremulousness he drags a miserable existence. But lo! heaven's clarion puts forth its solemn warning and commands him to enter into wider intercourse with the religious world. The sectarian must obey the command, give up his sectarianism and mix with the broad and universal church of the world. What the isolated barbarian is in the world of civilization, that is the sectarian in the world of religion. Both are relics of the past, types of antiquated humanity which the world has outgrown. The broad spirit of the age rebels against sectarianism, and must crush it into atoms. The Hindu can no longer remain confined in his dark secluded temple, nor can the Christian any longer shut himself up in his little dingy church and shun the light of day. The Hindu must mix with the Yavana, and the Christian must associate with the heathen. The men of the various churches must come out and hold liberal intercourse with each other, and form a church community for mutual service and benefit. If the law of universal federation is working in other departments, in society, in politics, in commerce, in literature, it must work too in the sphere of religion. If men are becoming to-day broad and liberal in all the concerns of life, they must be broad and liberal in the eternal concerns of the soul. You cannot be sectarians in the nineteenth century. It would be an anachronism. Sectarianism is the world's primitive religious barbarism, it is the soul's timid and thoughtless infancy. The world's manhood repudiates and puts off the baby-clothes of sectarian bigotry and exclusiveness, which no longer suit its increased stature. Christianity, dost thou tremble and shudder at the name of Hinduism, its Vedas and its prophets? Art thou afraid of Mahomet and the Koran? Fear not, but boldly meet all the religions of the world, study their scriptures and hear their prophets. Broad is the Church of Christ, and blessed are they who believe that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of the Lord. Cultivate universal fellowship then with the good and the pure of all sects, and seek not the overthrow and absorption of all other creeds in your favorite shibboleth. Let not the Roman Catholic think that the entire Protestant world will one day merge into the Church of Rome, nor should the Protestant anxiously look forward to the annexation and absorption of the whole Roman Catholic Church. But, believe me, the time is coming when the more liberal of the Catholic and the Protestant branches of Christ's Church will advance and meet upon a common platform, and form a broad Christian community in which they shall all be identified, in spite of diversities and differences, in non-essential matters of faith. So shall the Baptist and the Methodist, the Trinitarian and the Unitarian, the Ritualist and the Evangelical, all unite in a broad and universal church organization, loving, honoring and serving the common body, while retaining the peculiarities of each sect. Only the broad of each sect shall for the present come forward, unite and fraternise in the centre, and others shall follow in time. The base remains where it is. The vast masses at the foot of each Church will yet remain perhaps for centuries where they are, with their stolid immobility hardly shaken. But as you look at the lofty heights above, you see all the bolder spirits and all the broader souls of each Church pressing forward, onward and heavenward. They rise higher and higher, freed from all sectarian trammels, and then soar upon the pinions of love and liberty, till they meet in the high heavens, and hold sweet converse with each other and with the saints above. Come then, my friends, ye broad-hearted of all churches, advance and shake hands with each other, and establish that spiritual fellowship, that kingdom of heaven which Christ predicted. Here will meet the world's representatives, the foremost spirits, the most loving hearts, the leading thinkers and devotees of each Church, and offer united homage to the Kings of kings, the Lord of lords. This central Union Church is no utopian fancy, but is a veritable reality, whose beginning we already see among the nations of the earth. Already the right wing of each Church is pressing forward, and the advanced liberals are drawing near each other under the central banner of the New Dispensation.

Tell me not that the New Dispensation is the creation of a new anti-Christian sect. Woe unto me if ever I harboured in the mind the remotest desire to found a new sect, and thus add to the already accumulated evils of sectarianism! Woe unto us if I ever conceived the project of setting up a movement against the Church of Christ! Perish these lips if they utter a word of rebellion against Jesus. And let the genial currents of my life-blood be curdled at this very moment if I glory in the hateful ambition of rising against my master. A new sect! God forbid. We preach not a new sect, but the death of sectarianism and the universal reconciliation of all churches. But the very idea of an eclectic church, it will be contended, is anti-Christian. To mix up Christ with the hundred and one creeds of the world is to destroy and deny Christ. To mix Christ with what? With error, with impurity? No. Mix Christ with all that is Christian in other creeds. Surely that is not un-Christian, far less anti-Christian. In uniting the East and the West, in uniting Asiatic and European faith and character, the Church of the New Dispensation works faithfully upon the lines laid down by Christ, and only seeks to amalgamate the western Christ and the eastern Christ. It is not a treaty of Christ with anti-Christ that is proposed, but the reconciliation of all in Christ. It is not the mixture of purity with impurity, of truth with falsehood, of light with darkness, but the fusion of all types of purity, truth and light in all systems of faith into one integral whole. It is the expurgation of anti-Christian elements from the so-called Christian and heathen creeds of the world, and the amalgamation of the pure Christian residuum left. Such is the pure Christian eclecticism of the Church of the New Dispensation. In this Church Universal there is no idolatry, no caste, no moral impurity, no domestic unchastity, no social corruption, no doctrinal error. Whatsoever is true and good and pure is the creed of this Church. All that dishonors Christ it disclaims. Whatsoever is Christian and pure and holy my Church rejoicingly glorifies. The non-Christian Asiatic has his meekness ; but, I ask, is not that meekness Christian ? The Hindu is forgiving ; is not that forgiveness Christian ? If the Mahomedan speaks truth, is not his truthfulness Christian ? If the Buddhist is charitable, and is always going about upon errands of mercy, is not his charity Christian ? Can there be any form of goodness or godliness which is not Christian ? I do firmly believe that whatsoever is true and good and beautiful is of Christ. Truth is one, and recognises neither caste nor color. In the nature of things there is not, there can never be, a distinction between Christian truth and non-Christian truth; between Christian veracity and non-Christian veracity. It is absurd, preposterously absurd, to talk of two meeknesses, two humilities, two philanthropies, two purities, two chastities or two asceticisms, one Christian and the other heathen. No, there is but one truth possible, one love, one purity, which is of God, and therefore of Christ. It follows then as an irresistible and necessary inference that in entering upon a Broad Church alliance with the diversified forms of goodness and purity in other sects you do not leave Christ behind, but bring to him all that is his Father's in other churches. Believe me, Asia's appeal to Europe is a Christian appeal. Asia calls upon western nations to abjure sectarianism and join the Catholic Church, in the name of Christ, the Son of God. Nay, I would go further, and declare Christ to be the centre of this Broad Church. I have said that the vanguard of each sect will advance towards a common centre, and form the catholic church of the future. Who can better represent this centre than Christ Jesus ?

There are cogent reasons why we should give to Christ this central position. In fact he claims it and demands it as the Son of God, and challenges universal recognition of his rightful position, to which he is divinely called. Analyze Christ's fundamental theology, and you will find in it two parts essentially distinct from each other. The first is "I in my Father;" the second "Ye in me." All Europe believes in the first, but the second has yet to be realized. Who there in orthodox Christendom that does not say, Ay, when Christ says, I and my Father are one? Surely in the identity of his nature with that of the Supreme God all Christian nations in the West have established their firm faith. But they have only accepted one half of Christ. Why should they abjure the other half? If Christ is one with Divinity, he is one also with humanity. If you believe in the full Christ, in the perfect Christ, you must believe in the double harmony of his nature, harmony with God or communion, and harmony with man or community. Alas! Christian Europe does not yet comprehend the real secret of the words, Ye in me! Christ's identity with all mankind is indeed a grand mystery, which Christian Europe seems yet unable to understand. I do believe as you do that the Son and the Father are one, but this unity is only the first half of Christ. Why do you cast off the other half of Christ, his unity with humanity? Take this second half, take the entire Christ. Unravel the deep meaning of the words, "You in me, I in you." In the disciples is Christ, and all the disciples are in the bosom of Christ. Yes, the entire Church of Christ, vast and varied, is in Christ, and Christ is in all its parts and in each of its numberless sects. Nay, not the church only, but all mankind is in him and he in all mankind. How comprehensive and beautiful this worldwide unity in Christ! In the deepest depths of his being he always felt that he was one with his Father above, and one with his brethren below. He spoke not but the Father spoke through him; he worked not but the Father worked in him. In profound communion, in blessed God-vision he saw that his force was God-force, his wisdom was God's wisdom, his will was God's will. His identity with mankind was no less complete in his inmost consciousness. In beatific vision he saw himself in every man, and every man he saw in himself. He saw himself in all nations and races, in all tribes and sects, and he saw all the world summed up in himself. Differences there were, both serious and numerous, but these differences ruffled not the deep harmony of Christ's soul. Jew and Gentile, Christian and barbarian, all he identified as his own, and their sins and sufferings he took unto himself. His broad and large heart he spread through the length and breadth of humanity, and in every man and woman, even in the remotest parts of the earth, it was Jesus' heart that throbbed. He identified himself with the lowest and the meanest, not only of his own fold, but of other folds also, regardless of all differences, national and sectarian. It was not a mere intellectual recognition of identity, but an actual spiritual identification, an interweaving of heart with heart, and soul with soul. Christ actually saw himself, an undivided Christ with his seamless raiment, dwelling and breathing in every human heart. And so he offered himself before God as an atonement for all mankind.

Atonement did I say? What a startling announcement you would think I have made before this great assembly! Yes, I would have you believe in Christ's atonement. All India must believe that Christ is the Son of God. Nay, more than this, I will make myself bold enough to prophesy, all India will one day acknowledge Jesus Christ as the atonement, the Universal Atonement for all mankind. Believe me I tell you the truth, and nothing but the truth. I tell you my deepest conviction, reverently and devoutly. Seated at the feet of Jesus, I wonder at the philosophical depth of his doctrine; I wonder at the immeasurable breadth of his heart. Jesus, thou art atonement incarnate. Thou art love and reconciliation. Thou art unity divine and unity human. Thou art the bond of separated souls, the reconciliation of discordant homes, the bridge of divided continents, the federation of hostile nations and sects, the peace of distracted hearts, the restoration of fallen humanity. As the Son of God, I love thee O Jesus, but as the world's universal atonement, I love thee more. How true, how sublime the doctrine, of Christ's atonement! We find in it a world of philosophy and a world of poetry. For what is atonement in its literal sense? Nothing can be clearer than the etymology of the word. Atonement simply means At-one-ment,—to be at one; to be reconciled. Atonement is nothing but reconciliation. Its philosophical meaning is as clear as its etymology, and no elaborate explanation is needed to make it intelligible. Taken in this sense it challenges universal assent, and none can take exception to it whatever his creed might be. According to this view the central idea of atonement is unity, or the reconciliation of humanity with divinity. Man waged war with God; through atonement they are reconciled. Man waged war with man; they are reconciled through atonement. The atoning medium in each case is Jesus Christ, the Son of God. He is the reconciliation of man with man and of all men with God, the harmony of humanity with humanity and of all humanity with Divinity. There was war, there was discord. Harmony was needed : the wicked world cried for an atonement. Jesus, the peace-maker, appeared on the scene and proclaimed peace. He said to the whole world,—There shall be no more duality upon earth, no more multiplicity, but there shall be unity everywhere and universal peace. Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good-will towards men. He substituted himself for the world, and at once heaven and earth, hitherto two, became one. This substitution is a grand fact. Its moral grandeur who can fully comprehend? Before it the whole world, Christian and non-Christian, stands in utter amazement. Believe in this substitution, and we are all one in Christ. In Christ's bosom we are all unified. Talk of Christians only ? Nay, the whole heathen world as well. Not only saints and believers but the persecuting heathen, the barbarian, the ferocious cannibal and the most degraded sinner, all are in Christ. In his atoning blood the most polluted of all ages and climes find a place. For every one of us here to-day, individually and collectively, he offered himself as an atonement. He became one with us, and he took all with himself into the bosom of God. Was he the Jews' atonement only ? Nay, of the Gentiles' too. Christians, Hindus, Mahometans, Buddhists, all find their atonement in him, for to one and all of them he gave himself up as an atonement. Historically he was the small leader of a small nation ; he was an instructor, a reformer, a guide and a friend to the Jews. But spiritually he was the world's atonement. His atoning blood overflowed the little embankments of his Jewish humanity and burst like a universal deluge upon all humanity, swallowing the remotest parts of the globe, east, west, north and south, in its shoreless immensity. Thus the world is lost in Christ ; in his all-embracing atonement the rich and the poor, saints and sinners of all ages and countries, of all sects and tribes are swallowed. Humanity has sunk deep in the sea of Christ's atonement, and there is no getting out of it. They do him grave injustice who believe that his atonement embraced only the small body of his disciples, or that it applies only to one sect in the world, namely those who call themselves Christians. In the economy of Providence we are all included in the scheme of Christ's atoning redemption. Whether particular bodies of Christians would admit us into Christian fellowship or not is problemetical, but that Jesus, the Prince of Peace, includes us all in spite of our errors and transgressions, and Hindus though we are, in his vast scheme of reconciliation; even the most orthodox Christian cannot deny. Or Christ would not have spoken as he did. Do not insult the memory of the great Jesus by saying that he atoned for the sins of a particular sect or race only. Believe me, he did no such thing, could do no such thing. Why, the very name of Christ is a protest against sectarian atonement, against partial recognition. He pulled down all barriers, he bridged every gulf, he reconciled all mankind. Once for all in history the blessed atonement was consummated by Christ. The consummation was complete and absolute. Christ has offered himself as an atonement for all flesh and for all eternity. It is done, it is done. He has given his precious blood for all of us, whether we believe it or not. Whether we be Hindus or Mahometans, disciples or even enemies of Christ, he has shed his atoning blood for each one of us. We have only to apply it to ourselves. He has done his work, let us do ours. Let us all believe that he has died for you and me, and the atonement on our side is completed. Mark this that no amount of belief can affect the fact of the universal atonement of Christ. The fact remains though the whole world should rise against him and deny him. The world may laugh at him, the world may rejoice with vengeful vindictiveness in his blood. Yet it is true that very blood has been shed for the world's benefit. His atonement does not depend upon your recognition ; it would be none the less true because of your unbelief and denial. Jesus has taken us all into his atoning heart ; what remains is that we should find our unity in his reconciling bosom. Do this and you are reconciled. You may be unconscious of the fact that he took all fallen humanity, the greatest sinners and infidels included, unto the presence of his beloved Father and prayed to Him, Bless these for my sake ; and the Lord blessed them, one and all, and said, I will bless them for ever and ever for Christ's sake. So we have all received the Lord's benediction through our common mediator and brother Christ, and if we only realize this in our consciousness, we are reconciled to heaven through him. That we are Hindus, that we are Indians does not debar us from Christ's atonement. The slightest introspection will convince us that Christ is in us too, and that we are in Christ. Behold I am reconciled to all through the blood of him crucified. Fellow-countrymen, be ye also reconciled through him. Rest assured, ye shall have to accept that reconciliation sooner or later. You may resist it for a time, you may object to it in theory, you may even reject it as false doctrine, but the advancing surges of Christ's atoning blood no man, no nation shall escape, and sect after sect, and race after race shall all be ingulfed. There shall be no duality, but an indivisible unity shall prevail throughout the length and breadth of the world. All sects shall be as one family, and all men shall brothers be for dear Christ's sake. Already I begin to see through the vista of his blessed sonship educated India marching hand in hand with other nations and sects through new and fragrant fields to the land of universal love. Behold the central figure of the divine son. The radii of all human races and nationalities from the remotest parts in the circumference of humanity converge and meet in him. He attracts all into himself and reconciles all in a common fellowship with himself and with his God. Lo ! from the uttermost parts of the earth and from the most divergent sects the broader and more advanced souls of each church march under their respective scriptures, till they reach the centre and rally under the banner of the universal atonement which Jesus holds triumphantly in his hand. Look at that grand march of all the religious denominations of the earth, Christians, Hindus, Buddhists, Mahometans. Each has its own distinctive badge and colors, each is led by its own trusted chief, each keeps to its own national music, each is marshalled in its own martial order, each is true to its own historic traditions. Each retains its peculiar virtues, but is freed from all its peculiar errors and impurities. And thus the sanctified and reformed churches move out of their respective sects, and press onward in their variegated colors to the central church of reconciliation. Here they are united in that kingdom of heaven which knows no sect and inculcates no sectarian dogma, whose cardinal doctrines are the love of God and the love of man, and which unifies all mankind in one man, even Jesus Christ, the Son of God. And Jesus welcomes all the chiefs of all sects, for they dwelt in him, the eternal Logos, and with him they again fraternize. Verily in Socrates was Christ, as the early Fathers held ; and in Confucius too was Christ, and in Buddha, and in Nanak and in Chaitanya, and in Paul, and in Luther was he. In him they are all reconciled, and their broken lights unite to form the perfect Logos, the Word of God. It is a joy indeed thus to lose ourselves in Christ in a state of universal reconciliation, and be one with God and one with man. Such heavenly fellowship cannot fail to excite the deepest emotion. Shall I not love him who loveth all and in whose love friends, aliens and foes are reconciled, and in whose bosom all the divided branches of the Father's family find a common home? Shall I not love him who so loved the world that he gave himself a willing sacrifice and an atonement for fallen humanity? Yes, him I love, and I wish you will all love him with intense love.

Europe, thou lovest Christ, I know. Thou hast accepted the fact of his atonement, I admit. But only one aspect of that truth thou hast accepted; the other side, and equally important half, thou still ignorest. Thou seekest indeed the reconciliation of fallen humanity with Divinity through Jesus. But dost thou seek atonement with humanity? Thou hast sinned against thy brother, through pride, through selfishness and through sectarianism; dost thou seek atonement in Christ? Asia says no. Asia urges upon thee, O Europe, a double and perfect atonement, and charges thee to be at one with all nations and with all denominations through Jesus Christ. He is surely the 'way,' the way to God, and the way to man; the way to peace in heaven, the way to peace on earth; the way to reconciliation with a just God, the way to reconciliation with separated and estranged brethren. Let Christ be unto you, ye western nations, a full and perfect atonement for all your sins, against God and man, and let his blood wash away sectarianism and unbrotherliness and prove the bond of a kinship among all mankind. Christ stands in the Holy Land, between Asia and Europe, Asia says to Europe, sister, let us be one in Christ.

What heavenly light rushes into the soul through its cloud-openings when this doctrine of Christian atonement is fully accepted and realized ! What new thoughts and fresh ideas blow when the atoning blood of the Son of God falls like a genial shower upon the parched heart ! We see a new kingdom within, a kingdom not of this earth but of heaven, a kingdom of peace and love and joy. Christ has reconciled the heart of God and man, and all enmity is at an end, all strife is hushed. All is peace. There is deep tranquility in the soul, and in the heart the sweet serenity of heavenly Nirvána. Even the body is aglow, head and hands, eyes and ears, and lips, all aglow with the light of Divine radiance ; I see no longer my old self, but it is a new man altogether. Who has done all this ? By whom has this strange metamorphosis been brought about ? Who has wrought this miracle ? That grand magician, Christ. He waived his magic wand and said, Peace, peace, peace, and there was universal reconciliation in the depths of the heart, and in my blood and flesh, and in my very bones was the peace of Christ. What a striking change ! A new soul and a new body, built upon Christ. All over my body, all through my inner being I see Christ. He is no longer to me a doctrine or a dogma, but with Paul I cry, For me to live is Christ. No doctrinal difficulty puzzles me, no theological dispute troubles me ; the simplicity of Christ-life is my creed, the sweet harmony of Christ's atonement is my joy. Christ is my food and drink, and Christ is the water that cleanses me.

This, my friends, is just what Christ demands of us. His simple gospel, the simplest, indeed, of all gospels, is summed up in two words, Bathe and Eat. Baptism and the eucharist represent and symbolise the two grand and essential principles of his creed. Be baptised in holy water, eat the flesh and drink the blood of the Son of God, said Christ, and ye shall be saved. Some may think this is only allegorical and symbolical teaching, and that it does not touch the vital essence of Christianity. In Baptism and in the Lord's Supper great thinkers are apt to recognise only sacramental as distinguished from doctrinal Christianity. The philosophic Christian may indeed turn away from immersion and eating as mere superstitious ritualism, and seek salvation in doctrines higher and deeper. But the truly devout and the intensely thoughtful must see the very kernel of Christ's religion in these two significant ceremonies. Read aright these Christian symbols, and you will wonder at the deep philosophy which dictated them. Verily it was a master mind that put religion into water and bread. Socrates brought down philosophy from the clouds and gave it a place in our daily concerns. Jesus brought down religion from the clouds and gave it a place in our daily bath and our daily meals, and identified salvation with bathing and eating. Instead of dreary difficulties of barren dogmatism you have thus in Christ's gospel the sweet simplicities of a faith that knows only to bathe and eat. Is it really so, or are we dreaming ? Did Christ actually enjoin these two trivial rates ? Did he invest them with saving importance ? Can it be that he who was so thoroughly real should have taught men to seek heaven in water and in bread ? No visionary was he. Why then this fantastic superstition ? Those who have gone into the deep counsels of that great prophet will tell you that there is a world of philosophy in these apparently puerile rites. Christ did really and seriously say to his people that they must be baptised as he was baptised and they must eat his flesh and drink his blood. This is all that his loyal disciples have to do, and if they do this they are regenerated and saved. If you deny this you do not know the meaning of the two grandest metaphors ever uttered by prophetic lips. For what do the baptismal and the sacramental rites really signify? Nothing more than this,—Sanctify the water in which ye bathe and the food which ye eat. Let every individual and every nation follow this double injunction of Christ and the kingdom of heaven is at hand. In Asia, in India what is there more sanctifying than ablution? For centuries the Hindu has sought the purification of his body and soul in the sacred rivers of his country. The Ganges, the Jumna, the Nerbudda,—majestic streams and sacred to every man and woman in the land! How many thousands daily immerse themselves in these holy waters for the benefit of their souls! Daily bath in these Eastern countries is not a luxury but a necessity; it cleanses and cools the body and is indispensable to health. We Easterns are not taught to bathe, we do so instinctively. Whole families, entire villages and towns plunge into the refreshing waters of the Hughly with natural ardour and untaught enthusiasm. Water is to us life and joy, and centuries of homage have made it almost divine. This Asiatic instinct I will not crush; this Oriental custom of daily ablution in sacred water, wide-spread and time-hallowed, I will not destroy. Take away the superstition which imparts efficacy to the mere water. Dispel the prejudice that a river current can wash away our sins. But let the custom stand, for it is typical. It is a type of Christ's baptism. Wherever I see a nation bathing in its national streams, I regard it as a foreshadowing of the universal baptismal ablution which is to follow. Yes there is a national cleansing process going on in Eastern countries. It is but a prelude to the supernatural and spiritual cleansing, which Christ will introduce among the nations. The national man bathes in the Ganges in order to cleanse himself. The spirit-man bathed eighteen centuries ago in the Jordan, and as he bathed the heavnes opened before him, the Holy Spirit descended on him, and the Lord expressed Himself pleased with His beloved son. That was soul-baptism, and the natural man's immersion must lead to that and thus be perfected. Let the Jordan take the place of the Ganges and the Jumna, and let the Son of God stand in the place of every Hindu bather, and the picture of our national baptism is completed. Wherever men, women and children bathe and perform their morning ablutions, throughout the length and breadth of this vast peninsula, let the spirit of Jesus pervade them all, and let them come out of the waters purified and inspired. Often and often have we bathed, and our revered ancestors too have bathed from time immemorial; but India has yet to learn how to bathe. Between true bath and baptism there is no distinction whatever. Whoever bathes truly is baptized. Ordinary bath is the Old Testament, baptism is the New Testament in which it is perfected. The child bathes, the adult is baptized. The body has its bath, the soul its baptism. Bath is natural, baptism spiritual. The unregenerate nation bathes in the river, the regenerate people are baptized by the Holy Ghost. The son of man cleanses his body in water, the son of God sanctifies his soul in the waters of eternal life. My Hindu countrymen, do not then discard your national custom of daily morning bath, but only give it its meaning, its fulfilment and its perfection, so that the very touch of water may be unto you daily salvation. Remember, eighteen hundred years ago a man of Nazareth bathed in the waters of the Jordan as never man bathed before. For as soon as he came out of the waters after immersion he saw heaven, and the Spirit of God lighted upon him. Do you behold heaven when you bathe ? Did ever the Holy Spirit touch and quicken your souls after immersion ? If not, then is your bath earthly and imperfect, and it must develop into the true bath or baptismal immersion of Jesus. You Hindus are peculiarly fitted for such baptism, for no nation honors the divinity of water so much as you do. Your ancient scriptures, the Vedas, have made all your rivers and streams sparkle with the resplendent spirit of your God, and your forefathers vividly realized His omnipresence in those sacred waters. If you are loyal to your scriptures and to your prophets why shall you not realize Christ's baptism in your daily immersion, and make the Divinity that dwelleth in water cleanse both your body and soul ? Ascribe no merit to water, for surely dead water can give no life. But water-baptism is a symbol in which is deep meaninig. As the body becometh clean by immersion in water so doth baptism wash off the sins of the heart. Therefore every time you bathe, whether it be by sprinkling or by immersion, you must realize in it a spiritual cleansing and a washing away of iniquity. Whensoever you dip the body in the river or the sea, take care that you dip the soul in the sea of Divine omnipresence and Divine inspiration. Do not bathe as the animals do, but bathe as immortal souls in the Ocean of life and love and holiness. And not once only but again and again, so that by progressive baptism ye may become purer by contact with Divinity. As in the sanctuary so in your bath-room, as in the cathedral so in the river under heaven's canopy, gather cleanliness and godliness, the health of the body and the health of the soul all the days of your life. So shall you see all in Christ and Christ in all, and live in peace with all mankind. And if you bathe spiritually, you must also eat and drink spiritually. Do not the birds and the beasts eat, and does not carnal man eat as they do ? If you are believers you must not take earthly meals, but must partake of the Lord's Supper. Here too Christ comes to help you. He will not have you take ordinary meat and drink ; he will have you eat his flesh and drink his blood. He summons you to a spiritual banquet, that you may be one with him. You Hindus know already that it is a sacred thing to eat, and that there is religion even in eating and drinking. Do you not bless and magnify the God of rice before you take your daily meals ? Do you not sanctify your rice before eating it ? Then sanctify it more perfectly, and thoroughly spiritualize it in the name of Jesus Christ. The eucharist is not to you, Hindus, a foreign custom, the Lord's Supper is not an outlandish supper. The feast to which Christ invites you is truly oriental, and one congenial to your tastes and traditions. Substitute rice for bread and water for wine, and realize a holy man's flesh and blood in those things before you taste them, and you have a national holy communion, at once Hindu and Christian. As you eat your daily rice let it go into the system as the very flesh of Christ and be assimilated to your flesh. Will you disgrace your ancestors by eating your meals as the beasts eat theirs ? Are you so carnal that you see nothing heavenly in eating ? To your Aryan minds does not your daily food suggest the bread of life, and will you not gather life eternal from bread and rice ?

Show that Divinity presides at your dinners, and that every supper you eat is the Lord's Supper. Prove to the world by your life and character that what you eat is not ordinary food but the very flesh and blood of saints, the righteousness and piety of the Son of God. Surely you can do it. The Asiatics know how to do it; the Hindus know how to do it. Therefore you must respond to Christ's invitation and take up the eucharist as a national feast. And what will be the result? The carnal flesh and blood of the old man will disappear, and the spiritual body of Christ shall be incorporated in you, and you shall have perfectly new life. By this symbolication of saintly life through your daily rice you shall all be one in Christ. A whole country, an entire nation, all Asia having bathed as Christ bathed and partaken of his divine nature, shall become one in him. And Europe and Asia, the East and the West shall become one flesh and one blood, and therefore one indivisible body in Christ Jesus. And thus unity and peace shall dwell among all the nations of the earth. If you are all in Christ, Christ is in God, and therefore you are in God as one family; and as God is in Christ and Christ in you, God, therefore, is in you. Lo! all three are interwoven with each other—three in one—a marvellous unity. You can no longer war with each other, nor turn away from God in antagonism. There is no sectarian fight, no theological battle, no quarrels of churches and creeds. For the same Christ-heart throbs in all and the Christ-pulse beats in all, and all men and women, of whatever creed or country, are drawn into an everlasting kinship through the common blood of the Son of God. Beautiful indeed is this atonement with God and man which the blood of Christ hath wrought for us sinners, and which we realize through the two grand symbolic rites enjoined by him, Baptism and the Sacrament.

Christian Europe, Asia will have no other atonement with thee except in Christ. Any secular reconciliation or political treaty she would altogether repudiate. We, Asiatics, invite the nations of the West to a spiritual alliance and an international federation upon no other ground than that of Christ's atonement. In his name let us forgive and forget the hostilities of centuries, and in his name shake hands with each other with true brotherly love. Let Christian Europe give to heathen Asia all that she has of Christ, and Christian Asia shall give to heathen Europe what has been vouchsafed to her by Christ. We have, indeed, learned a great deal from the West, but for Europe's kind interposition we would not be what we are. For the incalculable benefits we have received, we and our children's children will remain under immense and endless obligations, and generation after generation of Asiatics will sit humbly at the feet of Europe and offer the tribute of national gratitude. But Europe too must learn of Asia. Already Western scholars have begun to ask,—What has the East got to teach us? Surely there are certain lessons which the West can learn from the East. Our mysticism and superstition, our vain imagination and our meaningless puerilities you may and should despise. Touch not any of our unclean things; we ourselves warn you. But what is true and grand in the East you are bound to accept. Beneath all the mass of shadowy unrealities and delusions to be found among us there is a substratum of truth which the wise of all nations must gratefully accept. Who can deny the deep idealism and the lofty spirituality of the East? Cultured souls in the

East treat spiritual realities as things that can be seen and felt and grasp intangible essences with the fingers of the soul. They do this daily. Long habit has made it perfectly easy, almost natural to see and hear spiritual sights and sounds. I talk not of the delusions and idiosyncrasies into which the soul without ballast is apt to drift away, I speak of the sober philosophy of the East which diving beneath the phenomenal grasps the substance. The marvellous and almost incredible ease with which Asiatic seers have always communed with the Eternal Spirit gives the lie to the dictum of Western science that God is unknowable. Asia laughs at this paradoxical confession of learned ignorance. That the whole wisdom of the nineteenth century should be summed up and crystallized in the horrible untruth, in the disastrous dogma that God our Father is wholly unknowable seems intolerably absurd to us in the East. The doctrine of the Unknowable argues not knowledge but lamentable ignorance. If the highest philosophy of the age tells us, I do not know, I cannot know, it will never be possible to know, then I say knowledge and ignorance are convertible terms, and the ultimate destination of all pilgrims of science is a heaven of darkness, doubt and death. While Europe says God is unknowable, Asia proclaims distinctly and emphatically a knowable God. Nay, Asia goes farther, and says, I see God. Thousands of cultured minds in Europe will tell you, we never saw God, we shall never see Him, we deal with Him as with an unknown algebraic something. Thousands of seers in Asia with equal consistency maintain, Him we see clearly with the eye of faith, Him we love as our personal Friend. Wilt thou, Europe, take away from us our soul's Substance, our heart's daily Friend, and envelop

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